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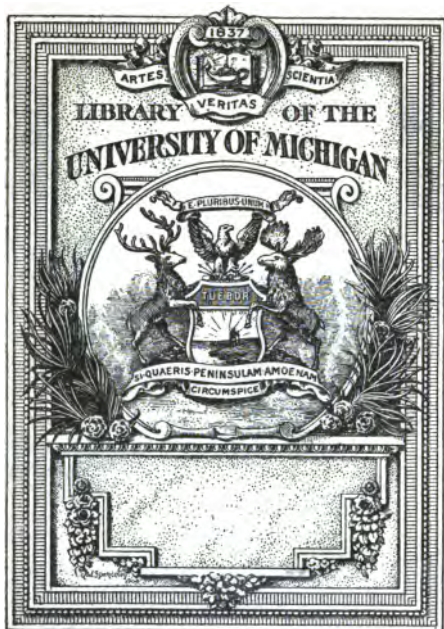
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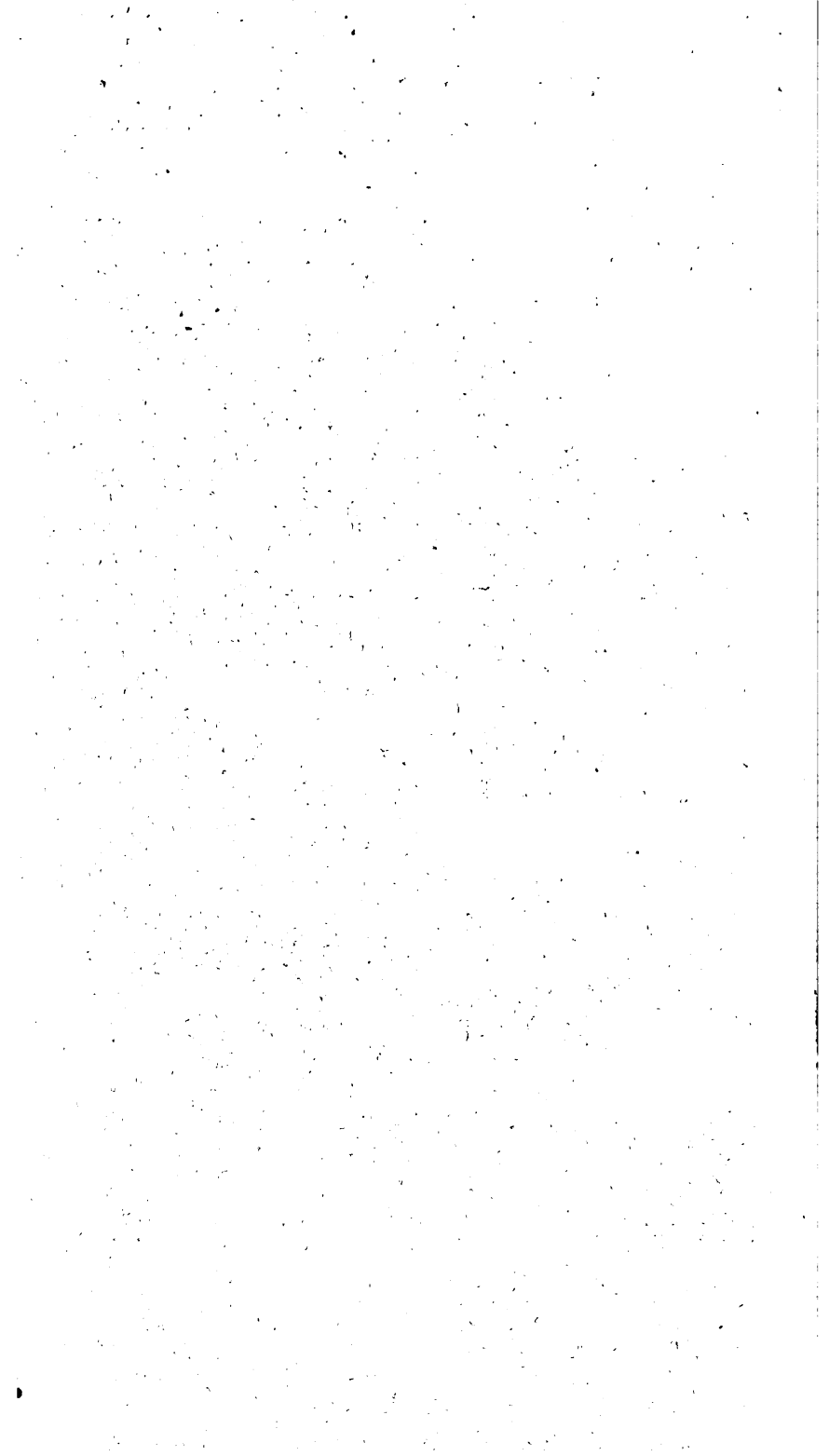
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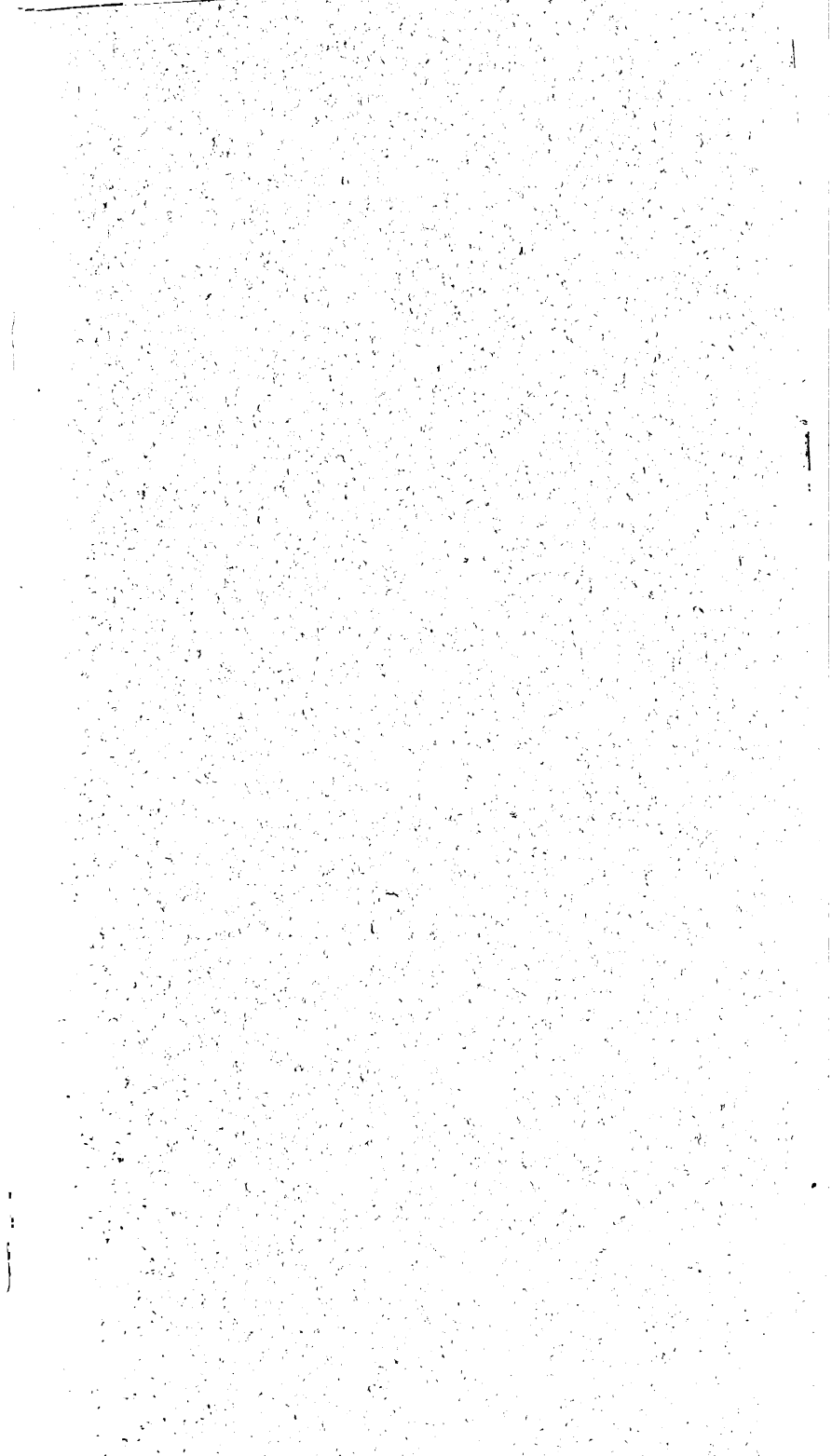
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THE  
**ATLANTIC MAGAZINE.**

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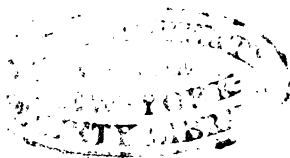
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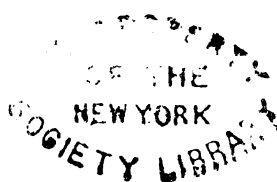
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THE

## ATLANTIC MAGAZINE.

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MAY, 1824.

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### CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE PUBLISHERS AND THE EDITOR.

ED.—Good morning, gentlemen. I have considered the matter of which you spoke yesterday, and am willing to go into it, if you choose to run the risk of the experiment. I know, however, as I stated, innumerable difficulties in the way

PUB.—But difficulties exist that are at all formidable? Is not the field occupied, and the time favourable? And is not the city of New York able to support a Monthly Journal? ED.—Certainly half a dozen; with the editors, contributors, and publishers to boot, if the people were willing. But, in the first place, there is too great a flock of magazines, foreign and domestic, of all sizes, and colours, and materials, flying about, like the Jesuits in limbo,—red, blue, and green, “with all their trumpery.” The number of past abortions, and rickety, short-lived productions, has put the “pensive” subscribing public on its guard; and the fondness for newspapers is too great and too general. These ephemeral articles seem alone destined for eternal duration. Their editors may be fined, take the benefit of the act, get abused, kicked, cuffed and strapadoed, run away, be burnt in effigy, or sent to the legislature: but on all these things they flourish and fatten; and newspapers will continue to be read and patronised; leaving their readers neither taste to appreciate, nor time to peruse, nor money to pay for literary publications.

PUB.—These are no alarming impediments to our success. Our plan differs materially from that of any other cotemporary domestic journal; and your contributors must correct the public appetite for reading advertisements, by furnishing them more

instructive or amusing matter. What farther obstacles do you perceive?

ED.—I am afraid the season is not so favourable as you suppose, for a new attempt of this kind. Every body is thinking and talking of the presidential question, and the electoral law, and the steam-boat decision, and the new tariff, &c. &c. Then, too, the rage for subscriptions has prevailed all winter, to a much more terrifying extent than the varioloid. We have subscribed for the people that were burnt out in Maine, for the Greeks, for the house of refuge, for new colleges, churches, missionary and bible societies, and benevolent institutions; until it is to be feared that the fever has past away, and that we shall find the public in a most unpropitious ague.

PUB.—We do not put ourselves in the situation of those who ask alms. We offer a fair *quid pro quo*. Domestic literature is wanted, and will bring its price in the market.

ED.—Having been for a long time out of the way, I applied to a gentleman of great general information, and he gave me a summary account of the present state of literature and the fine arts in this city. With tears in his eyes, he presented me with a list of grievances, which made me weep in the reading. He informed me that the Historical Society was insolvent, and that, unless timely relief was afforded, their valuable collection of books connected with the history of this continent, must be sold and scattered abroad. The Academy of Arts was also a-begging; and that the Literary and Philosophical Society would never get out the second volume of their transactions, whereby many strange fishes and wild beasts would be unillustrated and unrecorded. As for domestic works newly published, he stated, that in poetry, Mr. Clarke alone had wooed his muse, a lady who seemed to belong to the peripatetic school of Broadway; that in fiction, there was nothing but a "Winter in Washington;" and in the way of biography and history, seventeen rival pamphlets, containing passages of the life, death, and partial resurrection of John Johnson, lately hanged and galvanised. The taste for oratory, he said, seemed also to be on the wane—Mr. Cummings having discontinued his lectures, and the gentlemen of the Forum being obliged to petition the corporation to come and hear them. Literary merit is totally unpatronized. The discoverer of the true Grecian wreath of victory got nothing for his pains but a ragged copy of the work of Mr. *Pascalius*. The fine arts are also scurvily treated. The illustrations of the *Spy* are much neglected; and some improper person threw

a stone at Doctor Secor's new and beautiful wheel of fortune. My informant added, with a groan, that seventeen new Yankee schoolmasters had arrived in the city; and that eighty or ninety young doctors and lawyers were about being let loose on the community. We live indeed in very awful times.

PUB.—All this does not frighten us much—Write up the distrest societies; and write down the Yankee schoolmasters. Have you any more objections?

ED.—Any more? Good Lord! I have scarcely began. Pray what is all that pile of rubbish?

PUB.—Imitations of Mr. Cooper's novels, sent to us for publication; with a modest demand of a large price for the manuscript, and half the profits. Because these works have been exceedingly popular, all these writers have thought they might be equally successful, with the help of the backwoods, an Indian, a panther and a squatter.

ED.—Ah! that brings us to the cardinal difficulty. We can find contributors enough, if they are paid; but where can we get the right sort? How make atonement to those volunteers, whose lucubrations we cannot insert? And how pay a decent compensation for the labours of those whom we find worthy?

PUB.—By giving a compensation, we certainly reserve the right of making our own choice. Those who are able and willing to assist us, must accept their honorarium for the principle of the thing, until their exertions will permit us to make it respectable. And as to false delicacy, we will obviate its scruples, by forwarding every contributor's dues to any address given in his communication.

ED.—*Lucri bonus est odor ex re quâlibet.* I do not think any body will be deterred from sending us a communication, by the fear of being tendered a pecuniary reward. But most of those gentlemen on whom we might rely for regular and interesting papers, are engaged in professional pursuits. We can only expect the occasional effusion of a leisure hour, or the hasty and incondite product of often interrupted efforts. The calls of business and the cares of the world cannot be forgotten in a moment, and the mind left free to expatiate in the unclouded regions of pure intellect. And without this, where shall we find the vivacity, the playfulness, the wit, the vigour, or the fulness of knowledge which are essential to our success? Besides, there is a vulgar Dutch notion, very prevalent in this metropolis, that no person who has a fondness for literature can be competent to discharge the duties of his profession. This is a very gross superstition, but has great currency, and deters

many from exercising their wits in any way at all, notwithstanding the illustrious examples in all ages and countries that confute this absurd theory.

PUB.—We must dissipate the smoke of error and ignorance, by enlisting in the ranks of our contributors as many young men as possible, who have not yet bowed the knee to prejudice, and lost, in the school of worldly wisdom, the liveliness and the freshness of thought. Many such undoubtedly may be found, besides those whom you mentioned in our conversation yesterday.

ED.—I suppose, then, we can find readers and writers. I see another small difficulty. What are we to write about, as we intend that the work shall be altogether original?

PUB.—Why, write reviews.

ED.—Not I, for one—if you mean in the old vein. The North American occupies ground, on which we can rarely trench; and as for the other American burlesques on the worst style of Scotch and English reviewing, I trust we have had enough of them. Deriving their only vitality from spleen, and their only amusement from the display of second-hand, and generally misapplied information, they furnished food for the diseased appetites of minds prone to prefer scurrility and sarcasm to truth and candour. Such of them as are not quite forgotten, with a few respectable exceptions, are good for nothing but text books for *small beer* literati,—for squibbers and quack compounders of worn-out common place,—boys and men, who rummage dictionaries, compends, vocabularies, and collections of quotations,—and then come out in a blaze of information; very much like the man on the slack rope, with bundles of crackers tied to his extremities, whirling and whirling for the amusement of the groundlings. Nothing can be more essentially ridiculous than the self-complacent style in which some of these gentry have *reviewed*, after their fashion, the first writers of the age, and predicted speedy neglect and oblivion to the highest efforts of cotemporary genius. It is to be feared, however, that this miserable kind of stuff, deluding, by its facility and apparent smartness, both writers and readers, has done serious injury to the intellectual character of our countrymen. People have acquired a fondness for this cheap and expeditious mode of obtaining a few vague ideas about current literature. They can talk more learnedly and dogmatically about an author's merits, on the strength of the slang they have picked up from some twopenny scribbler, than if they had been compelled to wade through the whole original work: by doing

which, nine out of ten of the small fry of literary gossips would perhaps get very few ideas. We are asked, "Where is our literature?" and God knows, we have little to exhibit, in reply to the sneering interrogation. But instead of creating it, by regular labour and discreet encouragement, talent has been wasted in virulent retorts on the inquirers, and idle abuse of the productions of their countrymen. The strength that should have been exerted in creating a fabric of its own, has been fruitlessly employed in endeavouring to prostrate those of others. Public taste has been led into the same channel; and so completely disagreeable has been the result, that scarcely any book, on whatsoever subject, can give unmingled satisfaction to the reader. It is not judged by its intrinsic and absolute merit, but by comparison and relation. Even the lighter orders of literature are no longer sought for the purpose of pure amusement. Novels, for instance, intended to alleviate the cares of this world, by a well-wrought legend of romance, or sentiment, or real life, are read through the goggles of false criticism; and yield delight, only by the detection of some passage, supposed to be adumbrated from another work,—or some scene, in which the author is supposed to be inferior to himself. And poetry, sacred poetry, which should be the overflowing of the mind in its finest abstraction, and be read only to be felt, is read only to be criticised. These misnamed reviewers, far worse than what Voltaire in his day called "*ces excréments de la littérature*," (and which were too flat reading for one of his heroes,\* even during a whole year's imprisonment,) have had all these bad effects. They begin even in the printing office, where the compositors consult their little Walkers, to correct the author's orthography; and amend his punctuation, by certain intuitive systems of their own. I pray you, if our printer keeps any such devils, kick me them out of the shop, before we proceed to business. Our contributors have as good a right to spell their own way, as Mr. Walker; and I do not believe the printers can mend their stops.

PUB.—Do you mean then to exclude reviews entirely?

ED.—By no means. I am only sick of the name and the manner. We will notice works of genius or talent; and endeavour to point out their excellencies,—perhaps defects; taking care, however, not to run against *snaggs*, and expose our own conceit and ignorance, under the notion of triumphant superiority, as some of our predecessors have done before us,

\* L'Ingenu.

and some of our cotemporaries do now. Works that are good for nothing we shall not notice at all; unless some of us choose to indulge in harmless merriment, at the expense of fair game. We live in an age of quackery; and quacks of all kinds ought to be exposed. So also we must never hesitate to repel all attacks upon morality, or correct principle, when there is talent enough developed to render them dangerous.

PUB.—Then you will admit essays on all subjects connected with general literature, manners, and morals. Tales—

ED.—If they be not sentimental.

PUB.—Satire—

ED.—If it be not personal.

PUB.—Letters from your numerous correspondents—

ED.—Yes—we must immediately open a correspondence with all the great authors dead and alive. We will publish the posthumous works of some great geniuses who never existed; and, of course, shall be favoured with communications from some imaginary correspondents. These last will be good contributors, as they will never ask for compensation.

PUB.—You will also occasionally insert scientific communications.

ED.—If we can get them: they will make good ballast.

PUB.—And poetry—

ED.—Yes, alas! we must have some poetry, “men, gods, and columns” to the contrary notwithstanding. I know but one man in this city and county, who is able to write poetry; and he is lazy to a degree. But we will immediately open a correspondence with the only two other American poets, at present extant, and try whether they will aid us in an extremity. If they will not, we must do like Blackwood’s people—write verses for them, and swear to their being genuine, in the teeth of the authors themselves. We may serve the prose writers in the same way. I have two contributors, who can imitate any body’s style; and, barring the matter, which is, after all, a mere trifle, write as well, if not better, than the originals. This is *entre nous*. As for magazine poetry, however, it is generally mere *slops*. I can make it myself, on a pinch, if it is absolutely necessary to stop up a hiatus. My verses can fill a gap, as Falstaff’s soldiers did a pit, full as well as any others of the same length.

PUB.—Beside what you have mentioned, it may be expedient to give summary notices of new publications. We can find a very good hand for you at that business.

ED.—It seems then we shall make a regular magazine, treating like the rest, “de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.”

PUB.—All difficulties seem now removed.

ED.—I am very glad to hear it. I should like to know how we are to get up the first number. *Commencez par le commencement.*

PUB.—We must collect as decent materials as possible. Once fairly started on the plan we propose, we have no doubt that your difficulty will not arise from the paucity, but rather from the redundancy of matter.

ED.—We can find a simple remedy for much of the redundancy, by the seasonable action of caloric. That same power, which some have supposed to have had the principal agency in creating worlds, and by the operation of which our own is one day to be destroyed, can at any time act upon disagreeable manuscript matter; such as long bills, letters from duns or friends in distress, and stupid communications. Let us, then, fairly make our experiment. We will carry our Journal through one year, as manfully as we may. I do not believe it will prove discreditable to the literary character of our city; partly, because some pretty clever people will contribute to its pages; and partly, because we never had any particular literary character, to the best of my recollection. Let us uplift our testimony in this queer city; where, according to Mr. Faux, "all the scum of the earth is drifted;" (he must have taken advantage of the tide himself,) and where, according to the same veracious agriculturist, there are more than ten thousand people in a state of actual beggary and starvation. By the bye, this traveller must have had good opportunities of becoming acquainted with the "scum of the earth," as it is drifted over our wharves; since it appears, as the result of the inquiries made by a person curious in such matters, and who visited several sailor boarding houses, with a view of ascertaining where "farmer" Faux lodged, when he condescended to visit us,—that he past two days among us, and spent one night in the Washington market, and the other in the watch house. Let us show what are our institutions, and whether they will not stand a comparison with those of our sister cities. Though we should be disappointed in our hopes and expectations, we cannot fail of doing some good. We shall add our efforts, however feeble, to excite an appetite for domestic literature; and develope, or exercise talent, which, though it may be unsuccessful in establishing our Magazine, will assuredly afterwards find itself some other sphere of action. Like the oak, figured by the poet, though prostrated in its original soil, it may form a part of the fabric of some goodly vessel, and impelled by the

same popular breath by which it was levelled, ride proudly above the waves.

Spiega per l'onde il volo  
E con quel vento istesso  
Va contrastando in mar.

PUB.—Suppose then we write a prospectus.

ED.—That may be done, without much trouble.

PUB.—But this has nothing but the name—

ED.—Please add the terms and time of publication, according to your own views. We can make no promises as to the contents of our Magazine, when we do not ourselves know what they will be. As we mean to expose all quackery, in a very plain, downright and perspicuous manner, do not let us begin by humbugging both ourselves and the public. One thing alone is certain. We will publish a Magazine. The rest we must leave to fate, and the industry of our contributors.

PUB.—We have heard some objections to the name which we selected yesterday. A young gentleman who is learning French, says that *jour* means *a day*, and *journal*, a daily paper. A wag suggests that the “Atlantic Log Book” would be more appropriate. Another—

ED.—Never mind the others. If we take the advice of all such learned and ingenious people, we shall never make any headway. But let us christen it the “Atlantic Magazine.” I am thankful that I did not make the name myself. But “a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.” Do not let us introduce any metaphors into our very baptismal appellation, as a worthy cotemporary has thought fit to do, who calls his Journal, “a monthly repository for the speculations of science, the blossoms of genius, and the fruits of industry.” Here is astronomy and agriculture lavishly promised to subscribers; and heaven and earth tied in a beautiful nosegay, with admirable taste and activity. Neither let us have any *aliases*, because it savours of roguery. If we are to be arraigned for our transgressions, let there be no difficulty in drawing the indictment. Let us appear and plead, by our simple christian and surname; since it is upon our merits we must stand or fall; and not all the he and she appellations of a Spanish grandee can assist us in our jeopardy.

PUB.—Well, then, we must at least have a preface.

ED.—I see our friend the stenographer has been very industriously taking down our conversation. Let him write it out at his leisure; and let it go as his contribution. Please also to give him a bonus, for saving me the trouble of writing a PREFACE.

## LETTERS FROM A FRENCH GENTLEMAN.

[A contributor has furnished us with several letters, selected from the correspondence of an intelligent French gentleman, who recently visited this country. The translation, as he informs us, is as literal as it could be made, without the introduction of the idiomatic phraseology. Such letters have been selected as were supposed most interesting to the citizens of New-York. The first is published, as explaining, in some measure, the author's views and feelings; and as a prelude to his observations on this city. We shall continue to print them from time to time.]

*New-York, July ———.*

I have, my dear father, just arrived; and the departure of one of those fine packets that now trade to Havre, affords me an immediate opportunity of relieving you and my dear mother and sister, from all that gloomy suspense, which I well know has been hanging for these five weeks over the inmates of D. We often reason against these depressions; but nature will assert its dominion; and I should in truth love you all less than I do, if you did not yield willingly, in some degree, to her soft and touching influence. It has been a delightful consolation to me, during my first absence from my own country, (for the Alps once afforded no frontier to France,) while traversing the waste of waters, to return to the old chateau; to picture to myself the beloved fireside, and to feel that, at the very same moment, we were reciprocally engaged in aspirations for each others happiness. But let me leave these topics, in which affection delights to revel, and tell you of the incidents of the voyage which I have just completed.

We sailed with an accuracy, heretofore belonging only to the mail, on the day fixed for that purpose, on board one of the American packets, with some French and American gentlemen, and a lady, the wife of one of the latter. The society was mixed, but altogether more agreeable and interesting than one could have anticipated from so promiscuous and accidental an assemblage; and I was fortunate in having an opportunity of not only acquiring greater fluency in speaking English, but much information respecting my future movements in the United States. I am indebted, more particularly, for the latter, to a young gentleman of Boston, of great intelligence; who, though no more than twenty-three years of age, was returning to his country, after having travelled over a large portion of Europe, by way of finishing his education, and preparing himself for the practice of the profession which he had chosen. I

was often struck with the boldness with which he canvassed subjects which we all, of whatever party, in Europe, regard with a sort of respect; and the perfect freedom he manifested, from all prepossessions in favour of the exclusive privileges, or the legalized superiority of that part of society with which, of course, he had been principally acquainted. While I sometimes admired the novelty of his speculations on these subjects, I confess I was sometimes disgusted with the want of respect which he exhibited for those institutions which once existed in more force, but still remain, though modified (and ameliorated I trust) by the spirit of the times. He ridiculed the idea that there was any thing like a representation of the people in France,—and that she did or ever could enjoy as much liberty as England, until the influence of the clergy was diminished, and the education of the lower classes of society more extended. Our amicable disputes on these, and many other similar topics, continued during the voyage, and I was often on the point of agreeing to many of his positions, which he assures me, I will see demonstrated in the character of the institutions of the United States. There was in the conversation of this young American something bold and fearless, in regard to the matter and manner of his speculations, which I have not often observed at home; and a disregard to names and ancient institutions, which both pained and annoyed me. There was nothing remarkable in the character of the rest of our passengers, and our communication was limited to the civilities of mere ordinary acquaintance.

The voyage was short, and not varied by any remarkable incident; but the novelty of the situation, and my love of nature, preserved me from that monotony of feeling so often complained of by those who cross the sea. The joyous sensation of meeting another sail, freighted with human hope and fear, like our own,—the aspect of the placid ocean, unruffled by the gentlest zephyr, and the great deep thrown into the most horrid agitation by the resistless wind, have created a store of rich and deep reflection for after years. I do not envy the moral constitution of that man, who complains that a sea voyage is dull.

I have already seen Mr. W——, to whom I was introduced by the General. I was received in the most frank and cordial manner; and he several times alluded to those days, which you have so often detailed to me, when you both, young and full of honourable enthusiasm, fought under the banners of the young republic—when, though of different and distant countries, you shared like perils, from an attachment to the cause of liberty.

He is now old and feeble ; but his heart seemed rejoiced to see your son ; and I felt with great emotion the compliment which was thus silently, but significantly, paid to your son. Mr. W. now scarcely leaves his house ; but, like a venerable patriarch, is surrounded by his friends and family, and his latter days are soothed by the constant tidings of the prosperity of his native land, and the respect and gratitude of his fellow citizens.

I rejoice, my dear father, that my long cherished aspirations are realized ; that I shall visit the places once trodden by you and your associates in arms, and which have often formed the subject of conversation, during our morning walks in the little wood, or our evening amusements in the old fashioned salon. I shall, however, endeavour to judge calmly, notwithstanding my favourable bias in favour of the society and institutions of the United States, and I will give you honestly the result of my impressions, even at the expense of dissipating some of those cherished prepossessions, which time has consecrated and confirmed.

I shall not say any thing now of the city—indeed, I have scarcely seen any thing more than its principal street, which is quite imposing. I propose, moreover, to leave it in a few days, as it is midsummer, and there is then, as I am told, little to be enjoyed of its society. I do not regret the circumstance, as I shall go from this place to the great fall at Niagara, and descending lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, visit the province of Lower Canada, which is on many accounts so interesting to Frenchmen. Thence I shall return by way of lake Champlain, to this city, in the month of November, when I shall be able to observe attentively its society, manners and institutions. The great canal is nearly finished, and will be an object of no small interest ; and I shall take infinite pleasure in visiting some spots, celebrated in the annals of the French war, as it is here called, and that of the revolution.

You will not hear from me so often as if I were in a seaport ; but my heart will be always with you. I am sure Estelle will not forget her promise to write me, and to be attentive to old Gaspard for my sake. Embrace my dear mother for me, and believe in the truth and devotion of your affectionate son,

VICTOR DU C——.

*New-York, ———.*

I trust, my dear father, that my last brief letter from Albany will have quieted any fears which my long silence may have caused. I found it impossible to write as often as usual, during

my journey, owing to the rapidity of my movements, and the constant occupation, which mere observation and *journalizing* give rise to. *En revanche*, however, I hope that my diary will afford our little circle some amusement during moments when its members may wish to travel across the Atlantic. One is hardly at a loss for *amusement* in our country, but that satisfaction which descends into the heart, and sheds a bright, though not a brilliant hue over the passing hour, is not to be created or enjoyed at will; and if I shall ever communicate that sentiment to you, you will owe it not to any merit of mine, but the deep interest you take in every thing that interests me.

Though I have already mentioned to you the Hudson river, I cannot resist again recurring to the subject; inasmuch as I have, but a week since, arrived from a survey of its scenery, in one of the most delightful seasons I have ever observed. We have nothing like this noble stream in France, whether you consider the picturesque and varied beauties of its banks, or the commerce which floats on its shining bosom. It is more like an arm of the sea than a river; for vessels of the largest size may ascend it for one hundred and forty miles; while sloops, (the finest river craft in the world,) of more than one hundred tons burthen, are to be found navigating it above one hundred and sixty miles from its mouth. Their number amounts, as I was informed by a passenger in the steam-boat, to about two thousand of all sizes,\* occupied in transporting the produce of the country to this great mart, and carrying back the proceeds, invested in all the various articles of luxury or absolute necessity. No prospect of a similar character, can be more exhilarating than that of a large fleet of these vessels, with their immense mainsails making their way, in every direction, for their various ports on the river—some delayed by an adverse wind, and others scudding joyously before it. None of our rivers,—neither the Rhone, the Seine nor the Garonne—exhibit so delightful a spectacle of human industry and enterprize. I was, however, surprised at one circumstance; and that is, the comparative scarcity of villages, at least so far as the eye can search them out. There are quays, built of wood, and projected here and there into the river, to which the sloops are moored. Attached to them is a store-house, tavern, and perhaps a house or two; and with the exception of Newburgh, Troy, Mount Pleasant, and some few other villages, the population

\* The writer is mistaken:—we imagine, there are probably not more than fourteen or fifteen hundred.—*Trans.*

does not appear to be very dense along the banks of the Hudson.\*

This river possesses a great deal of fine scenery,—alternately grand and beautiful. Sometimes it presents a delightful lake, surrounded by sloping hills, cultivated fields, and deep forests, which seem left untouched by the axe. When you enter what are called the Highlands, nature assumes a more rugged and sublime aspect; and the lofty mountains enclose you on every side, and the pendent rocks seem ready to fall and bring desolation on the frail vessel below them. The scene was altogether grand and striking; and its effect rendered still more so, by those beautiful autumnal tints which the landscape assumes at this season. Nothing can be more magnificent than this peculiarity of American scenery. I despair of ever being able to give you any idea of the glorious effect, produced by the deep green of the pine, the brilliant purple of the maple, the bright yellow of the aspen,—all intermingled in infinite variety and in the most harmonious confusion. I shall not soon forget the impressions which this unrivalled exhibition made upon me, so far beyond the idea which I had derived from your descriptions, as well as from books.

This part of the river is spoken of with admiration by the Americans, and with justice; but I must confess that I think the scenery of the Rhine more grand and imposing in its character. The old castles which tower above its rocky precipices, and which are associated with so many romantic events in war and gallantry, add a nameless charm which here we cannot find, and which we ought not to wish for, in this youthful and uncorrupted republic. Those gloomy and weather-beaten walls were once the strong holds of feudal oppression; while the bright and sunny tops of the Highlands have never heard other sounds than the peaceful echo of the wood cutter's axe, the mellow notes of the horn, prolonged by their thousand echoes, or the exhilarating shout of men, whether savage or civilized, whose birthright was liberty.

You will think by this time, and I believe with some truth, that I have forgotten my promise to tell you something about the modern state of this metropolis. This city, with a port excelled by very few, either in Europe or America, for its ca-

\* The author has imbibed a very natural, but a very erroneous impression. These "quays built of wood," called in the vernacular, docks, are the *landings* of the villages, which, greatly to the convenience of the country, and entirely to the disadvantage of the searcher after the picturesque, are usually two or three miles from the river.—*Trans.*

capacity and its safety—with a noble river communicating with canals, one of which reaches lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence, while the other presents a passage for the commerce of the immense territory surrounding the upper lakes—with a back country of great and increasing fertility—with a large capital in the hands of enterprising men, is destined to become the London of America, the great commercial emporium of the western continent. At the close of the revolutionary war it had scarcely 30,000 inhabitants, while at this moment it counts probably more than 130,000. The then limits of the town, which extended no more than half a mile from the Battery, are now in the very heart of the city. So rapid has been its increase, that an acquaintance who has been kind enough to be my guide since my arrival here, told me that in the year 1804, he had seen more than one person shooting snipe on a large meadow, which is now covered with well-built houses and more than one church.\* Such a relation would be almost incredible with us; but there are abundance of facts passing every day before my eyes, which render it no longer surprising.

The streets in the lower part of the town are narrow and irregular. Those in the upper part are straight and spacious. The whole surface is very level, though it was once undulating. It has been gradually brought to its present condition, by the advice of a city officer, who seems to have had more perseverance than taste. The inconvenience is felt in many ways, and particularly in carrying off the waste water; a circumstance intimately connected with the health and prosperity of every large town.

A stranger usually sees the public edifices first; and I have as yet employed my mornings in this way. The *Hotel de Ville* is a very large and showy building of white marble, and has within very handsome, I might say splendid, accommodations for the municipality and the courts of justice. The architecture is, however, poor, and will not bear criticism. There is an anomaly about this building, which I never observed in any other. While the front is of marble, the back front is of a dusky free stone. Nothing can surpass the incongruity of the effect which is thus produced, except the wooden cupola which surmounts the whole building. Columbia College, formerly Kings' College, which I have heard you speak of, as being in the suburbs of the city, has been entirely rebuilt; and though it has far too many windows, is altogether, in my judgment, a

\* We presume Lispenard's meadow is here alluded to.—*Trans.*

more chaste and beautiful building than the former. A correct taste for architecture is, however, advancing; and the new bank of the United States promises to exhibit a pure specimen of the Ionic order. I was informed by the architect, however, that the monied gentlemen who preside over the institution, insist upon the *arched* door way, as being *prettier*, though it must destroy the unity of the whole building. Though there are very many churches, none of them are very remarkable. I cannot say that they are in general in very correct taste; a circumstance that arises probably from the various opinions of those who direct their construction. The portico of St. Paul's I must, however, except: it appears to me very beautiful; exhibiting in the purity of its style, a strong contrast to the mongrel Gothic, and wretched composite, with which your eyes are now and then presented.

The houses are a much more important part of domestic economy than the churches. They are in general small and very low; at least, so they strike a foreigner. They resemble more those of the modern part of Marseilles, than any of our other towns. The private buildings are generally brick; extremely comfortable, and perhaps better furnished than our houses usually are. Indeed, I have been somewhat struck at the *luxe* of the Americans, in this respect. *Une maison bien montée*, belonging to a respectable merchant here, would make some of our wealthy bourgeois blush for their simplicity, in having never seen a Brussels carpet covering the floor of a plain *salle à manger*. The houses are always painted outside, as well as in; and the inhabitants seem attached to the natural colour of the brick, as they are generally painted with the same gaudy, glaring tint. Rough casting in the absence of building stone, seems almost unknown.

*Mais il ne faut pas vous assommer*, with this tedious epistle. I will leave these matters until another time, and pass on to a more agreeable subject. I have visited, as you desired me, those places which once filled your heart with so much joy and sorrow. Some of the houses are converted into stores—others are pulled down—and the whole *quartier* has, from the resort of the gay and fashionable, become the abode of the laborious mechanic and the calculating and busy trader. Even the names of the streets are altered, and Great and Little Dock and Queen streets are scarcely to be recognized in Water and Pearl streets. I assure you that I visited the spot with great interest where the patriotic governor of New-York, at the close of the war, and when the last British soldier had ceased to

trample on the American soil, gave a grand fête to the Count de la Luserne, in which you participated, and to the details of which I have so often heard you fondly recur, as if even its splendour were equal to the event it celebrated.

The house still stands where the illustrious George Washington took leave of his brother officers upon his retirement from the army. I passed through the apartments, with my imagination constantly employed in painting that touching and tender scene, the recollection of which fills your heart so frequently with sad but honourable emotion—a scene which never can recur again, until some new band of brothers, led by some new Washington, shall gloriously break the shackles of despotism, and after eight years of suffering and peril, and having secured the fruits of their efforts to their posterity, shall again, with Roman firmness, consent to relinquish all to their country, and retire calmly to the shades of private life. Never was there a sublimer act of disinterested devotion in the whole history of man. The authors are fast gliding into the tomb; and but few are now left to relate the story. I rejoice that my country can enrol some names among them, and cherishes their honours as part of its common inheritance of glory.

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Adieu, my dear father, although I am interested in the new scenes before me, I cannot forget France. Send me, then, every detail respecting the movements in the Chamber, and the inconsistencies of M. De N. \* \* \* \* I have sent you some trees to embellish Estelle's favourite alley. Remember me to my old companion Frederic, and assure my dear mother of my constant regard. *Mille amitiés à la famille C.*

Again I embrace you all affectionately.

V. DU C——.

P. S. As old Gaspard is something of a sportsman, I commit to his especial care and favour Diane and Brilliant.

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### HORACE, BOOK II. CARM. 3.

When fortune frowns, thine equal mind  
Preserve, and when her smiles are kind,  
Exult not, arrogantly vain,  
But keep thy calm and equal strain:

Whether black care consumes thine hours,  
Or stretched in cool secluded bowers,  
The festal day inspires thy soul,  
And old Falernian fills the bowl;

Where the tall pine and poplar white  
Above their social shades unite,  
Marrying their boughs, and winding nigh,  
The rapid lymph runs trembling by.

Here bring the wine, the perfume bring,  
And the sweet rose, soon perishing ;  
While fortune, youth, and the black twine  
Of the dread sisters leave them thine :

For from thy fields and fireside blest,  
Thy domes by yellow Tiber kist,  
Soon thou must part ; thine heaps now grown  
So high, the heir shall call his own.

If rich, and sprung from lines of fame,  
Or houseless, and without a name,  
Indifferent is ; at the fixed day,  
Relentless hell demands its prey.

We all are onward urged,—the urn  
Fraught with a death at every turn,  
Must soon or late our lot discharge,  
And we for endless exile mount the barge.

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THE PROPHECY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

BOOK I. CARM. 15.

As o'er the waves the Trojan galleys sped,  
Whenas his prize the faithless shepherd bore,  
A death-like calm o'er all the waters spread,  
And the lulled winds lay cradled on the shore ;  
Rebuked by father Nereus, hoary seer,  
Who thus prophetic breathed his chant of wo and fear,

“ Sad omens meet thee, and thy leman vile,  
Whose rape embattled Hellas shall atone ;  
Sworn to destroy thy ties, reclaim thy spoil,  
And overthrow king Priam's ancient throne.

Ah, me ! from heroes' limbs, from coursers' sides,  
The heavy sweat-drops hot and fast run down !  
What funeral pyres thy lust insane provides,  
For all the Dardan line of long renown !  
Pallas assumes her helm, her ægis shakes,  
Fierce yokes her thundering car, and all her fury wakes.

In vain, fond boy, in Cypria's care confiding,  
May'st thou thy graceful, yellow locks dispart ;  
And on the effeminate lyre the notes dividing,  
Soothe, with lascivious lays, thy lady's heart :

In vain ! thy dalliance soft the cumbrous spear,  
 The keen barbed Cretan arrow shall awake,  
 The roar of war shall thunder in thine ear,  
 Thy slumbers swift pursuing Ajax break :  
 Alas ! for deadlier battles then prepare,  
 And with black dust stain thine adulterous hair !

Scourge of thy race, Laertes' awful son,  
 And he of Pylos, venerable sage,  
 Behold ! with these, undaunted, hurrying on,  
 Teucer and Sthenelus, or skilled to wage  
 On foot, the strife of close contested war,  
 Or o'er the encumbered plain swift urge the echoing car.

And lo ! Merion, and the hero sprung  
 From Tydeus—he yet greater than his sire,  
 Furious shall track thy steps the hosts among,  
 Raging with gory steel, and eyes of fire :

Whom thou, as trembling hart that in the vale  
 Sees the gaunt wolf with fangs all armed for death,  
 Shalt fly—until thy coward limbs shall fail,  
 And heavily be drawn by thy panting breath.  
 Not such the sport thy wanton hope descried,  
 When, from Mycenæ's domes, thou borest the treacherous bride !

The day of wrath o'er Ilium dawns at last ;  
 The day of wail shall Phrygia's matrons know ;  
 Achilles rouses ; and, long winters past,  
 The appointed hour must come of bale and wo ;  
 When Grecian flame shall wrap the Trojan walls,  
 And desolation sit on Priam's prostrate halls !

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#### MODERN LITERATURE.

There is, perhaps, nothing more striking in relation to modern literature, than the extent of acquirement which excellence in any department of it demands ; “il faut savoir pour sentir, savoir pour penser, savoir pour parler ;” almost every work, to gain even readers, not to say admirers, must be, what the “Paradise Lost” has been said to be—“a book of universal knowledge :” it must be filled with allusions drawn from every possible source ; and the exotics of every age and region ; and language must be transplanted into its style : nor is this the case alone with the severer productions of intellect ;—with history, for instance, where there has been a transition from the simple narration of general facts, to a wide assemblage of them, from every quarter ; and an induction from them of general principles in taste, in morals, in government, in every

thing in which man's head, or heart, or imagination is concerned; but it extends even to the lightest works of fancy, to the companions of our very idlest hours; and when we would be meditating upon "*nescio quid nugarum*," and wish to be "*toti in illis*," we are hurried away by the strong arm of an athletic intellect over some untravelled region, where we are to "ask its earthly name" of every being that we encounter in our journey, and to learn his habits, his manners, his religion, his history, and, in nine cases out of ten, his dialect, before we can presume to indulge ourselves in his conversation. Take, for example, any one of the works of the anonymous and pre-dominating genius in the walks of fiction: what is each of them, but an attempt to beguile us by the spells of interesting incident and bewitching imagery, into an entire familiarity with the history, and antiquities, and prevailing character of the age in which he has thought proper to lay his scene? We are taken through every period of British annals, from "Sixty years since," back to the days of the grantor of the great charter, nay almost to those of the Norman conqueror; and introduced to all the customs of successive centuries, as well as to every spring of action, in the various revolutions of church and state. Even the boarding-school miss, who avails herself of the general exception of discipline, in favour of the 'Waverley' novels, and who reads but to indulge her lively fancy in the contemplation of the soft scenes in which she longs to be an actress, betrays herself unwittingly into an acquaintance with antiquities, which Scriblerus himself might have envied. Another novelist chooses to make us conusant of the times of the Christian persecution, under the later Emperors of Rome; another of the prevailing habits in the parti-coloured regions under the Turkish rule; and the struggle seems to be, who shall find periods, and people, and places, unattempted by preceding pens, to form the appendages of what after all must owe its chief interest to the faithful pictures of human character, which it furnishes, and to the skilful combination of a few simple and similar principles, by which that character is formed, actuated, and exhibited.

But this is not all. These works are never didactic, either in their object or their style; they seldom prepare us, by the communication of the requisite information, respecting the peculiarities of the modes of living, thinking and acting, of those who figure in their scenes, for the very scenes, of which the effect must in a great measure depend upon our previous acquaintance with all those peculiarities. This they take for

granted ; and where this is not possessed, it is to be obtained only by following our author through his discursive track of reading ; and furnishing ourselves with those facts which are so familiar to him, that he forgets that they are not equally so to his readers. It is not enough simply to know such facts ; they must be completely wrought into our minds ; almost every thing that belongs to the past and to the distant, not only the characteristic traits of a people, a country, or an age, but even the minutest forms of social life, and the evanescent colouring of social manners, are to be kept constantly present to our sight. This plan of writing, however it may fail in the production of immediate effect, where the associations of the reader are not sufficiently identified with those of the author, is yet attended with some indirect advantages, to those into whose hands his productions fall. The thirst for a full comprehension of what has once seized upon their imaginations, leads them often to studies of a graver at least, if not of a higher order ; and not a few, even of the lighter readers of romance, hasten from Kenilworth and the Abbot, to the sober memoirs of Aikin, or the severer histories of Robertson and Hume.

But it is in poetry that this propensity to the assemblage of various knowledge is most singularly displayed. It would seem to be a fair conclusion ‘a priori,’ that an art which speaks directly to the imagination and the passions, should have but little to do with associations that must transport us to other climes, and identify us with other nations, before we can feel the full effect of any one of its productions. We might think that it should take us as we are, or as we may be supposed to be ; that our attention should be arrested, and our sympathies excited by characters, occurrences and allusions not entirely unlike any thing we may ourselves have seen or heard of. It needs but a single glance, however, at the course of the most popular poets, to perceive how little this natural, and, as might be supposed, necessary principle, enters into their plans. One lays his scene in the times recorded by the earliest annalists of the Saxons, or takes the materials for the fabric of his muse from the venerable Josephus. Another transports us to the ‘gorgeous East,’ and accompanies every minute allusion in his fanciful tales by a note to show its propriety, according to the natural history or the mythology of the *locus in quo* of his luxuriant imagination. Another works up the romantic history of the vindication of Spanish liberty into one poem, makes the machinery of another out of the monstrous fables of Hindoo superstition, and stuffs it with sublimities which we must have learned to wor-

ship three millions of Gods before we relish or even comprehend ; and another takes us on a pilgrimage along the whole shore of southern Europe ; sweeps us through every period of the history of every people that we pass ; contemplates them as they were, as they are, as they might be ; reaches the region in which his own mind loves the best to linger ; and when he has conjured up around each spot of it every association by which it is endeared and consecrated in the recollections of the enthusiast of ancient lore, leaves us 'spell-bound' at last 'amid the clustering Cyclades.'

It is plain then, that, in the wide ramblings of a literature like this, very little is to be found which is simply and purely national ; and, to those who insist that in the creation of a native literature among ourselves, the subjects, the scenes, and the style must be exclusively American, the example of our intellectual mother may be pointed out, whose felicity in the 'prole virum,' in the line of literary descent, will at least be conceded, whatever, in other respects, may be denied to her as a nation. We have not, like the early Italians, a language to redeem from the shackles of monkish barbarism, nor like the modern Germans, a new one to compound from the pure fount of original etymology. Formed, as we are, from a mixture of almost all the people of Europe, our national associations are necessarily few, and those few have not as yet entwined with them enough of the '*ferrugineæ flores antiquitatis*,' to make them as sacred in our own eyes, as they will probably be in those of our posterity. Of the mummery of Aboriginal superstition, little can be learned, and of that little, it seems that nothing can be made ; of traditionary history we have hardly any that is of a romantic character. The belief in witchcraft which looks a little better for the purposes of the literary adventurer, was but local and temporary, and with its best appliances, would furnish but a poor substitute for the widely-spread submission of the soul of man to the empire of judicial astrology. But, we are remanded to Nature by the advocates of the domestic system ; we are told, and truly told, that our mountains tower as high, our forests spread as wide, our rivers flow as far, and our cataracts thunder as loud, as those of any country in the world ; and that we are abundantly furnished, at home, with all the materials of at least the highest order of descriptive poetry. Be it so ; but without the traditionary associations connected with the stronger features of Nature, even in the old world, what could be made of them ? As a single instance—could Lord Byron himself have sunk the sun

to sleep so sweetly behind any cis-atlantic mountains, as behind 'the Delphian Cliff;' or could he have made the 'Queen of Night' assert her reign so majestically from any summit of America, as from the 'high Hymettus?' It is the magic of association that fits every thing for the poets' hand; and at this moment, and it will perhaps be the case for years to come, more poetry is to be made out of the humblest hillock upon the surface of the long inhabited regions of the other continent, than out of the whole American chain of Apalaches, Alleganies and Andes.

Supposing it to be conceded then, that our materials, at least in the provinces of poetry and fiction, must be gathered from an extent as wide as that which has been laid under contribution by transatlantic genius; that we cannot be exclusive either in our subjects or our style; and that the path pursued by ourselves, although at first, perhaps, with unequal steps, must be essentially the same with that which has conducted our elder brethren in safety up the steepes of literary fame, the next question is, whether we are to go to the single people from whom we sprang, for our models, or whether we are to attempt to combine in the as yet unformed character of our national literature, the various excellencies of the established ones within our reach. This question can hardly be better answered in a more philosophical spirit, than a similar one has been by Sismondi, in relation to another country. "To confine ourselves to the study of our own literature alone, (alluding to that of France) is to remain in a condition of partial knowledge. Those by whom it was created were influenced by an inspiration which is now extinct; in their own hearts they have discovered rules which they have never defined even to themselves; their works have been examples of perfect excellence in their kind, but examples are not to be confounded with models, since models are for those alone who doom themselves to the wretched trade of imitation; the critics who have succeeded them have discovered in their writings the natural direction of their minds, and, perhaps, of that of their nation; they have shown by what course these distinguished men have arrived at the effects which they have produced, how any other course would have turned them aside from their aim; what proprieties they have been disposed to preserve and have been able to dignify in the eyes of those for whom they exert their powers; they have thus strengthened our prejudices, while they have shown us what they are; and all that is requisite, is to beware how we con-

“sider the maxims with which they furnish us as essential to  
 “the mind of man. Other distinguished men have written in  
 “other languages; they have been the glory of other litera-  
 “tures; they, too, have acted powerfully upon the soul, and  
 “have produced all the effects by which poetry and eloquence  
 “are uniformly accompanied. Let us study the manner of  
 “these authors; let us judge of them, not by our own rules,  
 “but by those which they themselves have followed; let us  
 “learn to separate what belongs to the intellectual character  
 “of a nation from what belongs to that of the species; let us  
 “raise our views to a height that may enable us to distinguish  
 “those precepts which spring from the fountain of beauty, and  
 “are common to all languages, from those which are gathered  
 “from great examples, sanctioned by habit, vindicated by talent,  
 “and supported by their apparent fitness, but which have,  
 “among other nations, yielded to other rules, adapted to other  
 “modes of thinking and other perceptions of fitness, sanction-  
 “ed by other examples, and justified by reasonings no less  
 “subtle, and an analysis no less profound.”

Little else can be needed to show the advantages that might be derived in the improvement of a national literature from the prosecution of it with views as liberal and extensive as those which are here disclosed; and a portion of the pages of this Magazine will be regularly devoted to some humble efforts in this direction, by presenting, from time to time, such sketches and specimens of writers in other languages of stationary and deserved celebrity as may, it is hoped, awaken the curiosity and excite the emulation of the few among us, who are, or may become aspirants to similar distinctions.

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#### THE COMMON LAW.

Counsellor Sampson, in a Discourse\* delivered before the New-York Historical Society, has made a violent attack upon the common Law, which he has denounced as a foolish and absurd system, engendered in the superstitious brains of the barbarous Saxons, revered with blind infatuation through suc-

\* An Anniversary Discourse delivered before the Historical Society of New-York, on Saturday, December 6, 1823; showing the Origin, Progress, Antiquities, Curiosities, and Nature of the Common Law. By William Sampson, Esq. New-York. 8vo. pp. 88. 1824.

cessive ages, and altogether unworthy of the present enlightened generation. This, it must be confessed is a heavy charge ; and if one tenth part of the abuse lavished upon the Common Law be deserved, then indeed were our ancestors most egregious fools ; and we, their worthy descendants, if we continue to uphold that rotten fabric, deserve to be branded as the degenerate sons of degenerate sires. But if, on the other hand, it should appear, that this learned Discourse, from beginning to end, is a tissue of specious sophistry, and that the Common Law, which the Pilgrims brought with them from the shores of England, and which our fathers considered so rich a legacy, as to incorporate it into our present form of government, in truth merits the high encomiums that have been passed upon it by some of the wisest and greatest of men,—if it can be proved that under this system of Law we have enjoyed unexampled prosperity, and happiness, and liberty, then our admiration of the reformer will abate ; and we will begin to think that the learned Counsellor has been fighting with a phantom conjured up by his own ardent imagination. It is an easy thing to call hard names. But it should ever be remembered that satire is not argument. In discussing, therefore, the opinions of Counsellor Sampson, whatever may be our admiration of the scintillations of his wit, and the bright embellishments of his fancy, it is our duty to strip his sentiments of their gaudy appendages, and bring them naked to the infallible test of truth.

The most striking fault of the Discourse before us, is its want of order and method. It is entirely destitute of that “*lucidus ordo*,” which characterises the writings of all profound thinkers ; and is written, to say the least of it, in a very unphilosophical spirit. So far as we can understand it, the object of the work seems to be, to do away the Common Law entirely, and to substitute in its place “a code of written reason.” Like most pretended reformers, however, our author takes care not to propose a system of his own ; but merely contents himself with indulging in a vein of satirical remarks upon what he considers the absurdities of that system which he has chosen to decry.

The Discourse purports to be “an account of the Origin, Progress, Antiquities, Curiosities and Nature of the common Law !” How far this is accomplished, we shall perceive as we advance.

*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?*

After a brief introduction, our learned author affects to regret that our students of law are obliged to enter the temple, “through the vestibule of the Commentaries of Sir William

Blackstone," in which, he says, they are "greeted with phrases strange to the ears of freedom;" and from the perusal of which they imbibe "dangerous principles, concealed by the fascinating eloquence of that author." Really, one would imagine from this, that the Commentaries of Blackstone were the horn-book of the youth of America; whereas our young men seldom commence the study of the law, before they have received an academical education, and are, therefore, generally well grounded in republican principles; so that all this fear of their imbibing erroneous doctrines from Blackstone is ideal. We are afraid, too, that the celebrated work of the "Vinerian Professor," which has justly been denominated "the most correct and beautiful outline that ever was exhibited of any human science," will continue to be read and studied by the American student; at least, until we are provided with a better.—But, says Mr. Sampson, the author of the Commentaries (whom, by the bye, he "damns with faint praise") "could not make "that a science, which was reducible to no fixed rules or general principles; and the more he brought it into light, the "more the sunny rays of his bright genius fell upon it, the more "its grotesque forms became defined, the more they proved to "be the wild result of chance and rude convulsions." Here is strange doctrine indeed. The common law no science! a mere heterogeneous mass of fabulous traditions huddled together without order or method! Verily, if this be true, then have we been wandering in darkness for ages past, and have now just reason to exclaim, "Alter e cælo cecidit Bacon!"

Several pages are next occupied with a tirade against Blackstone; and, for all that we can perceive, the "sole head and front of his offending," is, that he has spoken of the "pristine vigour" of the common law, as it existed previous to the Norman conquest. Sir William Blackstone is too argumentative a writer, and adduces too many authorities in support of his opinions to be overcome by a *sneer*.

Here we are completely puzzled, and must confess our utter inability to follow the thread of our author's reasonings. If there be any logic in it, it lies too deep for our penetration. In one page, we have extracts from Blackstone, showing his plan of an historical account of the law, in another we are treated with some *original* remarks upon the dignity, the use, and the nature of history; now, we are made acquainted with the pedantry of Coke, the prejudice of Hale, and the downright absurdity of Fortescue, and immediately thereafter are told what posterity will say of us, who ignorantly and superstitiously bow

down before, and worship "the common law, a mysterious essence," an "enigma, a "metaphor," "an idol that evermore sits cross-legged and motionless upon its antique altar !!" But we feel ourselves unable to do justice to the author's eloquence, and shall therefore take the liberty of quoting his words.

"Let us keep in mind, that we too must become ancestors and be judged by posterity. We cannot altogether foresee what may be said of us, but part we may imagine. These people, [it may be said,] long after they had set the example of self-government upon principles of perfect equality, had reduced the practice of religion to its purest principles, executed mighty works, and acquired renown in arts and arms, had still one pagan idol to which they daily offered up much smoky incense. They called it by the mystical and cabalistic name of Common Law. A mysterious essence. Like the Dalai Lama, not to be seen or visited in open day ; of most indefinite antiquity ; sometimes in the decrepitude of age, and sometimes in the bloom of infancy, yet still the same that was, and was to be, and evermore to sit cross-legged and motionless upon its antique altar, for no use or purpose, but to be praised and worshipped by ignorant and superstitious votaries. Its attributes were all negative, its properties all enigmatical, and its name a metaphor." p. 17.

Having thus disposed of the *origin* and *progress*, the author now takes a "rapid view" of the antiquities of the common law. There is a great parade of learning to prove, what nobody ever doubted, that the ancient Britons were not many removes from barbarism. But, the connexion between this formidable display of quotations from outlandish authors, and the common law, we leave for those who have had the patience to plod through this part of the Discourse, to discover. Supposing all that is asserted of the ancient Britons, Picts, and Scots to be true, to what does it all amount? Has the most enthusiastic admirer of the common law ever contended that *all* its principles had their foundation in the days of the "Jutes, and Angles, and Saxon princes, and Scandinavian sea-kings?" To prove, therefore, that these nations were barbarous, is of little avail, unless the Counsellor will also prove that the English nation has been barbarous from the period of the Romans down to the present time ; and in fact, that the whole history of England is one long dark night of ignorance and barbarism. This curious but useless parade of learning occupies the greater portion of the Discourse, and the author then relapses into his old strain of abuse, in which, of a truth, he seems to be very much at home. The legal profession will surely be under great obligations to one of their brethren, who asserts that the "lawyers have *not* been the ornaments of their country ;" but have degraded their faculties, and wasted their energies upon a sci-

ence of "entangled jurisprudence, incapable of improvement or advancement." \* Our Marshalls, and Kents, and Storys, and Websters, will be gratified with the compliment of being called ignorant and infatuated worshippers of a "Pagan idol," laborious plodders in absurdities and nonsense, servile and degraded "copiers of Norman subtleties and Saxon barbarity," who spend their days in cultivating a tree "of sickly and exotic growth, that has no sap nor freshness; upon whose withering branches some faint pale blossoms may appear, but rich fruit cannot ripen." †

In the 52d page we have a beautiful picture of the state of legal science, as it would exist if our author's ideas were adopted. Then we should have a plain and simple code, capable of being easily explained and understood by the meanest capacity; then our lawyers, "no longer forced into the degrading paths of Norman subtleties," would "resolve every argument into principles of natural reason, universal justice, and present convenience," &c. &c.

All this is very pretty; it is the *beau ideal* of law; but we conceive, is much better adapted to the people of Utopia, than to us, with all the imperfections of our human nature. At all events, before our author's plan can go into successful operation, one of two things must occur;—either we must go back to a natural state of society, when wants are few, and all the complications of commercial intercourse are unknown, or we must wait till the millennial period, when we are taught to believe that men will act with the strictest justice, and live in a state of perfect beatitude.

If the common law be a "Pagan idol," it has the honour to enrol among its worshippers many enlightened men, who have been the glory of their age; in England, Bacon, Mansfield, Hardwick, Sir William Jones; and in our own country, such men as Hamilton, Pinckney, Marshall, Story, and our late Chancellor Kent, the last of whom is, even now, by the light of his powerful intellect, and the splendour of his various learning, illustrating and upholding that very science which Counsellor Sampson would fain teach us to be nothing but a chaotic mass of absurdity. We have been accustomed to look up to these men with some degree of reverence; and before we condemn them as foolish expounders of a blind science, we should like to see some shadow of evidence in support of the charge which has been brought against them. For this we look in vain, in Mr. Sampson's Discourse.

\* Vid. p. 52.

† Vide p. 52, 53.

The last particular we shall notice, is the opinion expressed concerning the English Reports, which the author would not allow any longer to be quoted, or even referred to for illustration. We should be sorry to see the law reduced to so narrow a system as this. Is it any objection to the enlightened legal opinions of our greatest judges, that they have had recourse to the civil law, and the maritime codes of the different nations of Europe, to illustrate their arguments? We would rather see our lawyers and judges forcing into their service all the learning which it is possible for man to attain; and the legal profession would not suffer, if it contained many more than it does, of such men as Sir William Jones, who was equally versed in the laws of the Hindoos and the code of Justinian. Let our jurists then dive into the mine of the common law—let them ascend the chivalric heights of the feudal system—let them drink deep at the pure fountains of the civil law, and the result will be honourable to their profession, and glorious to their country. But the best answer we can give to this notion, is in the words of one of our most learned judges, when, in the argument of a certain cause involving important principles of equity, it was urged that the English Reports since the revolution, not being of binding authority, ought not to be quoted, or listened to with any attention. Adverting to this, in the course of his decree, the Chancellor observes :

“Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy,” or such unreasonable pride, as may turn us with indifference or disdain from the decisions and the wisdom of other nations. It is to be recollected, that we have very little domestic precedent in matters of equity to guide us. A question of this kind has, probably, never before arisen in our courts. We *must* resort for information to the courts of that nation from which our jurisprudence, as well as the best of our institutions, are derived; and we can do it with uncommon advantage. It cannot, I presume, be seriously expected, or even wished, that I should confine my researches, to the more loose and scanty repositories of equity learning of a date prior to our revolution, and that I should shut my eyes upon the improvements and lights of the present age.”\*

Upon the whole, this Discourse appears to us to be one of the most rambling and incoherent we have ever seen. Almost every page exhibits a *non sequitur*; and we challenge the production of any treatise, in which there is more of what is technically termed “travelling out of the record.” The style of the work is in general diffuse and declamatory; frequently careless, and occasionally eloquent. As a specimen of the latter

\* Johnson's Chancery Reports. vol. 3. p. 263.

quality, we select the following passage ; only taking the liberty of inserting a single word :

" Our (*common*) law is justly dear to us ; and why ? because it is the law of a free people, and has freedom for its end, and under it we live both free and happy. When we go forth, it walks silent and unobtrusive by our side, covering us with its invisible shield from violence and wrong. Beneath our own roof, or by our own fireside, it makes our home our castle. All sexes and conditions share its protecting influence. It shadows with its wing the infant's cradle, and with its arm upholds the tottering steps of age. Do the smiles of the babe give gladness to the mother's heart, her joy is perfect in the consciousness that no tyrant's power dare snatch it from her arms ; that when she consigns it to repose, its innocent slumbers are guarded by a nation's strength, and that it sleeps more free from danger than kings amid their armed myrmidons. And when life's close draws near, we feel the cheering certitude, that those we love and leave shall possess the goods that we possessed, and enjoy the same security in which we lived and died." p. 69.

Who would imagine that the author of the preceding could have written the following paragraph, in which he seems to have exerted himself to show with how much *ingenuity* old Priscian's head might be broken :

" The views of the Norman jurisprudence he [Blackstone] exposes with no tender hand. The trial by battle, the forest laws, the curfew, the dependence of the nobles on the crown, and their tyranny over the commons : the feudal exactions and forfeitures ; the 60,000 knights bound upon pain of confiscation to quell all resistance ; the enslaving of men's consciences by sour ecclesiastics, who were themselves exempt from the secular power, and who had imported the farrago of superstitious novelties engendered in the blindness and superstition of the times between the first mission of St. Augustine the monk, and the Norman conquest. The administration of both the prayers of the church and the law of the land in a foreign and unknown language : the frittering both law and divinity into logical distinctions and metaphysical subtleties, till what ought to be a plain rule of action, became a science of the greatest intricacy : the interweaving by the scholastic reformers, as he calls them, of their dialect and finesses into the body of the judicial polity, so that they could not be taken out without injury to the substance ; and that, though statute after statute was made to pare off the excrescences, and restore the common law to (what he calls) its pristine vigour, the scars remained still deep and visible : how the liberality of modern courts was frequently obliged to have recourse to unaccountable fictions and circuities to recover that equitable and substantial justice which was long totally buried under the narrow rules and fanciful niceties of the metaphysical Norman jurisprudence." p. 9, 10.

The plain truth is, that Mr. Sampson has undertaken a work which is too mighty for him. It is the easiest thing in the world to make loose charges, and indulge in a satirical strain against any existing system ; but, if we mistake not, the character of a true reformer calls for the most sublime exertion of

human intellect. History discovers to us but few reformers, and among those few are the names of Bacon and Newton. We are well aware that 'reform,' applied to all existing institutions, whether political, literary, religious, or philosophical, is the mania of the day ; but we think that the maxim cannot be too often quoted, "to innovate is not to reform."

In advocating the common law, however, let us not be understood as asserting that it is free from faults, and stands in no need of pruning. The common law has its blemishes, (and what system merely human has not?) but in innovating upon its long established doctrines we ought to adopt the advice of Lord Bacon, who says, that "it were good that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived;" and not pursue that *radical* system, which, for the sake of a few dilapidated parts, would destroy the whole fabric. "Experiments in states," says the great reformer of philosophy, "are always dangerous, and ought not to be tried except the necessity be urgent, or the utility evident; and we ought well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation."

The principle of codification is far from being new. However beautiful a "code of written reason" may be in theory, we are afraid that, when reduced to practice, it would be liable, in a few years, to as many commentaries and glosses as the common law is at present ; and we are confirmed in this opinion, when we reflect on the variety of interpretations and commentaries which the most precisely worded and cautiously constructed statutes in our statute-book have received. Even the Napoleon code, to which reformers are so fond of alluding, although it has been in operation but a few years, has already given birth to fifty volumes of Reports.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into any farther disquisition on this important topic, and we are afraid that we have already trespassed too far upon the patience of our readers. It is not our intention to devote the pages of this magazine to subjects of an exclusively professional character ; but the common law is a matter of general concern ; and we could not omit this opportunity of stating, that we are not prepared to give up a system under which we have flourished for more than half a century, and have enjoyed as much of happiness and prosperity as ever fell to the lot of any nation, for Quixotic notions of possible improvement, or visionary schemes of ideal perfection.

*It is not now as it has been of yore ;—  
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.*

WORDSWORTH.

O quick for me the goblet fill,  
From bright Castalia's sparkling rill !  
Pluck the young laurel's flexile bough,  
And let its foliage wreath my brow ;  
And bring the lyre with sounding shell,  
The four stringed lyre I loved so well !

Lo ! as I gaze, the picture flies  
Of weary life's realities ;  
Behold the shade, the wild wood shade,  
The mountain steeps, the chequered glade ;  
And hoary rocks and bubbling rills,  
And painted waves and distant hills.

O ! for an hour, let me forget  
How much of life is left me yet ;  
Recall the visions of the past,  
Fair as these tints that cannot last,  
That all the heavens and waters o'er  
Their gorgeous, transient glories pour.

Ye pastoral scenes by fancy wrought !  
Ye pageants of the loftier thought !  
Creations proud ! majestic things !  
Heroes, and demigods, and kings !  
Return, with all of shepherds' lore,  
Or old romance that pleased before !

Ye forms that are not of the earth,  
Of grace, of valour, and of worth !  
Ye bright abstractions, by the thought  
Like the great master's picture, wrought  
To the ideal's shadowy mien,  
From beauties fancied, dreamt or seen !

Ye speaking sounds, that poet's ear  
Alone in nature's voice can hear !  
Thou full conception, vast and wide  
Hour of the lonely minstrel's pride,  
As when projection gave of old  
Alchymy's visionary gold !

Return ! return ! oblivion bring  
Of cares that vex, and thoughts that sting !  
The hour of gloom is o'er my soul ;  
Disperse the shades, the fiends controul,  
As David's harp had power to do,  
If sacred chronicles be true.

Oh come ! by every classic spell,  
 By old Pieria's haunted well ;  
 By revels on the Olmeian height  
 Held in the moon's religious light ;  
 By virgin forms that wont to lave  
 Permessus ! in thy lucid wave !

In vain ! in vain ! the strain has past ;  
 The laurel leaves upon the blast  
 Float withered, ne'er again to bloom,  
 The cup is drained—the song is dumb—  
 And spell and rhyme alike in vain  
 Would woo the genial muse again.

#### MIDSUMMER-DAY'S DREAM OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

I had been six months a disciple of the celebrated Doctor Langlancet, during which time I had attended a full course of lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. I had dozed through the prozing, interminable harangues of Dr. ——— ; had beheld with delight the graceful flourishes and scientific sang froid ; with which the Professor of Chirurgery is wont to take off the afflicted members of suffering individuals ; and had breathed the perfumes of the east, in the laboratory of the Professor of Chemistry. I had walked the hospital, and visited the different infirmaries for the eyes, the ears, the lungs, and the skin ; where patients have their five wits blessed, (as poor Tom says,) for the sake of sweet charity. I had even, once or twice, in my ardour for acquiring knowledge, and seeing practice, (as it is called,) been induced to venture into the building next the soup house, where the sick poor of a population of one hundred and thirty thousand are crowded, sweated, vaccinated, bled, blistered, physicked, suffer the various operations of surgery, and are, I was going to say, *cured*, in an apartment rather less than 15 by 20 feet square. In addition to these delectations, I had seen a young physiologist, in his zeal for the improvement of science, tie the thoracic duct of a dog, who died shortly after the operation ; and had helped a member of the Lyceum, skilled in comparative anatomy, pick the bones of a dried Kangaroo, which gained him much credit from the learned body to whom he presented it.

Hitherto I had only been the recipient of knowledge, and had never, as yet, had an opportunity of imparting my information, or practising my skill upon others. Like a sponge, I had imbibed the waters of science at every pore, till I had be-

come full even to saturation, and I now longed to swell the mighty deluge of uncertainty and contradiction, with *my* theories, *my* opinions, and *my* facts.

My worthy preceptor, Doctor Langlancet, was a great bleeder. From the full blooded apoplectic, to the feeble, exanguined victim of phthisis, all who fell into his hands were as sure of having their veins emptied as their pockets. Gout, fever, rheumatism, and dropsy; carditis, hepatitis, and diaphragmitis; plethora, and tabes mesenterica, and whatever other deadly foe of poor humanity may swell the ranks of the most copious system of nosology, were manfully attacked by him, fleam in in hand, and like a giant-quelling knight of old, he literally waded through seas of blood to the eminence he had attained.

As a matter of course, Langlancet had many rivals, and consequently many enemies. The most prominent and deadly of these was Doctor Polypus, who manifested as great an aversion to phlebotomy as my master did a fondness for it.

But if the patients of Polypus escaped the lancet, it was at the expense of their bowels. With such loads of drugs were they drenched, with such doses, mixtures, and combinations of the various articles of the materia medica were they assailed, that the stomach of the stoutest horse would have manifested symptoms of repugnance; and the gentle Doctor Kitchener, with his peristaltic persuaders, would have stood aghast at beholding them.

Langlancet and Polypus had also espoused different sides, on the important, and much agitated question, touching the origin, and contagious nature of yellow fever. Langlancet was a firm believer, or at least, supporter, of the theory of importation. Polypus, as great a stickler for domestic origin. Langlancet used to bring forward, in euphonious order, the names of Lind, Moseley, Currie, Hunter, Haygarth, Hosack, Francis, Sir Gilbert Blane, James Hardie, and every other pestilent author, from Thucydides down to Doctor Townsend; Polypus, would oppose to them Rush, Miller, Mitchell, the Editors of the Medical Repository, and a long list of lesser worthies, who if not a host in themselves, individually, were unquestionably so, when taken *en masse*. Langlancet thundered forth the names of the mighty dead; Polypus thundered out those of the still more mighty living. Langlancet fortified himself with long stories about contaminated slave ships, concentrated effluvia, infected holds of vessels, pestiferous sugar boxes, and cotton bales. Polypus made no less noise about marsh miasmata, unsavoury docks and streets, death distilling cyst pools,

and plague-producing church yards. To such a height did these discussions rise, that one day, in the heat of argument, at a meeting of medical *brethren*, (so called from their proverbial unanimity) Langlancet made a violent application upon the most prominent feature of his opponent's face, who, in return, lent him such a facer upon the organ of vision, as produced several curious optical effects upon the Doctor's retina. A scientific set-to would have been the result, had not the bystanders interfered, and prevented the fray. The nose of Polypus was reduced to its natural size, by an emollient application; and the optic of Langlancet recovered its native lustre, by the skilful application of a few leeches; but no plaster could be found to patch up their feud, which now became more settled and deadly.

But I find I am as far from my story, as a zealous disputant from the question in point, or a prosing parson from the thread of his discourse. I have said my worthy master, whose example I longed to emulate, was an inveterate phlebotomist. I had not yet had an opportunity of performing this operation; but never did youthful knight burn more ardently to essay his untried arms, than did I to breathe a vein, and bathe my lancet in the issuing current. After the manner of novice barbers, who for lack of better customers, are wont to scrape well-lathered bladders of wind, for the sake of practice, I had, indeed, opened the veins of several large cabbages; but this, as it was attended with no risk, and followed by no profit, was at best but a dry sort of bleeding;—something like tapping an empty beer-barrel, or drawing the cork of an exhausted bottle of champagne.

I was sitting, one sultry morning during the dog-days, in my preceptor's office, studying the celebrated chapter of Benjamin Bell on phlebotomy, in which he sets forth, with professional technicality, the comparative merits of cross-cuts, oblique punctures, and longitudinal incisions; and gives frightful details of thrombusses, punctured arteries, and aneurisms. I had become quite nervous, by reading these accounts, when I was on a sudden startled by an uncouth, swarthy head of a man popping in at the window, who exclaimed in an agitated, grating voice, "Where is the Doctor? Is Doctor Langlancet in?" Recovering from the surprise into which this spectral appearance had thrown me, I recognized the features of a half cracked, simple fellow, who dwelt in the neighbourhood, known by the name of Harry Slender, who, having no particular occupation, of his own, spent his time in attending to those of his neighbours. "What do you want, Harry?" exclaimed I, a little vexed at

being thus interrupted. "Oh, for heaven's sake, Doctor, cried Harry, come and see a drowned man down on the dock here ! Oh, he's very bad, I know he can't live, but only just come and look at him." As there could be no harm in looking at a man, even if he was *very drowned indeed*, and as there might be a chance of rendering him some assistance, (that is, of bleeding him,) if he was not, I accordingly put my lancet into my pocket, and forthwith accompanied Harry. On the way, I learnt that the man had not been very long in the water, which induced me to conclude that his case might not be as desperate as was reported. When we reached the wharf, I there indeed found a poor fellow, lying, like a half-drowned rat, against a cellar door. He was surrounded by a group of idle cartmen, and dock-lounging vagabonds, to which latter fraternity, the subject of speculation seemed to claim fellowship. Having pulled the unfortunate out of the water, and rolled him vigorously on a barrel, without effect, they sagely concluded it was beyond the power of art to resuscitate him ; so depositing him against the cellar door, they quietly resigned him to his fate. How long he had remained in this situation, I did not learn, but from the appearance of the body, and the countenances of the spectators, which expressed a degree of listlessness and apathy inconsistent with the excitement of a novel object, I conjectured he had lain there some time. On turning the head over, which lay with the face downwards, as if rooting in the dirt, I found that the breath of life had not yet departed ; and from the spirituous exhalations which proceeded from his nostrils, it seemed to me to be a question, whether rum or water had most contributed to his distressed condition. His pulse being small, and his extremities cold, as indeed was the whole of his body, I soon found that this was no case for phlebotomy ; and as no charitable Samaritan seemed disposed to take him in, I recommended to those present the propriety of conveying him to the hospital. I farther stated, that if any well-disposed cartmen would carry him thither, I would accompany him, and get him admitted. At this proposal the cartmen began to sneak off in different directions. One fellow, who had been kicking his heels at the tail of his cart for a half hour, got up and drove off in a great hurry, saying he had urgent business at the Coffee House. Another said that he could'nt go, as his horse was weakly, having just recovered from a fit of the botts. And a third brute of a fellow wanted to know what he would get by the job, and said he could'nt go under two shillings. At last a more benevolent cartman was found, who offered to carry him for the love of

charity, provided somebody would go along, on the cart, to keep the poor fellow from rolling off. After much ado, for there was as great a lack of assistance, as there was abundance of curiosity, and after much sage counsel, touching his position, had been expended by divers well disposed persons, who, nevertheless, would not stir a finger to help him, we finally succeeded in getting him on the vehicle. Some recommended him to be laid upon his side, others upon his back, but the greater number insisted that he should be put upon his stomach, with his head down, that the water might run out. Disregarding these advices, I had him placed in a recumbent posture, with his head resting on the breast of a little red-faced fellow, in a straw hat and corduroy trowsers, who had volunteered to go along, and who seemed to have more bowels of compassion than any of the other spectators.

Men usually admire what they have not the soul to imitate ; and straw hat and corduroy trowsers received much applause. And notwithstanding a tall, gaunt fellow, who had refused to do this service, under pretence of being nervous, predicted with a sardonic grin, that they would both tumble off the tail of the cart before they reached the corner, of which disaster I myself had some strong suspicions, he performed his part to admiration. Clasp ing his hands round the waist, and digging his knees into the flanks of his protégé, he stuck to him like wax, or to use a more appropriate, though rather vulgar simile, "like death to a dead negro."

Not being particularly desirous of riding with this select company, I walked on before the cart. In this manner we proceeded toward the Hospital, where we soon arrived, as the driver, though a benevolent man in the main, seemed to value his own time more than the comfort of his burden, and rattled the poor devil over the pavement with such celerity, that I was in continual fear of the premature separation of his drunken soul from his half-drowned body.

Thanks to the tutelary genius of the patient, and the tenacious gripe of his protector, we reached the place of our destination in safety, where I resigned the object of our cares to the attentions of the Physician of the Institution. The ride seemed to have been of service to him, and as they lugged him off the cart, he exhibited signs of returning animation, and muttered some indistinct words of complaint. He was conveyed to a ward, and his dripping vestments being torn from him, placed in a warm bed between two blankets ; and before I left the house I had the pleasure of hearing epispastics and warm fomentations ordered for him.

On my return to the office, I resumed my seat, and my volume; but whether the scene in which I had just been engaged had dissipated my mind, or whether the heat of the weather, and a glass of ale I had taken at the Hospital, had rendered me drowsy, I know not;—certain it was, I could not confine my attention to the subject, and it was with the greatest effort I could retain the meaning of a single passage. I found that my labour was in vain; so closing the book, and tilting my back, in the yankee fashion, against the wainscoat, I settled myself in an easy posture, and unconsciously lapsed into a delicious, dreamy state of reverie; and things past, present, and future—things of the earth, and things unearthly—things that have being, and things that have no being, came flitting before my mind, in wild and fantastic confusion. But perfect peace is not to be found here below. I was doomed to have my solitude again broken upon, and, like poor Imogen, I found “I was sprighted with a sprite.” I heard a noise at the window, and presently saw the head and shoulders of some individual in the street, come poking again through the casement. With not more aversion did the ancient son of Gaul behold the hated face of Monsieur Tonson, than did I recognize for the second time, the swart, scrawny, ill-omened visage of Harry Slender. I was about inquiring the meaning of his presence, when Harry, who like the raven, never came but with bad news, croaked forth in notes of ten-fold trepidation, “Oh Doctor! Doctor! here’s another man down here got a fit—he’s very bad indeed; his face is as red as a gooseberry, and he froths at the mouth like a cat with the colic—Some say it’s a convulsion fit, but I think it must be an after-plaxy.”

Although I wished Harry far enough for his officious zeal, common humanity, as well as professional obligation urged me to accompany him. Something also whispered me that probably I would here have an opportunity of performing my long-wished-for operation. So, a second time behold me, under the auspices of a half-witted vagabond, repairing to witness, and not indifferently, a sad specimen of suffering humanity. To my surprise, I found that the distressed person, on the present occasion, was no other than the little straw-hatted, corduroy-breeched fellow with the red face, who had so humanely assisted the drunken and drowned man to the Hospital. Whether the inebrious fumes which steamed from the saturated system of his charge had affected him—whether the intense beams of the sun had pierced his skull, spite of its paleous covering,—or whether a stiff glass of grog, which a kind grocer had given

him on his return, as a reward for his philanthropy, had produced the mischief, I could not tell ; but there lay the poor fellow on the floor of the grog shop, with every symptom of a huge apoplexy. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets ; his breathing was laborious ; the fluids from his whole system seemed condensed into his head ; he foamed and sputtered from the mouth, and exhibited altogether an awful and terrific spectacle. I saw at once that his case peremptorily demanded bleeding ; so drawing forth my lancet, with a trembling hand and beating heart, I prepared for the operation. Imitating the manner of Dr. Langlancet, I called, in a pompous tone, for a basin and bandage, and having tied up the man's arm, and selected a prominent vein, boldly plunged in. As I made the incision, the patient, in a convulsive movement, jerked his arm upwards, and the lancet penetrated about half an inch deeper than I intended. The spectators gave a murmur of satisfaction, at seeing the blood follow the lance in a stream ; but to my dismay and consternation, I soon became sensible, from its florid colour, and salient flow, that it was arterial blood, and that I had pierced the brachial artery, instead of the vein. At this discovery, I became completely stupified, a cold sweat stood upon my forehead, my heart beat wildly, and my knees shook under me.

The loss of blood, however, whether arterial or venous, seemed to have a happy effect upon the patient. His face became less turgid, and he evinced symptoms of returning sense. At this, the greasy mob lauded my skill to the echo ; but their plaudits fell like lead upon my breast. The blood had now nearly filled the basin ; the countenance of the sufferer had changed from its gooseberry hue ; and the pressure being removed from the brain, the apoplectic symptoms began to mitigate. I had, hitherto, stood gazing in mute amazement at the gushing fluid, but I now saw it was high time to check it, if possible.

There is nothing which casts such an utter damp upon the heart, as to find our worst apprehensions of evil realized to the full. So, until now, though the presumptive proofs of my blunder were positive and damning, I had still entertained a vague and feverish hope that I might have been mistaken. But when, on loosening the bandage, the vital current, instead of being checked, spouted forth in an increased torrent, I then realized the magnitude of my job. My first concern was for my patient—"I have, perhaps, put the life of a fellow being in jeopardy." My next concern was for myself—"I have ruined my own

reputation—How shall I ever be able to show my face after this unlucky accident?" If it had happened to Dr. Langlancet, it would have been passed over as a trifle. The man would have had an aneurism,—perhaps, have lost his arm; but that would have been his loss, not my master's, who would have gone on prescribing and phlebotomizing with as much éclat as ever:—Or if the accident had chanced in some obscure place, where there were few witnesses, and I had not been known, if I could not have saved the patient, I might at least, have taken to my heels and preserved myself. But here I felt hedged in; every body knew me, as Harry, in his officious zeal, had been careful to communicate my name and residence to the bystanders, and I had not even the chance of escaping unknown.

Such thoughts, and a thousand others glanced over my mind, as I tried to stanch the blood with my handkerchief. But my efforts were unavailing, and I now, for the first, began to fear lest the man should bleed to death under my hands. I grew feverish, and impatient; cursed Harry in my heart, and wished the grocer, who had given the man the brandy, to the Old Harry.

Hitherto, I had kept my countenance with Spartan firmness; and the spectators were divided between admiration, wonder, and doubt. But when they saw that I could not, with all my efforts, stop the blood, they began to express their feelings, in grumbling tones, to each other.

Some one, in the first panic, had run for another doctor; and who should now enter, to cap the climax of my misfortunes, but my master's hated foe, Doctor Polypus. When he beheld the exanguined countenance of the before ruby-faced mortal, and saw the blood still oozing from his arm (for the man's fainting had somewhat abated its rapidity,) he turned to me, and exclaimed with a sneering tone and aspect—"A pretty piece of business forsooth—Here's a nice kettle of fish.—Gentlemen, I give you all to notice that here has been murder committed."

These terrible words came upon me like a thunder clap. I became frantic, and dizzy. I began to grow "a weary of the world," and in a sudden fit of desperation, started up, overturned Polypus by a box on the side of his head, and running furiously to the river, plunged headlong in.

Like Clarence in the play, I heard the dreadful roar of waters in my ears, and like him too, I awoke from my horrid dream. In my extacy, I had fallen from my chair, and soused into a large tub of water, standing hard by, where Langlancet

had lately been making some pneumatic experiments. It was some minutes before I recovered the full possession of my senses, and could realize that I had not stuck a man in the brachial artery, or committed the two deadly sins of murder and suicide.

Neither could I separate the circumstances which had occurred in my vision, from those which had really happened; nor was I certain, whether I had carried a drowned man to the Hospital, or whether it was all an "unreal mockery". A visit from the coroner, the next morning, who informed me of the death of the drowned patient, convinced me of the truth of at least that part of my adventures, and that epispastics and warm water were not the sovereignest things on earth for submersion.

I have never since met the little red-faced fellow who caused me such anxiety in my dream: but I never see Harry Slender without a feeling of horror and aversion, similar to that which the prattling barber produced upon the unfortunate gentleman in the Arabian tale. And the sight of the long nose and lank visage of Polypus gives me the same sensation as if a bucket of cold water was suddenly poured down the back of my neck.

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#### THEORY OF THE WORLD.\*

The European, who declared that for centuries to come we should import our literature and our science, would probably recant his opinion, if he was informed that this is only the fifth new theory that has been broached on this side of the Atlantic, within as many years. De la Metherie, if we rightly remember, enumerates one hundred and thirty different theories of the earth, derived from the invention of letters to his own time. Our existence as a nation dates but a few years back. If we proceed as we have begun, we shall ere long rival, at least in number, if not in ingenuity, the theories of our elder brethren of Europe.

Although the learned of all ages have turned their attention to the study of the structure of the earth; though they have climbed the highest mountains, descended into the deepest val-

\*An Abstract of a new Theory of the Formation of the Earth, by Ira Hill, A. M. Baltimore, 1823. 8 vo. pp. 214.

leys, and literally left no stone unturned in their researches, yet it must be acknowledged that their labours have been in a great measure fruitless. "The immortal Werner, of deceased memory," as he is styled by Jamieson, spent a long life in the very bowels of the earth, and roundly asserts that nothing of the constitution of the globe is known beyond its mere crust. Cuvier, the Corypheus of geologists, in his late work on the formation of the earth, has the following sentence: "When I formerly mentioned this circumstance, of the science of geology having become ridiculous, I only expressed a well known truth, without presuming to give my opinion."

Within a few years, however, geology has assumed higher ground. Rejecting the humble aid of mineralogy, or the still humbler assistance of analysis, geologists can determine by a single coup d'oeil the composition and structure of a mountain range; they can settle to a nicety the difference between clay slate and slate clay, or the more important distinction between amygdaloid and breccia. Newest floetz trap and oldest red sand stone, formation and stratification, have become words of fixed and determined import. To crown the whole, the brilliant discovery respecting the alluvial and diluvial formation, has put the finishing touch to the science of geology.

Our author commences, with singular felicity, his abstract of a new theory of the earth, by dedicating it to the American Cincinnatus, Major General Andrew Jackson! Who so worthy indeed of being instructed in the formation of this globe as he whose name has been so loudly sounded on its surface? Who so fit to receive the dedication of a work, which exhibits "how the sandy alluvion of the Floridas met the triumphant surges of the atlantic," as the man who rendered this "alluvion" illustrious by his warlike deeds? Before his abstract reaches the honours of a second edition, we would suggest, respectfully, that the concluding passage of his preface be omitted. We allude to the wish there expressed, that the gallant general may succeed in his election as President of the United States. We have no sort of objection to acknowledging his claims to this high station; but we must protest against their being urged in a theory of the formation of the earth.

Should this example be followed, our literature, in times of high political excitement, would present a strange appearance. The cause of one candidate might be covertly defended in a treatise on arithmetic, or the claims of another secretly advanced, in an improved edition of Chesterfield. We should see an attack on a presidential aspirant, at one time peeping through

an analysis of a new mineral, at another lurking in the pages of a missionary magazine. Who could be sure indeed that his vote was not pledged, by subscribing to a medical journal, or that his adherence to a caucus nomination was not secured, by his patronage of a new volume of poems? But to recur to our subject.

Mr. Ira Hill was led to the formation of a new theory of the earth, from observing that infidels make use of the following sophistry to confound the multitude ;—It is a natural impossibility for the waters to cover all the high mountains, and the God of nature cannot work impossibilities ; and if the waters could have been made to rise so high, where did they recede to? This our author has most satisfactorily answered. His favourite object, however, seems to be, to give to “the general mass of community” clear and perspicuous notions respecting the formation of the earth ; and in this, too, he has succeeded to a wonder ; for we venture to assert, that no man, after carefully perusing this book, will presume to dig for salt under trachytic rocks, or expect to find bituminous coal in the primitive series. But let us endeavour to give Mr. Ira Hill’s theory, in a few simple words, divested of the attic elegance or resistanceless force of argument displayed in the abstract.

The premises of this *new* theory date six hundred years back. The author takes (and in this he is supported by the best geologists) the first chapter of Genesis, as the foundation of his system. So far he proceeds boldly and firmly, and we can assure Mr. Ira Hill that many very sensible and learned men have been contented with the plain and simple facts stated in that sacred book. But it is the privilege of your real genius to scorn such narrow bounds ; and we find, accordingly, that our author starts off at a tangent, with the ingenious idea that “when the earth was first made, there were no rocks nor stones in the whole confused mass.” As it is declared in the abstract, that “the most of the ideas” are peculiar to him, we are to consider this as one of them ; and we leave it to our readers to make the most of it. They will, of course, bear in mind the ingenious declaration in the preface, that it cannot be expected that he shall prove to a demonstration all the propositions which may be advanced, and examine carefully “the substantial facts” advanced in proof of every statement.—But to proceed with this new theory.

The earth, or, we should perhaps call it, the globe, is now to be considered as an homogeneous mass, with its denser particles of matter in the centre, and covered with water as with a man-

tle; of course, one can hardly conceive of a better subject for moulding into any shape the geologist might require. It is highly desirable, however, to create the new or antideluvian earth; and we can readily imagine the author's anxiety on the subject—a world is to be made and we will not for the world keep our readers in farther suspense. Mr. Ira Hill takes it for granted, or proves it, we forget which, that heat is an all sufficient cause; but then it becomes necessary to discover the cause of heat. This he has ably shown to be derived from the following principle, viz. "that when the earth was fashioned, the concussion of particles of matter, in consolidating, would produce heat." This may be illustrated by a familiar example. The temperature of our bodies in health is the same at all periods of the year. Now we will suppose Mr. Ira Hill, with pen in hand, deeply cogitating on his new theory, and endeavouring to discover the cause of heat. He meditates, nibbles his pen, stirs the fire, dreams of Dolomieu and Von Buck, and at length rubs his forehead violently: This last movement seems to impart an increased heat to the forehead: upon that hint, he boldly declares that the concussion of particles will produce heat. The following experiment was instituted by one of our scientific friends, and we offer it as an additional illustration of this part of the author's theory. A Wellington boot, carefully prepared by Mr. Benton, was weighed and found to have the Sp. Gr. of 1.89. The thermometer in the air indicated 69°, and applied to the boot 70°. A shoe brush, coated with 3 grammes of Day & Martin's best, of the temperature of 70°, was then vigorously rubbed upon the boot for several minutes, at the expiration of which time, both boot and brush indicated a rise in temperature of nearly 40 degrees. This experiment was carefully repeated several times, and gave nearly the same results. But we were to detail the new theory, and not to offer any supererogatory arguments of our own.

The heat being at length obtained, in any required quantity, our readers may be curious to know how it is to be managed. We shall give the author's own words, p. 21.

"Heat causes matter to expand, and if once excited, will increase in power, till it forces its way to a near medium. This heat, generated *perhaps several miles beneath the bed of the ocean*, by its own force, prepared combustion around its focal point, and bound by a thick covering of earth and water, must have acquired an immense power, before it could raise its incumbent load. The matter which was most exposed to this vast furnace of nature became liquified. When the ocean of fire

within had acquired strength to elevate the mass above, the bottom of the ocean was raised to mountainous heights, and the liquified matter, as it was exposed to water and air, consolidated into masses of what are denominated primitive rocks."

We must be thankful that we have at last something solid to stand upon; although it be nothing but granite graw wacke and old red sand stone. Mr. Ira Hill looks over from these rocks, and gravely declares, that the waters are rushing into the vast abyss. We may make a passing remark upon the modesty of this amiable geognost. Your Cuviers and Delucs and Sausures and Huttons have unhesitatingly pronounced upon the exact situation of this heat. Accordingly, some\* have placed it in the centre of the earth; and if they are mistaken, their error never will be detected. Others† assure us that this huge fire will be found a few feet under the Puy de Dome in Auvergne, and Humboldt,‡ standing on one of the peaks of the Andes, cannot refrain from exclaiming, "*Malheur au genre humain si le feu volcanique se fait jour à travers le Chimborazo!*" All affect to know its "exact locality;" but our author, with that diffidence which characterizes real talent, modestly qualifies his assertions, respecting this internal heat, with a saving "perhaps."

Of course the reader will clearly understand, that the eastern continent has made its appearance, and we state, on the authority of Mr. Ira Hill, that there were "no winds, nor current, nor tides, nor tempests; of course, the waters were still, and it very naturally follows that their inhabitants remained in a very quiescent state." This is certainly making smooth weather, and we shall find that our author gets ahead accordingly. As the fishes were perfectly quiescent when alive, it is certainly not unphilosophical to suppose, that they would settle quietly, after death to the bottom, and be quietly petrified, "undisturbed by any agitation of the waters." p. 25.

We take this to be one of the most prominent features in the New Theory. We have only to suppose that these animals were quietly reproduced, and dropped down upon each other forages, and we shall have limestone strata to any desirable extent. This is all we are called upon to believe, and it is evidently one of those propositions "which it cannot be expected he shall prove to a demonstration." It accounts in a most satisfactory manner, not only for primitive and transition limestone, but

\* Hutton, Playfair, &c.

† Annales du Museum, vol. 2. p. 176.

‡ Faujas St. Fond, Breislak, &c.

for the appearance of petrification, in every part of the globe. It will equally explain the elevated calcareous strata of Jura and the *Calcaire ostrée* of Communipaw, as it has been recently described in Silliman's journal. Chrysologue de Gy, who published, about the year 1804, a theory of the earth, which, like that of Mr. Ira Hill, is fondée uniquement sur les faits, has settled the "transition series" in an equally satisfactory manner, but neither theory will, we apprehend, account for the following phenomenon. We state it with some reluctance, as it rests on the homely ground of fact, in opposition to brilliant philosophical reasoning. In the superb cabinet of our friend the Count Gazzola, at Verona, we have seen some petrified fish from Monte Bolca, which were quiet enough when we examined them; but they bore evident marks of having been at one period very active. A pike is seen, with its mouth widely extended, in the act of swallowing another fish, which, by the peculiar wriggle of its tail, seems not particularly pleased with its situation, or, at any rate, far from being in "a quiescent state." It is possible, however, that these may have been of a more recent formation, and geologists are aware that this cuts every knot, and solves every difficulty. But—

"Passons au deluge," and we are the more disposed to take this leap, as the world seems to have gone on in a very tame manner, for the space of one thousand six hundred and fifty years. As we before stated, Europe, Asia, Africa and the Isle of Man, are alone elevated above the surface of the water. America, for reasons which will presently appear, is kept in reserve. We must have a little patience, and as we are "perhaps several miles under water," we are bound in honour to keep cool. The critical moment at last arrives; the heat changes its focal point, and rages violently, but as it has no safety valve, like Perkins' generator, it rages in vain. It receives a fresh accession of caloric from electricity, oxygen or pit coal, and flashes out slam, bang! Hey presto! and here we are, occupying "that extent of territory, usually comprized between Cape Horn and the 40th degree of north latitude." This little affair, of course, could not reasonably be expected to take place without some bustle, as the sequel will abundantly prove. All the rocks above, primitive, transient and secondary, were pushed on one side to make way for us; and hence arose currents and tides and whirlpools and eddies, and all the et cetera of a complete geological theory. The sea, it is true, exceeded its usual limits, but it hardly covered the ancles of our transatlantic brethren. They had passed the perils of the Deucalion

flood and the flood of Ogyges, and laughed in scorn of this last flood of Mr. Ira Hill.

The author has now redeemed the pledge held forth in his title page. He has exhibited in a clear and concise manner, "to the general mass of community," the principal features of his *new theory*. With *Sneer* in the play, we may possibly think "that we have met with something like this before," but we have no wish to detract from the well-earned reputation of Mr. Ira Hill, by any injurious suspicions, founded on mere recollection. We refer the curious reader to the book itself, and to the XXV proofs there set forth in goodly array. His deductions follow as naturally as a corollary of Euclid, and even his boldest hypotheses have the force of axioms. Thus, p. 75 :

"The torrent moved over the New England states in awful grandeur, rolling rocks from the mountains, and driving them in broken fragments along the plains. Hence we have a cause of the many rounded stones being strewed over that part of the continent, hence also we have a cause of the alluvion of Long Island being composed chiefly of rounded pebbles."

Although, in the main, Mr. Ira Hill answers every possible objection, in a mild and gentle manner, yet he sometimes turns shortly upon his antagonists and murders them in a single line. We select, as a warning to others, this appalling sentence.

"Some pretend that the density of the earth is constantly increasing, as we descend from its surface. Of such theorists I would inquire, where cities, plains and mountains have retired to, when during an earthquake they have sunk from our view?" Where? indeed! we triumphantly repeat. Let geologists, in their future essays, indulge in graphic descriptions of mountain scenery; let them mistake the heights of Brooklyn for a second Pisgah; and heedless of the interesting alluvial deposit on which they stand, babble about the surrounding

"Hills and dales and flowery meads;"

but let them beware of crossing the path of this keen and powerful disputant.

The graces of style will hardly be sought for in a work professedly scientific; and yet Mr. Ira Hill has managed to display, in the course of his Abstract, much vigorous diction, and no slight acquaintance with our best old American writers. If we were called upon to say what author he most resembled, we should, without hesitation, pronounce the Rev. Mr. Weems, of Virginia, to be his favourite model. We have no room for

comparison, but quote the following, as a specimen of his general manner.

"The majestic Hudson, elated by the conquest of the firm barriers that confined him, armed with the soil and fragments of the mountains he had conquered, in awful grandeur, over-spreading the country, dared dispute the power of the ocean. Accelerated by the numerous auxiliaries from the mountains, and strengthened by arming himself with every rock that opposed his passage, the ocean himself retired at his approach.

"But from [for] the attack of the powerful Hudson, who moved from the mountains of freedom, the tyrant ocean would have held his dominion over the most luxuriant parts of the middle and southern states. But Hudson turned the proud currents of the ocean to the south, removed the sands and rocks which would have united the Island to the main, and preserved a harbour unequalled in the world!" p. 97.

Occasionally he collects his whole strength, and throws it out with a startling effect;—thus: "The God of nature never formed a nobler stream than the Susquehannah." p. 102.

In conclusion, we may observe, that although the new theory meets with our decided approbation, yet justice and a due regard to the interests of our country, require that we should point out one capital error, (to give it no harsher name,) which disfigures the work. We allude to that part of his theory, where he keeps America in the background, until we had almost imagined she was to be left out of the world altogether. We put it to Mr. Ira Hill as a patriot, and an American, how he could so far sacrifice his country, to the unhallowed ambition of being the leader of a new sect in the geognosie. Has he not read our own revered historian, (of course we allude to Knickerbocker—) has he not found in that grave and erudite work, sufficient facts to make him pause in his hasty career, to renounce this aristocratical idea? Where were the friends to whom "the most of the ideas" in his book were communicated? They are declared to be an honour to their country, and a blessing to the age which is illuminated by the splendour of their talents.—We call then upon those southern lights, "Dr. Samuel K. Jennings, and James Gray, and all the distinguished literati of the northern section of our country," who approved of his theory, and recommended its publication, to give satisfactory reasons why they suffered such gross partiality to appear. Even after he had elevated a part of this continent, his sectional feelings so far prevail, as to induce him to keep the north-

ern and middle states still under water. They do indeed appear at last, but in such a questionable shape, that it had been better for them to have remained "perhaps several miles under water" to this day. We consider sentiments like these as dangerous to our union. They will, at no distant period, undermine the pillars of our glorious national fabric.

But we have extended our remarks beyond our assigned limits. We cheerfully recommend this interesting volume to our literary and scientific brethren. Those trifling inaccuracies

———quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cavit natura,—

find no place in this New Theory. Every idea is original, every illustration apposite, every argument unanswerable. But praise is superfluous. The author will make his own way, and after having formed two continents with such apparent ease, it will be hard indeed if he does not stand his own ground.

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FOR THE ATLANTIC MAGAZINE.

The following touching narrative from the seventh Canto of the 'Jerusalem Delivered,' may be considered as one of Tasso's happiest efforts. It breathes the spirit of nature in its tale of unaffected love and pastoral simplicity; and there is no conceit to mar its language, to put us out of temper with its descriptions, and drive all the charm of a possible reality from the picture.

The author in this little piece has drawn pretty copiously from the stores of ancient poetry. The imitation of Horace's Ode X. book II. at line 63, is too striking to pass unobserved. But by the operation of transplanting, these beauties of classic antiquity lose nothing in Italian hands; and adorned with new lustre and life, they have successively passed from this second ground into the soil of good old English poetry, of Milton and of Spenser, in days when our verse had equal richness and greater strength.

The Italian, like poets of other climates, borrow occasionally from one another. Perhaps an illustration of this remark may be drawn from a comparison between Petrarch's 27th Canzone, and the last ten lines of the present story.

1824.]

ERMINIA'S RETREAT.

From the 'Gierusalemme Liberata' of Tasso, Canto VII.

Meanwhile Erminia, by the charger led,  
Through an old forest's leafy shadows fled;  
Half living, and half dead, her course sustain'd,  
Nor more her fluttering hand the steed restrain'd:  
So many paths she turn'd that out of sight  
Conveyed, 'twere vain to follow on her flight.

As the hounds panting from a tiresome chase  
Sullen return, unable yet to trace  
The game deep hidden in some sheltering wood,  
From the smooth plain—in such ungracious mood,  
Burning with rage and shame, in weary plight,  
Back speeds with visage fallen each christian knight.—  
Still on she flies; nor timid turns to view  
If yet the rearward steps her track pursue:  
Through all that night she fled; and the next day  
Unguided, witless, kept her constant way:  
Nought she beheld, and nought amid her fears  
Heard, but her shriekings mingled with her tears;  
Till what time Phœbus from the golden rein  
His steeds withdraws, and sinks into the main,  
To Jordan's limpid wave the damsel came,  
And on the bank's smooth margin stretch'd her frame.  
Food she denies; on griefs alone will feed,  
And only thirsts for tears: but in her need  
Sleep, which to man when misery's arrow stings,  
Composing rest with sweet oblivion brings,  
Her pains and senses lull'd, and gently o'er  
Each weary limb his placid pinions bore:  
Still she but seems at peace; quick visions roll,  
And love in every shape invades her soul.

She dozed, till wafted to her ears were borne  
The songsters joyous note that greets the morn,  
The murmuring rivulet, the rustling bowers,  
And zephyr sporting with the waves and flowers.  
She lifts her languid eyes—and looks each way  
That lonely home of shepherds to survey;  
When seems a voice to speak; which calls once more  
Of sobs and flowing tears the fruitful store.

Amid the maid's lament, a clear sound floats,  
And breaks her sigh: a shepherd's are the notes,  
Join'd with the woodland pipe: gently she goes  
To where that melody's soft cadence rose:  
In the mild shade a reverend form she spied,  
Entwining wicker-work his flock beside;  
And while his hands the steady task prolong,  
Three youths, to soothe his labour, pour the song.

The unaccustom'd arms, so sudden seen  
Terror infused—but soon with gentle mien  
Erminia spoke—turn'd her benignant look,  
And her gold ringlets from their bandage shook:

'Your pleasing cares, thrice happy band!' she cries,  
'Still, still pursue, ye favoured of the skies!  
These arms come not on murderous message bent,  
Your songs to hush, your labours to prevent.  
Yet Father, say, how in this placid ground,  
When war's aspiring flames are kindling round,  
Has fear of soldier wrongs no dwelling found?',  
'Son,' he replied, 'no outrage this domain,  
Nor trespass yet has ventured to profane:  
Nor Mars, with note confused, reach'd this sequestered plain.  
I know not if kind heaven indulgent spares  
The lowly innocence of shepherd's cares;  
Or, as the thunderbolt more seldom lights  
On the deep vale, but scathes the mountain heights,—  
So foreign swords their thirsting fury wreak  
On royal heads—nor hither, spoils to seek,  
Soldiers intent on gain, with hand impure  
Can our neglected poverty allure.  
Neglected? yes, by others—dear to me,—  
More dear than sceptred wealth can ever be.  
Ne'er does ambition's wish, or love of gain,  
In this untroubled breast its home maintain:  
In the clear wave my thirst I stoop to slake,  
And fear no poison scattered on the lake;  
While unbought portion for my frugal board  
This flock, this little ground, by turns afford.  
Few are our wants; and small the stock we need  
To nourish life: behold my sons,—they lead  
The herd to pasture; and no slaves surround  
My peaceful threshold, or protect my ground.  
So live I lonely; watching with delight  
The goat and stag run nimbly in my sight,  
The bird to heaven expand its feathery pride,  
And sportive fishes through the streamlet glide.  
Time was,—that season when man's opening hour  
Still plays the child,—that other things had power  
To wake desire: this pasture counted mean,  
I fled my natal plains for other scene;—  
Where regal Memphis spreads her palace walls,  
Amid the ministers that fill'd its halls  
I too was plac'd; the gardens all my care,—  
Yet courtly wiles I saw, and proved them there.  
Rash hope allured me; long vexatious time  
Endured I; but when passed my flowering prime,  
And with it courage fail'd, and hope grew cold,  
I mourn'd my vanish'd peace, my tranquil fold.  
Adieu, ye courts! I cried,—these friendly shades  
Returning found, and pleasure with my glades;  
As thus he spake, upon his words intent  
Erminia calmly hung; such reasoning sent  
Peace through her stormy senses, and sunk deep;  
Some pause she made—determin'd then to keep,  
Till Fortune smooth'd her steps another way,  
Within that secret vale her partial stay.

'Thou, happy one, but who thyself', she cries,  
 'Evil hast only known, let pity rise,  
 If heaven unenvying lot like thine permit,  
 For all my woes, which pity well besit  
 Here in this grateful shade I fain would be  
 A common habitant with peace and thee.  
 Haply, these groves among, I soon may part  
 With half the mortal weight that binds my heart :—  
 If gold or gems, those gods the mob adores,  
 Could move thy wishes, I have ample stores.'  
 She spoke ; and from her eye grief's chrystal tear  
 Let beauteous fall—then sobb'd into his ear  
 Part of her many woes ; and in reply  
 The pitying shepherd wept, and answered sigh for sigh.  
 Then sweetly sooth'd her ; and with glowing zeal  
 The sire enkindled, such as fathers feel—  
 And to his ancient partner points her road,  
 Of kindred soul possess'd, by heaven bestowed.—

The maid in rustic spoils equips her now,  
 And binds the peasant's fillet on her brow.  
 But her eye's motion, and her agile mien,  
 Bespeak no native of that woodland scene ;  
 The noble light no shaggy robe can hide,  
 And every varying shade of grace and pride :  
 While in each action, to its honours true,  
 Still kingly majesty shines glittering through.  
 Forth with the wand her guiding fingers hold,  
 She leads the flock, then turns them to the fold,—  
 From the rough paps extracts the milky stream,  
 And in the circling vessel churns the cream.

Oft, as in summer heats the sheep reclin'd  
 In the calm shade, refreshing coolness find,  
 Her hands on spreading beech, or laurel bark,  
 In thousand shapes the well-known letters mark ;  
 And the hard fate, her hapless loves that crowned,  
 She cuts on thousand shrubs that flourish round—  
 Then, her own figures frequent as she views,  
 With beauty's choicest tears her cheek bedews :  
 And weeping cries—' This mournful tale conveyed  
 Ye generous plants preserve ! In your kind shade,  
 Should e'er one constant lover dwelling make,  
 Such varied griefs as mine may pity wake :—  
 Unequal recompense, he chance may cry,  
 Gave Love and Fortune to such constancy !  
 Perhaps some future day, if e'er by heaven  
 To mortal's earnest prayers assent be given,  
 Far as these woods that form may sometimes fly,  
 Which now too little heeds my hopeless sigh :  
 May see this fragile frame lie buried low,  
 And of brief sobs and tears the tardy meed bestow.  
 Though through life's hour with misery's pangs oppress,  
 At least in death the spirit may be blest :  
 And these cold ashes, when their flames have died,  
 Enjoy what kindless fate on earth denied.'

M. E.

## NOTES ON A VOYAGE TO CARACCAS.

No. 1.—*La Guayra*.

On the 12th at dawn, we descried land. It was the mountain of Caraccas; the highest summit of which, distinguished, on account of its peculiar form, by the name of *Silla de Caraccas*, or Saddle of Caraccas, was joyfully pointed out by the passengers, who were natives of the city that lay at its feet. There was scarcely a breath of air to break the waves, over which our little bark rolled with a sluggish motion, that ill suited our anxiety to reach the shore. To prevent our retrograding, as the current set strongly against us, we had recourse to sweeps, by the aid of which we were enabled to advance a mile or two before sunrise. To this event I was now looking forward with no ordinary emotion. As if to greet his coming, clouds piled on clouds had gathered themselves about that part of the mountain's brow, on which the 'powerful king of day' was first to alight on his entrance into the scene around us. Their dark masses were deeply contrasted by their gradually brightening summits; and in watching their movements, I exulted in the idea that I was realizing a scene so admirably described by the poet:

"The lessening clouds,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad ———"

As the sun gradually uprose from the bed of clouds, their diminished forms slowly vanished, and left his path through the fields of ether clear and unobstructed. At the same time, the morning breeze began to swell our idle sails, and first to curl the waves, and then to lash them into foam. Our sweeps were cheerfully laid aside, and we once more bounded over the waters that still separated us from the wished-for land. I could not help remarking, that the heaving motions of the vessel no longer produced those sickening effects on our raw passengers, now that land was in sight, which they had occasioned formerly, when sky and ocean alone were visible. The most timid walked the deck, with an air of confidence, that would have done honour to Neptune himself. Sickness was forgotten and languour laid aside, and all were ready to exclaim—

Oh! who can tell—save he whose heart has tried  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,—  
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way!

At eleven, we ran to an anchoring ground. To the right, on the south and west, lay Cabo Blanco, a high promontory, whose whitened sands, burnishing in the sun, sufficiently explained the origin of its name. Nearer along shore, a thick grove of cocoa-nut trees marked where stood the village of Maycatia. Immediately in front, lay the small town of La Guyra, at the very base of the lofty mountains, which rose precipitously behind, and lent here and there a projecting platform for some little fortalice or signal town. To the left, moles of batteries were visible on the strand, till in the distance Macuto's verdant scenery closed the landward view.

Immediately after our anchoring, a gun was fired from a small fort on the heights, and the Colombian flag unfurled, to announce our arrival. About twelve, a launch, with the national flag at the stern, came along side, bearing on board the harbour master, health officer, &c.\* These gentlemen proceeded to examine into the name and condition of the vessel and passengers, which duty being speedily performed, they left us at our own disposal. We sent for a canoe, which, rowed by four lusty mulattoes, soon made its appearance, and took our persons and baggage to the shore. The surf beat high, and I was considering, when we came on a line with the only wharf visible, how we should be conveniently landed, when I was astonished to find our canoe, of a sudden, surrounded by a whole posse of coloured fellows. Each of these, wading up to his breast in water, took a passenger on his back, and with the greatest alertness conveyed us safe and dry to terra firma. Our baggage was brought to us in the same way, and the price demanded for the use of the canoe, &c. was about four dollars.

The wharf was crowded with persons anxious to see the coming strangers. The most of them were black; and their muscular, athletic forms presented a marked contrast to the puny and wan appearance of the whites. This contrast is in part observable throughout the West-Indies. The whites are in general very much deteriorated, by a long residence in tropical countries, both in their colour and general strength.

\* Muscat, formerly barber, in Martinique, and perchance tooth drawer, now physician and health officer. He receives nine dollars for every visit to a vessel.

The seeming exceptions are constituted by the fat paunches of *bons vivans*, who would gladly purchase exception from this deceitful appearance of superiority.

At right angles with the wharf runs the wall of the town: through one of the gates of this wall we were conducted to an office, where our baggage underwent a trifling examination by the custom-house officers. After passing the gate, we ascended a small street, crossing the two principal ones at right angles, and ending abruptly at a short distance, in the rugged base of the mountain. We were conducted to the principal *posada*, or boarding house, and thence directed to our respective places of business or pleasure. I waited on Echandia, the collector of the port, to whom I had a letter of introduction. I found him pleasant and affable in his deportment, and received much hospitable attention at his hands. By him I was introduced to Avendano, the governor of La Guyra, at whose house I had the satisfaction of dining, in company with a small, but intelligent circle of friends. The conversation, as it may be supposed, turned chiefly upon subjects connected with the state of the country, and its present struggle for independence and freedom. On these subjects these ardent Colombians spoke with a warmth and energy that could not fail to interest a lover of freedom, and to engage his best wishes for their success. With respect to the United States, they entertained, in general, very correct information, and anxiously looked forward to the acknowledgement of their independence by our government. Of Mr. Clay, they entertained the most exalted sentiments; reverencing him no less, as a warm defender of the rights of his own country, than as the enlightened statesman, who embraced in the grasp of his wide benevolence every country upon earth, whose citizens were entitled, by their intelligence and bravery, to the enjoyment of liberty. As is usual, however, with these people, conversation, however animated and uninterrupted, is seldom instructive. Common places are frequently discussed, with an impetuosity of manner, and a vehemence of style, that would lead a stranger to their customs and language to suppose them engaged in treating of the most important and extraordinary subjects.

La Guyra is generally called the port of the city of Caraccas, and is not of much more recent date than that city, which was founded 250 years ago. It is situated at the foot of the mountains, composing part of the chain of the Andes, which lose themselves to windward, near Trinidad, and the average height of which is 4500 feet. In the rear of the town however, the

mountain's height is no less than 9000 feet. The harbour is a roadstead of the sea, protected by a mole with batteries, some of which are suspended in the heights, and others line the shore. The wall toward the sea is strong, and has a rampart with bastions, forming, in time of peace, a pleasant promenade. The rear of the town is defended by the wall of rocks, which rise almost perpendicularly, and forbid all access. There was but a small number of troops here at this time, but sufficient to be able, with the aid of the militia of the place, to defend it in case of a sudden attack, until reinforcements from the interior should arrive. The sea before the town is always more or less agitated; in consequence of which, vessels are loaded and discharged with no little difficulty. This becomes impracticable at times; and when the wind blows hard from the north-west, it frequently happens that all the vessels lying in the road are driven ashore. This, however, happens but very seldom; the prevailing wind being the north-east, or regular trade. Canoes act as lighters to the vessels, and they receive four dollars for every freight.

The space on which the town of La Guyra is built, that part of it at least which fronts the sea, is not more than 800 or 900 feet in width, from the base of the mountain to the sea. It may be treble this in length; after which the course of the streets winds up the pass of the mountains for a short distance.

There are two parallel streets; the upper one of which is the longest, and pursues the course I have first designated. After making an angle, it is intersected in the middle by a deep ravine, through which runs the river Guayra. Over this, some bridges are thrown, which connect the opposite sides of the street, and the part of the town already described, to another part, now chiefly in ruins. In the street just described are the remains of a church.

In the lower street is situated the plaza, or market-place. This is a half square, surrounded by shops; and to it the inhabitants throng in the morning, to purchase their daily fare. Their beef looks not as well, by any means, as it does with us; not on account of any inherent bad quality in the article, but because the butchers are ignorant of the proper manner of cutting it up. All the fat is taken off from the meat, and leaves it, of course, but a meagre appearance.—It is sold at a dollar and a half for the *aroba*, or twenty-five pounds. Culinary vegetables are plentifully supplied from the valleys of Caraccas.

The government house is a very plain, and ordinary build-

ing, no wise distinguished from the private houses, excepting by its magnitnde. It is the residence of the governor, and is also used as a custom-house.

The private dwelling houses are generally built after the Spanish fashion. A *zagnan*, or paved entry in the front, leads to an ample square, or court-yard, in the centre. Around this runs a corridor, on which the several apartments of the house open, and from which the stairs branch. Since the earthquake of 1812, few houses are more than one story high. The windows have coarse frame grates, and are neither provided with glass sashes, nor with shutters. This gives all the houses, not excepting the residence of his Excellency, the appearance of so many dungeons of confinement; and tends to throw an air of gloom over the whole town. This effect is not a little heightened by the appearance of the dilapidated buildings, and roofless walls, which meet the eye on every side, giving melancholy tokens of past destruction.

It is in vain that from these gloomy objects the stranger turns to the heights above for relief. The barren and rocky aspect of the precipices that overhang the town, and seem to threaten it with still greater ruin in some future convulsion, infuses additional horror into the scene, and he gladly flies to the sea shore to dispel, in the view of the harbor, animated with shipping, the effect of the horrid prospect he has left.

There are the remains of three churches, all of which were destroyed by the earthquake. On the ruins of one of them, a temporary building has been erected, in which holy mass is performed daily, and a sermon delivered each Sunday morning. A curate presides over the spiritual interests of La Guyra. He is held in high estimation for the faithful discharge of his parochial duties, and not the less thought of, because he is withal a *bon vivant*. He is a warm patriot, and thunders forth, with no little vehemence, excommunication and death, against the tyrants who would subjugate his country, and too surely put an end to his ministry.

The number of inhabitants in this town was formerly estimated to be eight or ten thousand. The destructive earthquake, the long continued wars, and the consequent frequent emigrations have nearly depopulated it, and scarcely left two thousand at the present time. Of these, a large majority is composed of coloured people. I may here take occasion to observe, that this class, from their number, and the necessary assistance and service they lend to the new government, will no doubt assume, as they already do, the right to participate in

the public honours of the state. As an instance of their importance, it may not be irrelevant to mention, that, at a ball given by the Governor of La Guyra, the niece of one of the principal personages in the executive department of the state was compelled, through motives of policy, to accept the proffered hand of a black colonel, as a partner in the dance. The few remaining friends of the old government take no little delight in circumstances of this nature, and presume from them to augur the most unfavourable results. Many friends, too, to the new order of things, do not hesitate to express their fears, that the preponderance of the black population may prove dangerous, and finally subvert the power of the whites. Such fears are however set aside, by arguments drawn from the naturally docile temper of these very people, and the wise regulations which it has been, and will no doubt continue to be, the policy of the administration to adopt towards them. Laws for the total emancipation of the slaves, had first been passed; and if I am not mistaken, there were already two senators of this class admitted into congress. Enjoying all the civil and political rights, to which, as men, they can be entitled, they will necessarily be disarmed of all cause of complaint, and be bound to the government, no less by attachment, than by interest.

The town of La Guyra is under the control of a political and military governor. Avendano, a young and intelligent native, joins both these offices, in his own person; and is very much esteemed by his fellow citizens for his talents and the strong attachment he bears to the general cause.

The climate of La Guyra deserves next to be spoken of. Enclosed by the most lofty mountains, and on the verge of the ocean, and placed in the latitude of ten degrees from the equator, seldom or never enjoying the benefit of rain, it has been supposed to be the hottest place in all Spanish America. But I doubt very much if this be the case. Throughout nine months of the year, from November to July, inclusive, the trade wind seldom ceases to blow, with a freshness that proves highly grateful. Thus when I first arrived, which was in December, I was scarcely incommoded by the heat, and certainly found it not greater than at the neighbouring islands. In the remaining three months, not included above, long calms prevail, and then the inhabitants suffer most; but even then I question if the heat be greater than in the West Indies generally, in which the same causes exist, and consequently produce the same disagreeable effect. Bonnycastle, in his *comprehensive* work on South America, has indeed pronounced an opi-

nion contrary to that which I have here advanced, and contrary to the experience of the best authorities in the place ; but that this author must not be *implicitly* relied on, I shall now attempt to show. In the brief notice he takes of La Guyra, I find the following sentence.

“ This is the hottest place in Spanish America. The yellow fever has prevailed for the last ten or twelve years. Some think it was *imported from the United States*, others that it was occasioned by an overflowing of the river Guayta, filling the cellars and deep places with water that became stagnant, and exhaled putrid effluvia.”

Now I verily suspect that this author never could have visited the places he describes, when he speaks of *cellars* in La Guyra, in which there is not a single one to be seen. As to the opinion of yellow fevers being imported from the United States, few, excepting your ultra contagionists, but would think the idea too ridiculous to be worth repeating. Mr. Bonycastle unfortunately adds, “ The inhabitants suffer dreadfully from yellow fever.” I presume by the term “ inhabitants,” is meant the natives and residents of the place, as distinguished from strangers and transitory visitors. In attaching this meaning to the idea intended to be conveyed, I believe I am warranted by the best rule, that of usage ; and I must flatly contradict my author, in the assertion he makes. The regular inhabitants are never attacked with this disease. They are, it is true, subject, after great rains, to bilious fevers, and chronic bilious affections ; but as to the genuine yellow fever of Rush, the endemic causus of tropical and tropicoid climates, they know it not among themselves.

Strangers only are subject to this terrible disease. The robust and plethoric and the young, are the more especial victims of it ; and when large numbers of these arrive simultaneously, as bodies of troops in time of war, and sailors, they will be extensively affected, and the disease then assumes its epidemic form. There are, however, certain seasons, which, from unknown causes, are more especially favourable to the production of the yellow fever than others. At no time, however, is the disease observed to be contagious. On this subject I conversed much with our very intelligent consul, Mr. Lowry ; and his testimony, strengthened by a long series of observation, goes very clearly to establish this point. I likewise enjoyed the gratification of conversing with Mr. Eckard, consul at St. Thomas, whose opportunities of information have been very extensive ; and who more than twenty years ago, was singularly

instrumental in exposing the fallacious statements of one of the strongest supporters of contagion,\* as respected the spread of the disease, by this imaginary cause, in his own house.

At the time I visited it, La Guyra was remarkably healthy, there being scarcely a sick person in the town, and consequently no employment for the sons of Esculapius.

The commerce of this place was formerly very extensive. In Bonnycastle's work above quoted, it is computed at 346,000*l.* sterling, per annum, in exportation of cacao, indigo, coffee, cotton and hides, and its importations are estimated to have amounted to 511,700*l.* The unsettled state of the country has made a great reduction in this respect. There are but few merchants resident in La Guyra, and even these, unless vessels constantly arrive to their consignment, spend most of their time in Caraccas. Those whose business renders their presence in La Guyra indispensable, have their dwellings in Maycatia, a village at about a mile's distance, along the shore. There they retire after the day's fatigues, and enjoy repose, and the reviving freshness of the sea breeze. There were only two American houses in La Guyra, when I visited it. Mr. Lowry is the consul of the United States for this part of the country; and from his long experience and extensive knowledge of the localities, &c. and likewise from the hospitable attention he pays to his countrymen, he justly deserves and obtains a large share of American business.

The articles of export and import, a bove referred to, are brought from the interior on mules. These animals are remarkably serviceable, being able to carry great burdens on their backs. A barrel of flour is the ordinary load with which they ascend and descend the mountain; over which lies the path from La Guyra to Caraccas, extending fifteen miles. They are preferable to horses, inasmuch as they require less food, can subsist longer without it, and are moreover sure-footed and safe. Each muleteer, who wears a white cassock, has generally six or eight mules under his charge, with which he makes two trips regularly every week. The price for each load is 14 bits, or shillings.

In the eastern extremity of the town, through the ravine before mentioned, flows the river Guayra. It rushes down in a small stream, through a large cleft of the mountain, up which you can follow its devious and romantic course for miles.

\*I refer medical readers to the 7th volume of the Medical Repository, for this curious document.

Every now and then it forms some suitable bed, or basins, which afford very commodious baths to the inhabitants. In the grateful luxury which these baths furnish, they freely indulge; and they are both braced and refreshed, as the water which descends from above is of a temperature much inferior to that of the surrounding heated atmosphere. There are some situations, along the ascent, which command the most imposing prospects, and are singular, wild and picturesque.

At the base of some jutting eminence, from which umbrageous trees throw abroad their ample branches and overarch the stream that gurgles beneath, you enjoy on the one side, through the foliage, a vista, in which the sea is seen to stretch its dark blue waters far beneath, with occasionally a white sail specking its monotonous surface; while turning your view upward, you behold the mountain's sides meeting far above, enveloped in the fleecy mantle of light clouds, which constantly surround their summits. Here to retire, from the din of business and the crowds of interested votaries at fortune's shrine, of whom there are so many in these sea-port towns, is a grateful recreation and an invaluable relief, to the general dreariness inspired by the gloomy aspect of the town.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Swamp Place, Titus Andronicus Township, (N. Y.)  
April 12th, 1824.

DEAR \_\_\_\_\_,

I was, as you may suppose, as much pleased as surprised, on receiving your letter. I was obliged to look at the subscription, to ascertain from whom it came. Your hand has been very much improved, for the better or the worse, (the lands here are improved both ways,) since I last saw your autography. It is now two years since your existence has been problematical to me. I have not, indeed, heard from or of you, since that memorable day, when I packed up my alls, and marched off at short order, without beat of drum, or asking what was to pay; and went 'into retiracy among the Aborindiginous,' as a member of the Ohio legislature expressed himself.\* Touching my crawling off, in that style, however, I

\* *Fact, meo periculo*, as Mr. Maturin would say. Another member observed, 'that he found no such words in his *vocaboolary*.'

assure you, that the affair in the police office was got up by a most iniquitous conspiracy. I never saw the creature before, but once; unless, indeed, you may call it seeing twice, when one sees double, which I believe was then my predicament. I had a hazy recollection of her, and that was all. \* \* \* *N<sup>o</sup>importe*; I am glad I came away, for I wanted white washing. On the whole, being 'married and settled in the country,' is not so bad a thing, by way of a change. The latter I am, and the former I want to be; but her daddy says she is not aged enough; being only sixteen this grass; and running away is not practized in this part of the country. I have made some charming verses on her, which you shall have.

By the by, your protestations of regard, and preachment about old times are all my eye. You want to get something out of me; but if you put any of my articles in your magazine, I flatter myself your readers will open their eyes, in rather a portentous manner. What in the world made you call it the Atlantic Magazine? Has it any allusion to the Indian, who said he was born at Nantucket, Cape Cod, and all along shore? It is the most ridiculous name I ever heard in my life.

You ask me, why I chose this place for my location, in preference to any other baptized out of Lempriere's dictionary. I heard there were a hundred ejectment suits waiting to be brought; but not one have I got under way, since I first nailed up my tin in the village, with 'Attorney at Law,' neatly gilt upon it, as large as life. The best job I have had, is a slander suit, which has been going on for eighteen months; but I am afraid it will not turn out very profitable, as I hear the defendant has failed, and the plaintiff was burst before I began. I think, however, without other resources, I could make out by the profession, to keep body and soul together. Living is dog-cheap, and the feed is good. My adorable never criticises my toggery, while I am not ragged. I am happy to find that she is not captivated by the vanities of dress. The other day a young man dashed through our settlement, accoutred, I suppose, in the newest fashion; his frock-coat and pantaloons being plaited all over in front, in innumerable folds, and united by some invisible ligaments. Some of the neighbours, who had heard of the corps of horse marines, took him for one of their squad; others supposed he was come to tumble and dance on the tight rope; my fiancée agreed with the rest, that he looked like a fool.

And so, all my acquaintances who are not gone dead, or to Florida, are reformed, and behave like sensible Christians.

I am truly rejoiced to hear it. Poor \* \* \* \*. But I must not talk about the dead, or I shall never get to the business of my letter.

I receive new books here pretty regularly from U. I have just finished running through some half dozen, about which you are welcome to my sentiments ; and if you approve of them, you may do them into reviews, and pass them off, as your own. '*The deformed transformed,*' to begin with that which is entitled to the most consideration, is said, I perceive, by Mr. Walsh, to be beneath criticism. This is being fastidious, with a vengeance. It appears that this drama, of which we have, as yet, only two parts, is partly founded on the Faust of Goëthe. I am not at all powerful in German, though I have had great longings to exercise my throat and lungs in that horses' dialect. An ancient pedagogue, hard by, undertook to teach me ; but I found out, after several lessons, that he was coming over me with the Communipaw Dutch ; upon which discovery, I absented myself from his lectures. I cannot, therefore, tell how much of the spirit of this drama is borrowed. The leading incident, of a deformed and melancholy individual, entering into a compact with one of Beelzebub's emissaries, by which he acquires beauty, wealth and pleasure, has suggested itself to many, who never heard of Goëthe, or Faustus either, for aught I know. Similar superstitions prevailed, long before the Dutch type founder's epoch ; and I have seen two or three crazy productions, in the shape of poems, born on this side of the Atlantic, founded on some such notion, so far as I was able to discover what they meant. I doubt, however, if the particulars of such a league and covenant have been ever more powerfully conceived, than by Lord Byron, though his execution is hurried and unequal.

In the short scene with which the drama commences, the utter desolation and misery of the unfortunate hero, is exhibited in a dialogue between his mother and himself, to which, I conceive, nothing could be added, without weakening the effect.

*Bertha.* Out, hunchback ! *Arnold.* I was born so, mother. *Ber.* Out ?  
Thou incubus ! thou night-mare ! Of seven sons  
The sole abortion ! *Arn.* Would that I had been so,  
And never seen the light ! *Ber.* I would so too !  
But as thou *hast*—hence, hence—and do thy best.  
That back of thine may bear its burthen ; 'tis  
More high, if not so broad as that of others.  
*Arn.* It bears its burthen ;—but, my heart ! will it  
Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother ?

I love, or at the least, I lov'd you : nothing,  
 Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.  
 You nursed me—do not kill me! *Ber.* Yes— I nursed thee,  
 Because thou wert my *first born*, and I knew not,  
 If there would be another unlike thee,  
 Thou monstrous sport of nature ! But get hence,  
 And gather wood ! *Arn.* I will : but when I bring it,  
 Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are  
 So beautiful and lusty, and as free  
 As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me ;  
 Our milk has been the same. *Ber.* As is the hedge-hog's  
 Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam  
 Of the young bull, until the milk-maid finds  
 The nipple, next day, sore, and udder dry—  
 Call not thy brothers brethren ! Call me not  
 Mother ; for if I brought thee forth, it was  
 As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by  
 Sitting upon strange eggs. Out urchin, out !

In all the variety of possible human sufferance, the expression of maternal disgust and loathing, here conveyed with every circumstance of gratuitous aggravation, presents 'the unkindest cut of all.' It would be a fitting introduction for a tale of horror. How the deformed son feels it, is well exhibited subsequently ; when, after having seen the ideal lineaments of the strong, the wise, the brave and beautiful of the elder time, and being free to elect among them a new form in which to commence his new career, he hesitates, and seems to intimate that he could be content in his unsightly shape, but for the usage of his unnatural parent.—

Nay, I could have borne  
 It all, had not my mother spurned me from her.  
 The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort  
 Of shape ;—my dam beheld my shape was hopeless.

Under the influence of the emotions, excited by his mother's reproaches, Arnold is proceeding to fulfil his lonely and unrequited task, when he wounds himself with his axe, which terminates his labour for the day. In bitterness of spirit, he goes to a fountain to wash away the blood ; and bending to the water, beholds his own image, loathsome even to himself. Wound up by this spectacle, to the sullen resolution of despair, he is about to fall on his wood-knife, when the waters of the fountain are moved—a cloud gathers from them ; and as it is dispelled, a tall black man comes toward him, the Mephistopheles of the drama. This evil spirit, who is to be the future companion of his fortunes, is a taunting, satirical demon ; to whom all the passions that men hold noble, and all the objects for which

their best aspirations are breathed; afford only subjects for a demoniac sneer: and he is ever ready at hand, to anticipate the result to which experience might have led his pupil, to poison the overflowings of every generous instinct, to mock at glory, when heroes were dying in the excitement of battle; at devotion, when the faithful were forming with their corpses, a rampart for the Pontiff in St. Peter's; at pity, when a virgin clinging to the altar, is assailed by ruffian soldiers; at love, when it bends in agonizing doubt and tenderness, above the beloved object, whose spirit is fluttering between life and death.

How much farther the character of this incarnation of Lucifer, in his attributes of malignancy and hatred of what is good, is to be developed, and to what his machinations are to conduct Arnold, who, at the commencement of the third part, seems to be happy in the possession of his first love, remains to be known, when the erratic genius of the author shall return to his unfinished drama. Without more analysis, I would mention the passages which have most delighted me, without reference to the sarcasms of the incognito devil, who is too detestable to be quoted.

The compact between him and Arnold is darkly and mysteriously unfolded. It might seem to resemble the vague idea of Maturin, in his last novel, as to what Sir Paladour was to perform.

*Arn.* Name your compact;

Must it be signed in blood? *Stran.* Not in your own.

*Arn.* Whose blood then? *Stran.* We will talk of that hereafter.

But I'll be moderate with you, for I see

Great things within you. You shall have no lord

But your own will, no contract save your deeds.

Are you content? *Arn.* I take thee at thy word.

The stranger, as may be inferred from other passages, had some insight into futurity; and could discern the shadows, which coming events cast before them. It should seem, that he wanted no guarantee, for the perdition of a soul left to its uncontrolled volition, with the assistance of his promptings, however honourable, and high, and pure, might be its primitive longings. Arnold, though endued with a full share of good and generous feelings, is obviously prone to the sin, by which fell the angels—'The glorious fault of angels, and of gods;'—and mounted on a high-trotting, coal black steed, with such a diabolical attendant, for his 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' there can be little doubt, but that his ride must terminate like that of the beggars a-horseback, according to the proverb. If this be

so, I do not know why this drama has not a most excellent moral. And after all the cant and slang that can be uttered, if people will read books, in which the devil is introduced, they must not, as the author himself says, expect to hear him 'talk like a clergyman.' I do not, however, uphold the propriety of writing such books; and should be sorry to quote one or two passages from this, in which the Stranger speaks of some of the holiest mysteries of revelation, in a manner not a whit the less blasphemous, because it is appropriate to the character. It is therefore to be hoped, that many, even of those who are capable of relishing fine poetry, will not read this drama. The moral sense very soon becomes dull, by the familiarity of the mind with images and sentiments, at first strange and revolting. Jupiter cuts such a sorry figure in the *Prometheus Vincit*, even though invested as yet with all the terrors of his power, that his worshippers, while they bowed in spirit to the towering grandeur and indomitable spirit of his victim, who was the benefactor of mankind, must have lost all respect, save that accompanying fear, for the 'father of Gods and men.' And *Manfred*, *Cain*, and 'the Deformed Transformed,' (the last is least exceptionable of the three,) are certainly calculated to shake our faith in the wisdom and compassion of the Deity, and mislead our ideas as to the operations of divine providence in the moral government of the world.

For the sake of such persons of tender conscience, as may read this poem, I advise you to make some extracts, of parts not liable to censure. The phantoms that pass before Arnold, for his selection, the 'shadows of beauty, and shadows of power,' are designated with great felicity of expression. First appears the form of Julius.

The black eyed Roman, with  
The eagle's beak between those eyes, which ne'er  
Beheld a conqueror, or looked along  
The lands he made not Rome's, while Rome became  
His, and all theirs who heired his very name.

*Arn.* The phantom's bald—

*Strang.* His brow was girt with laurels more than hairs.

Next rises 'the curled son of Clinias, the fairest and the bravest of Athenians;' who is soon followed by his preceptor, whose outward semblance does not, as may be supposed, prove very inviting to the Hunchback.

*Arn.* What! that low, swarthy, short-nosed, round-eyed satyr.  
With the wide nostrils and Silenus aspect,  
The splay feet, and low stature! I had better  
*Vol. I. No. I.*

Remain that which I am. *Strang.* And yet he was  
The earth's perfection of all mental beauty,  
And personification of old virtue.

The luxurious triumvir then follows.

*Arn.* What's here? whose broad brow and whose curly beard  
And manly aspect look like Hercules,  
Save that his jocund eye hath more of Bacchus  
Than the sad Purger of the infernal world,  
Leaning dejected on his club of conquest,  
As if he knew the worthlessness of those  
For whom he had fought. *Strang.* It was the man who lost  
The ancient world for love.

Demetrius Poliorcetes succeeds him, to gratify Arnold's desire to look on beauty.

*Arn.* Who is this?  
Who truly looketh like a demigod,  
Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and stature,  
If not more high than mortals, yet immortal  
In all that nameless bearing of his limbs,  
Which he wears as the sun his rays—a something  
Which shines from him, and yet is but the flashing  
Emanation of a thing more glorious still.

*Strang.* The shame  
Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war—  
Demetrius the Macedonian and  
Taker of cities—Get thee to Lamia's lap!

Arnold fixes on the last phantom the shade of Achilles.

The godlike son of the sea goddess,  
The unshorn boy of Pelens, with his locks  
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves  
Of rich Pactolus rolled o'er sands of gold,  
Softened by intervening chrystal, and  
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,  
All vowed to Sperchius as they were—behold them!  
And him—as he stood by Polixena,  
With sanctioned and with softened love, before  
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,  
With some remorse within for Hector slain  
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion  
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young hand  
Trembled in *his* who slew her brother So  
He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as  
Greece looked her last upon her best, the instant  
Ere Paris' arrow flew!

The incantation, by virtue of which the soul of Arnold passes into a tangible form, moulded after the semblance of Achilles, is exceedingly beautiful. But I pass to the second part. During the assault on the eternal city, conducted by the Bour-

bon, 'a chorus of spirits in the air' is introduced, chanting a song, for the spirit and energy of which we might seek in vain, in the efforts of any of Byron's reviewers. Take, for example, the first and last verses.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.  
 Whither flies the silent lark?  
 Whither shrinks the clouded sun?  
 Is the day indeed begun?  
 Nature's eye is melancholy  
 O'er the city high and holy:  
 But without there is a din  
 Should arouse the Saints within,  
 And revive the heroic ashes  
 Round which yellow Tiber dashes,  
 Oh ye seven hills! awaken,  
 Ere your very base be shaken!

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet once more, ye old Penates!  
 Let not your quenched hearths be Ate's!  
 Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,  
 Yield not to these stranger Neros!  
 Though the Son who slew his mother,  
 Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother;  
 'Twas the Roman curbed the Roman;—  
 Brennus was a baffled foeman.  
 Yet again, ye Saints and Martyrs,  
 Rise! for yours are holier charters.  
 Mighty Gods of temples falling,  
 Yet in ruin still appalling!  
 Mightier founders of those altars,  
 True and Christian,—strike the assaulters!  
 Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent  
 Show even Nature's self abhorrent.  
 Let each breathing heart dilated  
 Turn as doth the lion baited!  
 Rome be crushed to one wide tomb,  
 But be still the Roman's Rome!

The third part, of which we have but three pages, opens with mountain scenery. Arnold, it should seem, is a bridegroom. A chorus of peasantry is introduced; and we have presented to our mind's eye, at once, all the beauties of a picturesque country, with its associations, in the smiling season of the year, of life, and love, and freshness. All this, perhaps, like the short pause before the gates of Macbeth's castle, is intended but to throw into deeper shadow the dark events that are to follow, in scenes of stormy passion, treachery, and murder.

## CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

The spring is come ; the violet's gone,  
 The first-born child of the early sun ;  
 With us she is but a winter's flower,  
 The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,  
 And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue  
 To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

And when the spring comes with her host  
 Of flowers, that flower beloved the most  
 Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse  
 Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember  
 Their Herald out of dim December—  
 The morning star of all the flowers,  
 The pledge of day-light's lengthened hours ;  
 Nor, 'midst the roses, e'er forget  
 The virgin, virgin Violet.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the hound bayeth loudly,  
 The Boar's in the wood,  
 And the Falcon longs proudly  
 To spring from her hood :  
 On the wrist of the Noble  
 She sits like a crest,  
 And the air is in trouble  
 With birds from their nest.  
*Cæsar*.—Oh ! shadow of glory !  
 Dim image of war !  
 But the chace hath no story,  
 Her hero no star,

Since Nimrod, the Founder  
 Of empire and chace,  
 Who made the woods wonder  
 And quake for their race.  
 When the Lion was young,  
 In the pride of his might,  
 Then 'twas sport for the strong  
 To embrace him in fight ;  
 To go forth, with a pine [moth,  
 For a spear, 'gainst the Mam-  
 Or strike through the ravine  
 At the foaming Behemoth ;

While man was in stature  
 As towers in our time,  
 The first born of nature,  
 And, like her, sublime !

All this may be beneath Mr. Walsh's criticism, but it is, nevertheless, fine poetry.

I intended to have made some remarks on the *Albigenses*, and some half dozen other works, which I must postpone, now, to a more convenient season. My letter is already treble. Remember me to all inquiring friends, if any such there be.

Yours, &c.

[The following verses, addressed 'to a Lady,' were written by O. W. Helme, who died of the fever in this City, in 1821.]

To weep o'er hopes departed  
When life hath lost its bloom,  
To wither broken hearted,  
May such be ne'er thy doom!  
May no rude tempest toss thee  
Upon the waves of ill,  
Misfortunes never cross thee,  
And sorrows voice be still.

Oh! fortune's frown can ~~never~~ *kill*  
The bad to grief consign;  
Thou never can'st be lonely,  
For innocence is thine.  
Heaven fondly watches o'er thee,  
To shield thy soul from harm;  
Heaven's power extends before thee,  
A strong and mighty arm.

Then if the world forsake thee,  
And if its voice belie,  
If sorrows overtake thee  
Do thou their rage defy.  
They never can o'erpower  
The innocence that's thine—  
'Tis heaven's fair lily flower,  
Its blossoms cannot pine.

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JOHNSON AND LEE. \*

Real or supposed injustice, to the character of the late Colonel Henry Lee, on the part of Judge Johnson, the biographer of General Greene, has produced from Mr. Lee, a son of the colonel, a critique, in the shape of an octavo, of more than five hundred pages. The work demands notice, as it is American, on a subject of great interest, and written with great spirit and ability. We regret, however, its publication, and that a conflict, like that which it is calculated to provoke, should be waged above the ashes of the illustrious dead. They have long ago fought their good fight, and have sunk into the grave,

\* "The campaign of 1781, in the Carolinas; with remarks historical and critical on Johnson's life of Greene; to which is added an appendix of original documents relating to the history of the revolution. By H. Lee. Philadelphia. E. Littell."

‘with all their country’s wishes blest.’ Detraction cannot sully the memory of the gallant Lee ; and Greene needs no other panegyric, than the simple annals of his country. It is not now that the struggle for their well-earned fame should be revived by their descendants or admirers : and though Mr. Lee, with unquestioned sincerity, repeatedly disavows any disrespect to the character of the defender of the South, we fear, that in analysing the work of Judge Johnson, in a too splenetic vein, of angry and intemperate sarcasm, he has sometimes, unintentionally, subjected himself to such a charge.

Were we to enter into particular specifications, in order to prove our assertion, we might become parties in producing the effect we deprecate. To mention, however, one instance. The biographer and his censor have both contrived to render the education and habits of General Greene, rather ridiculous : the former, by recording, in a lugubrious attempt at ease and jocularly, minute circumstances which might have occurred to any other, as well as the subject of his memoir ; and the latter, by the tone of derision in which he has alluded to them. According to them, young Greene was a Rhode Island edition of King Pepin, who, it will be remembered, acquired his first relish for polite literature, by studying his horn-book while fulfilling the honourable and useful duty of a scarecrow :—when, in fact, General Greene’s family was of the highest respectability in his native state ; to which, for several generations, it gave the highest functionaries in every department. His education, according to the times and circumstances, was good ; and how well he profited by it, appears, not only from the moral and intellectual greatness of his character, as it must be portrayed in American history, but in his off-hand letters, several of which are given in Mr. Lee’s book, and of which they constitute by far the most valuable part.

That Judge Johnson’s work is dull, and has not answered public expectation, is a fact which cannot be disguised, but on which it might be indecorous to dwell. We have to accuse Mr. Lee of having, in a paroxysm of filial zeal, violated propriety and good manners. Is it dignified, in speaking of heroes, and of the times that tried men’s souls, to descend into miserable hyper-criticisms about words and phraseology, and sentences which seem absurd, on account of the printer’s mistakes in punctuation ? Is it respectful to the powers that be, to call a learned and worthy dignitary, an Associate Judge of our highest judicial tribunal, ‘an attorney,’ ‘one speaking of the case of Coriolanus’—and to stigmatize him as ‘the assert-

er of a falsehood?" Is such language as the following appropriate to the author's subject, and the station of the writer on whom he is commenting?

"The dog in London, who kills rats for a wager, is observed to be much fatigued in crushing those weak and well-fed vermin. Something like this is his situation, who undertakes to expose the countless absurdities and mis-statements of the sketches. One hardship is, that he has to botch up the crazy sentences, in which his honour embarks his pestilential ventures; as the court of Charleston had to translate the lingo of the negro conspirators, in order to show the justice of their sentence."

The conglomeration of allusions, in the second member of this ingenious diatribe, is puzzling and distressing. As for the savoury simile, contained in the first part, Judge Johnson has no reason to complain, since the critic puts himself in the dog's place. Again, is it genteel and *nice* (to use a Yankee phrase,) in speaking of the sources of the Judge's information, and the use he has made of them, to say he has "turned the waters of Helicon into a horse-pond?"

In truth, (and the truth may with propriety be spoken of so precise a censor as Mr. Lee,) we cannot compliment him exceedingly on his taste in metaphors. He is overfond of them, and hunts them down. 'Nullum simile quatuor pedibus currit,' says the old statute; but he makes *his* crawl on as many legs as a centipede, and fairly hunts them from the face of creation—'beyond the flaming bounds of time and place.'

We take the closing period of his work, which must be supposed to have been satisfactory to himself.'

Not a glow of passion—not a shade of fault—not a ray of truth—not a line of nature, appears in his portrait of Greene, which exhibits a dim and moonlight countenance of round perfection. Instead of following, as truth and taste would lead, the easy and natural form of Greene's character, the author of the sketches has been guided by the toilsome dulness of his own fancy; has poured the full and meandering flow of the hero's intelligence and virtues, into a canal of his own digging;—as far from nature as from magnificence. No forests overshadow its fountains; no rapids precipitate its stream; no windings diversify its progress; no cataracts dignify its source; no tides accumulate its waters; no navies bound upon its flood; no surges foam along its surface; no billows break upon its shore!

Among all these glows, shades, rays, lines, moons, canals, forests, fountains, rapids, streams, windings, cataracts, tides, navies, floods, surges and billows,—odsbodlikins! what has become of General Greene and his biographer?

We have no intention of entering into the merits of the controversy between Mr. Lee and Judge Johnson; but we must

say, that we have observed none of those studied and intentional misrepresentations which Mr. Lee has thought proper to charge upon the Judge. On the contrary, we think the sketches characterized by a candor, liberality and independence of spirit, honourable to their author. We were well aware, that the Judge had fallen into occasional mistakes ; and we will admit that Mr. Lee has proved him so, in some instances, which had escaped our observation. But his occasional errors cannot be considered as a sufficient ground for the impeachment of his general accuracy ; nor can they justify Mr. Lee's violent attack upon the personal character of the Judge, nor upon the merits of his work. Johnson had before him Colonel Lee's *Memoirs of the Southern War*, and having advantage of original documents, and of reference to some of the distinguished officers who served under General Greene, it was natural that he should take some pains to correct its errors. He may not always have been discreet in his observations ; and has, perhaps, revived some discussions, which it would have been better to have suffered to rest. Still, these are minor charges ; and he has, no doubt, brought them into notice, from his wish to give a correct delineation of all the events, connected, in any manner, with the task he had undertaken. He may sometimes have fallen into errors, equal to those he intended to correct. This, however, is by no means peculiar to himself, but must happen to every one who has to select his materials from various sources, and to attempt to reconcile conflicting authorities. The historian who writes of his own time, and of events which happened within the sphere of his own observation, will find it difficult to give an accurate account of the minor circumstances which took place ; and yet he may be exceedingly accurate as to those of interest and moment. How often does it happen, that witnesses of equal credibility differ so materially, in their incidental statements, as to render it difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain the accuracy of their details. From this reason, we apprehend that Lee's memoirs may frequently be incorrect, as well as Johnson's sketches. He was a witness to many of the events he relates ; and his statements in regard to those are entitled to the greatest confidence. But when that testimony is met by other witnesses, of equal means of information, it is, to say the least, a fair subject for criticism and inquiry. Judge Johnson has done no more than to examine into Lee's statements, and to give his own opinion upon the subject. He had no interests to subserve in his sketches ; but endeavoured sim-

ply, to the best of his ability, to deal equal justice to all. He may have been misled by others, or have fallen into mistakes from his own negligence or misapprehension; if so, he has barely been guilty of a very ordinary fault with all historians.

Colonel Lee was perhaps the best partizan officer in the army of the revolution. He was brave, intelligent and active; and was of infinite service to General Greene, in the southern department. His brother officers loved and admired him; but even they have been known to criticise his conduct. To mention a single instance—the absence of Lee from his cavalry, when he should have been prepared to receive the orders of his General, to make the decisive charge upon the enemy, which alone was wanting to ensure the victory, was not in character with his usual spirit of enterprise. Nor does the laboured apology of the son altogether exculpate the father. We are willing to admit, that he was usefully employed; and that his absence was excuseable; but he lost the opportunity of achieving new laurels for himself, of adding to the fame of his General, and of bestowing yet brighter honours upon the American army. That he did his duty, has never been questioned; and he was, on that account, entitled to a share in the honours of the day. But we doubt whether he executed any thing worthy of the high character he sustained, or answered the expectations of his General; and we are therefore inclined to think, that he was not entitled to any great share of praise. The soldier who manfully performs his duty, may command our respect; but it is the generous spirit of self-devotion, leading him, without much consideration of personal consequences, into great and perilous enterprises, on which he must found his hopes of military fame. Much praise is not to be acquired, at least is not deserved, by ordinary efforts. Fortune does not always present the means of successful exertion; but the man who neglects to use them, when within his reach, has no reason to complain of her fickleness, or to charge upon others, the faults which arise from his own indolence or neglect.

With much manly frankness, Colonel Lee has admitted some of his occasional faults and neglects. These faults were never of a nature to do him material injury in his military character. The memoirs of the southern war necessarily placed him in a conspicuous point of view, as every account of that war must place him. Still, with the fairest intentions on his part, it is but reasonable to suppose, that he may sometimes, without being aware of the fact, have magnified his own importance with his General, and the services he rendered in the field. He

could not play the modest part of the chaplain and historian of Lord Anson's voyage; for it was almost constantly necessary for him to allude to his own services, in order to elucidate the events of the war. While, therefore, we make no complaints against Colonel Lee, for the account he has given of his own part in the campaigns of the south, we think it perfectly reasonable, that others should examine his statements, detect his errors, and divide, when justly due, some of the honours of the southern war, amongst other officers of equal merit and distinction.

The utility of the 'Sketches' and of the 'Campaign of 1781,' and indeed of most, if not all the works connected with the history of our revolution, consists in their collecting a body of information for future historians. In common with other narrations, biographies and sketches, they may serve at least as hints, often as vouchers for the future historian, who shall write the classical history of our republic, when time, with its ordinary effects, shall have given to the incidents of our revolutionary struggle, the only interest which they seem to want, by shedding over them the mellow colouring of antiquity. Imagination cannot work upon materials of recent character; and the sober pages of history are perused with greater pleasure, when they recall events beyond the memory of man. It is only after the lapse of ages, that we form ideal pictures of heroes, orators, legislators and sages, and think of them as beings of a superior kind, to those with whose ordinary infirmities nearness of time or place has made us acquainted. It is then that trivial incidents become of wondrous interest, and every particular circumstance, as well as every minute relic, derives its charm from the power of association. The historian employs them in his estimate of character; the philosopher contemplates in them the causes and the means whereby great changes were effected; and the poet weaves them into immortal verse.

Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave—

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[We received the article, the commencement of which follows, too late to insert it entire, in this number. This circumstance we regret; as, independently of its intrinsic interest, it is the only account yet published, which may be deemed official, of Captain Parry's expedition. It was written by an officer in his service, and addressed to a gentleman, well known in the scientific world for his indefatigable exertions in the pursuit of physical discovery. By him it was transmitted to this city.]

## CAPTAIN PARRY'S VOYAGE.

H. M. S. *Fury*, Igloodik, (N. E. Coast of Amer.)  
July 1st, continued to August 1st, 1823.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is rather a painful task, to sit down and recount to one's friends the history of two years, the issue of which, although the most successful results were anticipated, has been little more than a series of vexation and disappointment. Yet such is our case; and the account I am about to give you, is rather of what we have failed to do, than of what has been done by us; an account which will prove, perhaps, as tedious to the reader as painful to the narrator, and one I should scarcely venture upon writing, were I not apprehensive that silence would wear the appearance of an indifference, if not of a negligence, which I am very far from feeling, and of which I should be sorry to incur even the suspicion.

The return of the *Nautilus Transport* furnishes you with information of our having arrived off Resolution Island, and, you must have subsequently learned by the Hudson's bay ship, that as late as the 20th of July we were still struggling with the ice, in endeavouring to get to the westward, through Hudson's straight. On the 22d of July, we succeeded in getting into clear water, off the middle Savage Islands, and, with very little farther interruption, reached Southampton Island, on the 4th of August, being then in lat. 65 d. 23 m. north, and long. 81 d. 24 m. west. This place, only a few miles from where Bylot and Baffin, in 1615, gave up "all further search of a passage," might be said to be the *starting post* of our discoveries; and although we were surrounded by a quantity of ice, of a heavy kind, and in more extensive floes than we had before met with, the prospect before us was far from unfavourable. The land to the northward and westward seemed broken, and for a considerable space in that direction, there was none to be seen. We had little doubt, therefore, but that we had arrived at the entrance of Middleton's Frozen Strait; and in spite of the ice with which it was now filled, and the appalling name it bore, we fully expected that a westerly wind would open a passage for the ships, enabling us to reach Repulse Bay, and so proceed along the shores of the continent, in prosecution of our enterprize. By slow degrees, gaining a mile now and then, as the ice opened, we continued to advance to the westward, and in a few days discovered two distinct inlets; one, the smallest, bearing due west from us, and a larger

opening in the north west. The westernmost one, being the first in order, was, of course, that to which our attention was first directed; and as we advanced towards it, we were glad to observe, that the entrance itself was free from ice, and that a few miles farther would bring us into clear water. This we reached on the 15th of August, and on the following morning beat through the narrow entrance, in full expectation of getting into the Welcome, near the entrance to Wager River; but great was our astonishment in discovering that we had entered an extensive bay, entirely free from ice, and with no other opening than that by which we had come in. The western shore of the bay was remarkably low swampy land, intersected by numerous lakes; and, as was soon evident to us, must be that which Middleton describes as a "low shingly beach, like Dungeness," not suspecting that a sheet of water four leagues in breadth, and about nine leagues north and south, existed between it, and the higher land he saw over it, and which, of course, he concluded to be immediately connected with it. Having examined the whole of this bay, (named in honour of the Duke of York,) and ascertained that there was no other outlet for the ships, we returned by the way we came, and on the 19th repassed the entrance, in order to pursue our investigation in the larger inlet to the south west. The southern headland of this entrance, (Cape Welsford,) is in lat. 65 d. 28 m. long. 48 d. 40 m. The breadth of the entrance is about five or six miles, but several small islands, which occupy its northern side, reduce the breadth of the channel to within two miles.

A north-westerly breeze, which prevailed at this time, had drifted the ice off from the western shore of the inlet we had now to examine, enabling the ships to proceed along it without difficulty, and on the evening of the 21st, we had the satisfaction of discovering ourselves in Repulse Bay; the inlet we had just sailed through being actually the frozen straight, which we had been fortunate in passing without the slightest interruption from ice. The 22d was employed on shore in obtaining observations, when the latitude was found to be 66 d. 31 m. long. 86 d. 31 m. The dip of the magnetic needle 88 d. 7 m. and the variation 48 1-2 westerly. We now felt assured of having reached the continent of America, at the farthest point to which its north-eastern coast had ever been explored by Europeans; and began to entertain the most sanguine expectation, that, by keeping close along the land, we should soon arrive at its utmost limit, in that direction, and be enabled to pursue

our route to the westward. By what unforeseen accidents these hopes were frustrated, the sequel of this account will best show.

Having determined the continuity of land, quite round the bay, we proceeded to trace it in continuation ; which kept us along the south-eastern coast of the frozen strait, till noon on the 23d, when a disjunction of the land was discovered. The ice which occupied this little opening of the land, prevented the ship from immediately entering it, and a party was, therefore, despatched on shore to examine its extent and communications, who soon found that the remaining part of the south-eastern shore of the frozen strait was composed of islands, and that the opening communicated with what appeared another strait, running parallel to the former, and having a number of islands off the eastern extremity of its north shore. The whole sea was much covered with ice, and a very strong tide found to prevail in it ; so that the navigation became uncertain and extremely hazardous, and several days were occupied in exploring it farther in boats, before the vessels could be ventured in it. At length, however, on the 30th of August, the ships were got through the opening, and an attempt made to push to the northward, between any of the islands, in order to keep hold of the continent, but every channel was so loaded with ice that a passage in this direction was found impracticable. All our efforts to proceed in this direction proved unavailing ; and, after passing two days, in extreme anxiety and hazard to the ships, we proceeded to the eastward of all the islands, when the chance of getting to the northward seemed as hopeless as ever, one vast expanse of ice covering the whole sea in that direction. Thick foggy weather now compelled us to make the ships fast to a floe of ice, and by the combined influence of wind and tide we were drifted with such rapidity to the southward and eastward, that on the 3d of September we found ourselves once more at the southern entrance of the frozen strait, and nearly in the same position as reached by us in the first week of August, having occupied a whole month in difficult and dangerous, but fruitless investigation of an extensive groupe of islands.

A very large island, forming about two-thirds of the north-eastern shore of the frozen strait was named *Vansittart Island*. A smaller one, lying to the south-eastward of it, being the land seen by Bylot and Baffin in 1615, bearing N. E. by E. of them, and which brought the former to the conclusion that they were in "nought else than a great bay," was named *Baffin Island*, and the northern groupe, through which we had in vain endea-

voured to reach the continental shore, were called *Sturges Bourne Islands*.

Scarcely any thing could be less promising than the prospect at this time before us. The whole sea around was entirely covered with ice ; in the midst of which we were closely beset without the means of helping ourselves ; and had we not before experienced how sudden are the alterations which occasionally take place in the state of the ice, we might have given up all hope of being released for the season. A single day, however, brought a better prospect ; and by the morning of the 5th, we were again in clear water, and proceeding to the northward. On arriving off *Sturges Bourne Islands*, we found the sea, to the northward of them, also free of ice ; and favoured by a leading wind, we had quick run to the northward and westward. On the morning of the 6th, we arrived at the narrow part of another large opening ; and as its examination could be properly accomplished by boats, the ships were anchored in a small bay to await the result. The latitude of this place was 66 d. 37 m. long. 84 d. 11 m., dip. of mag. needle 87 d. 47 m. and variation 57 westerly.

It is impossible to attempt, within the limits of a letter, any thing like a detail of the investigation by boats, which occupied the next sixteen days. I must confine myself therefore, to stating, that at the end of that period, Capt. Parry had fully ascertained, that the opening in which we then were was an extensive inlet of the continent (named after Capt. Lyon,) stretching northwards to the 67th parallel, and as far west as 85 d. 20 m.

The continuity of land, from the place where the ships were compelled to leave the continent, to our present station, had also been determined by the boats ; and it now only remained to continue our examination of the continental coast, by proceeding along the last shore of *Lyon Inlet*, onwards, to wherever it might lead us ; but this was to be the work of another season. On reaching an island that lies off the north eastern entrance of *Lyon inlet*, we found the ice so closely packed against it as to render a passage impracticable. A day or two after, a gale of wind compelled us to seek shelter in a small cove, a little up the inlet, where we were kept several days with two anchors to the ground, and lower yards and topmast struck. The winter was now making rapid advances ; the thermometer fell low at night ; the ground was entirely covered with snow, the lakes on shore were all frozen over, and the season evidently on the close, when, at length, on the 5th of Oct. the weather became moderate, and the ice began to recede from the land.

We again attempted to get round the Island ; but, on reaching the south-eastern extremity, on the 18th of October, our progress was wholly arrested by the constant formation of young ice on the sea, and we considered ourselves fortunate in getting the ships into a little bay, which the land formed here, to establish our quarters for the winter. Thus ended the operations of our first season ; in which nearly six hundred miles of coast had been discovered and thoroughly investigated, but scarcely any advance made towards the object, for the attainment of which we are so anxious.

In making our winter arrangements, we were, of course, wholly guided by former experience ; the improvements which had been made for increasing the warmth of the ships, and the superior comforts with which we were furnished, enabled us to bid defiance to any degree of cold that we were likely to be assailed with ; and the approach of winter did not produce one unpleasant idea, beyond what arose from the consideration of being inactive, for so tedious a length of time.

For the amusement of the ship's companies, theatrical entertainments were again established ; the officers performing a play every fortnight, to the infinite amusement and satisfaction of both ship's companies. A still better source of entertainment was found for a majority of the men ; in the establishment of a school for instruction in reading and writing ; and more than twenty men in each ship, devoted two hours of every day, to the laudable purposes of becoming acquainted with their Bible, and acquiring some proficiency in the art of writing.

The monthly meteorological table annexed to this account, will show the degree of cold we have had to encounter, which, in this first winter, was much less severe than we anticipated. On the shortest day, we had nearly five hours of good daylight, and the sun was just above the horizon at noon ; so that, comparing it with Melville Island, we considered ourselves in a temperate climate. The Aurora Borealis was visible more or less almost every night, but it was very seldom that we had any brilliant display.

On the 1st of February, a tribe of Esquimaux, (about sixty in number) arrived at Winter Island, and established themselves in snow huts, about two miles from the ships. With these people we immediately became on the most intimate and friendly footing ; and having soon acquired an indifferent knowledge of their language, were enabled to make many useful inquiries respecting the north-eastern coast of America, and obtained several rude charts, conveying a distinct idea of the general

outline of the coast. By these, we found that the north-east point of America had a large Island lying off it; and that a very narrow strait between the two lands, offered the desired communication with the polar sea. This information excited the most sanguine hopes of success; for we could not but believe, that we should be able to pass the strait early in the ensuing season, and that the principal difficulty of our enterprise would be then over. The arrival of the Esquimaux also afforded a delightful relief to the monotony we were before experiencing; and in our daily intercourse with them, there was also something to interest us in observing the habits and disposition of a very harmless, peaceable, and kind-hearted race of people. Thus circumstanced, the succeeding four months passed rapidly away; and the 1st of June brought in its train warm weather, and all the bustle and activity attendant on the necessary preparations for our summer exploits. The general health of our crew, was all that we could wish for.—Two or three very slight cases of scorbutic affection had made their appearance, and been eradicated almost as soon as discovered. As, however, the warmth of the lower deck had enabled us to raise a sufficient quantity of mustard and cress, to furnish each man with a salad of fresh vegetable about once a week, and as we had now hopes of procuring sorrel and scurvy-grass from the shore, we had nothing serious to apprehend on this account.

Notwithstanding these favourable circumstances, we were awfully visited at this period; no less than three of our shipmates being called from us to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." The first, one of the seamen of the *Hecla*, fell from that ship's mast-head, and was killed on the spot; the second, a quarter-master of the *Fury*, was attacked in the middle of June, with an inflammatory complaint, that terminated his earthly career in a few days; and the third, our carpenter's mate, died of consumption, the symptoms of which first appeared a few weeks after leaving England. They were all three buried on Winter Island; and tombs built to mark the spot of their interment,—their names, ages, and the times of their decease being inscribed on each of them. Winter-Island, or, more properly speaking, the station of our ships, was found to be in lat. 66 d. 11 m. 26 s., and the mean result of 9460. Lunar distances gave the lon. 83 d. 10 m. 26 s. The dip of the magnetic needle at the Observatory on cape Fisher (the S. E. point of Winter Island) was 87 d. 49 m. 33 s. and its variation 54 d. westerly.

*(To be concluded in the next number.)*

CAPTAIN PARRY'S VOYAGE—continued.

In consequence of the strong tides that prevailed here, occasional disruptions of the ice occurred off Cape Fisher, during the whole winter, so that there was sometimes even at the coldest season, a clear sea for several miles in extent; and when, by the arrival of warmer weather, the freezing process no longer continued, we had the gratification of beholding, with every north-westerly wind, a navigable sea within seven or eight hundred yards of where we were frozen up. It became expedient, therefore, to endeavour to extricate the ships, by cutting a canal through the ice in the Bay, which averaged about four and a half, but in some parts, was fourteen feet in thickness, and extended 2100 feet to the southward of the ships. This arduous task was completed on the 19th of June; and we then only waited a north-westerly wind to drift the ice off, and enable us to resume the prosecution of our voyage. It was not, however, until the 1st of July, that any change took place in the state of the ice that beset us; when the wind, having veered round to the desired quarter, and increased to a gale, set the whole body speedily in motion; and on the following morning, as soon as the weather had moderated sufficiently, we cast off our hawsers and made sail, after an imprisonment of thirty-eight weeks. A couple of hours sail brought us once more upon the continental coast, where a ledge of land ice, from half a mile to a mile and a half wide, still adhered to the shores, from which the main body had drifted off, leaving a clear channel of from two to five miles in breadth, in which we proceeded without impediment for nearly ten leagues. The channel of water then became much narrower, and in a short distance farther closed quite in with the land, (Point Elizabeth in the charts,) so as to oppose all farther progress at present. The rapid tides we here met with, by keeping the ice constantly in motion, rendered our situation at all times precarious and hazardous, and it was not, without constant and excessive fatigue to the men, and frequent danger to the ships, that we succeeded in advancing forty miles farther in the course of the next ten days. On our arrival at this part of the coast, we discovered a river of considerable magnitude, and having a magnificent fall of water. As this is the first and only one we have yet met with in these regions, I shall venture to increase the bulk of my letter, by giving some account of our excursion to it. Early on the morning of the 13th July, having arrived in our boats at the entrance of the river, and rowed about a mile to the N.

W. up its right-hand bank, we came to some breakers stretching quite across, and forming a rapid of considerable velocity. We pulled over, therefore, to the opposite side, landed, and ascended the hills, which here rose very abruptly. On reaching the higher land we found the river to wind sharp round to the W. S. W. and we shaped a course so as to come again upon its banks at a mile beyond our landing place. Here we discovered two small falls, over each of which the water was precipitated ten or twelve feet perpendicularly, and then rushed on towards another descent which we heard roaring below us, but which was hidden from our view by the rocks. Having contemplated for several minutes the sublimity of the scene before us, we walked back along the rocks to get a view of the other fall, and in a few minutes were astonished by the discovery of a most stupendous cataract; the bed of the river narrowing very suddenly to about forty yards across, as a fall of 15 feet, at an angle of 30 or 35 d. then precipitates itself, with impetuous violence over, a perpendicular cliff, whose height is 90 feet, into a circular basin about 400 yards broad, from whence it turns off to the E. N. E. as we had remarked on landing. The spot on which we stood was within a few feet of the precipice from whence the water fell; and "the mighty roar of the cataract," causing the rocks to reverberate as if shook by the concussion—the thick and misty volume of foaming spray ascending far above the heights from which the water had fallen; and, above all, the splendid iris, or rainbow, which the sun's rays reflected on the spray, presented the most sublime and magnificent spectacle I had ever witnessed. We gazed on it for an hour, and even then left it with reluctance. The scene wanted only trees, to be, perhaps, one of the most picturesque landscapes in the world. The entrance of this river, named after Mr. Barrow, lies in lat. 67 d. 18 m. N. long. 81 d. 24 m. West. In extending our walk a few miles farther, along the banks of Barrow river, we found its average breadth above the fall to be about 200 feet; it has several windings in its progress from the S. W.; and as its banks on either side were clothed with an unusual quantity and variety of vegetation, it still continued to present more picturesque scenery than any we had lately been accustomed to. On our return to the ships, another gratifying prospect awaited us; a south-westerly wind blowing all the morning, had opened the ice from the cape to the northward of us, and quite removed the barrier that impeded our progress.

We immediately made sail, therefore, and on rounding the cape, (Cape Penryn,) had the satisfaction to find the clear water

extending as far as could be seen from the mast head, and that the land beyond us trended to the westward of north, in which direction we advanced 30 miles before midnight. Uninterrupted by ice, we pursued our course along the shores of the continent, in nearly a due north direction, for the two following days; and early on the 16th of July, the appearance of the land led us to hope that we had arrived at the entrance of the strait to which we had so ardently looked forward. At the same time a barrier of ice, stretching from shore to shore, afforded too much reason to fear that we might here experience some detention. At nine o'clock in the morning, some Esquimaux were seen in canoes, and immediately on communicating with these people, both our hopes and fears received full confirmation. On landing at the tents, situated on the island of Igloodik, we found about 150 inhabitants, most of whom were related in some way or other to our Winter Island friends, and our visit had increased interest from our being able to impart as well as receive information. What we obtained in this way, however, was far from being pleasing to us; for although these people confirmed in the fullest and clearest manner all that we had before been told respecting the confirmation and the existence of a sea to the westward, communicating with the strait before us, they also assured us of the disagreeable fact, that the entrance of the strait was, at present, filled with *fixed ice*, firmly attached to the shores of the continent, as well as to those of the large northern island named after Sir George Cockburn. When this ice might be expected to break up we could not satisfactorily learn; but the result of all the information obtained, ~~was~~ the impression, that although the disruption was not likely to be immediate, the strait would certainly be clear some time in the course of the summer; and as it was obviously our proper and perhaps only road, there was no alternative but to wait patiently for the season to effect some change in our favour. By way of employing the interval, we coasted along the margin of the ice, to examine its state more narrowly, and then stretched to the eastward towards three or four islands lying off the east end of Cockburn Island. The channels between these islands were all filled with heavy ice, that afforded little prospect of our being able to navigate them, even if such an attempt should become necessary. Farther eastward other islands were seen; and it appeared not improbable, that a continued change would be found to extend to Fox's Farthest, and also towards the Clyde Inlet in Davis' Strait: the information afterwards obtained from the Esquimaux seemed to favour this idea. Returning to Ig-

lookik a week afterwards, we found the Esquimaux in possession of a quantity of fine salmon, of which we procured a small but welcome supply. We learned that they had obtained these from a lake or river to the westward, by travelling across the ice in sledges; and some of the Esquimaux offering to go and procure a farther supply, Capt. Lyon undertook to accompany them. After proceeding about thirty miles to the westward, however, they found the ice so much decayed, that the sledge could no longer proceed, and they were therefore obliged to return without accomplishing the object of their journey; a circumstance we could not regret, as it led to the hope of a speedy disruption of the ice, which caused our present detention.

Another fortnight having elapsed, and the ice, though in a very decayed state, still attached to the shores, our impatience as well as our fears had naturally increased to a painful degree; and Capt. Parry undertook a journey across the ice, in hopes of being able to reach the sea to the westward, and arrive at some conclusion as to what we might ultimately expect. For this purpose he set out on the 14th of August, and having effected a landing on the continental shore, arrived on the 18th at the north-eastern point of America, which formed the narrows of a strait. Here the land suddenly turns to the westward, in which direction he could perceive the strait gradually to widen, so as to leave no doubt of an immediate communication with the Polar sea. The breadth of the channel, named the strait of the Fury and Hecla, was at this part reduced to about two miles and a half; and there is a still narrower channel to the northward, on the Cockburn Island shore, the intervening space being occupied by an island named after the Marquis of Ormond. The narrows of the strait was, at this time, clear of ice, but farther to the westward the sea was again covered with it, and Capt. Parry suspected from its appearance that this also was still attached to the shores. The lat. of the N. E. cape was found to be 69 d. 42 m. N. and its long. 82 d. 32 m. W.

Capt. Parry's return to the ships on the 20th of August was most opportune, for on the following day a general disruption of the ice took place, and in the course of two or three days more, it had cleared sufficiently to allow of the ships advancing in the desired direction. On the 26th, we passed Cape North East, and proceeding about ten miles farther to the westward, through the strait of the Fury and Hecla, arrived at two small islands lying near the centre of the strait, where, to our great mortification, we found the barrier of fixed ice before seen by Capt. Parry, to extend itself from shore to shore, so as to preclude all

hope of farther progress at present. Thus once more baffled in our fondest wishes, we had to despatch parties in various directions to obtain farther information respecting the neighbouring lands, and ascertain if our efforts could be more advantageously employed elsewhere; but after many days spent in this way, we only discovered that the inlet we then occupied was, as it before appeared, a direct communication with the polar sea, and the *only one* to the southward of Cockburn Island, which was of too great extent to leave a chance of our getting round it this season, even if we should abandon the strait. Upon the whole, therefore, it was evident that the only thing to be done was to remain in our present station, and watch the progress of the ice during the short remainder of the season. The westernmost of the two islands is named after Lord Amherst, and the eastern one after Lieut. Liddon. Our station between the two was in lat. 69 d. 48 m. 10 s., long. 83 d. 29 m. 27 s.; dip of mag. needle, 88 d. 21 m, 21 s., var. 89½ westerly.

By the end of the first week in September, symptoms of approaching winter were indicated by the fall of the thermometer to 19 and 20 of Fahrenheit's scale, and a quantity of young ice formed round the ships every night, while the pools on the fixed barrier of ice became frozen over, so as to enable our parties to walk upon it without danger. Notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, our hopes were still kept up by the daily breaking off and drifting away of large masses from the margin of the floe; and on the 14th, after an easterly wind had blown for 24 hours, we were elated, beyond measure, by observing a clear space of water four or five miles in breadth, immediately to the westward of Amherst Island, beyond which the ice was evidently all in motion, and the *really-fixed-barrier* reduced therefore to a couple of miles. Late as the season was, we were eager to believe our release at hand, but this delusive expectation was of short continuance. In a few hours the wind declined in strength, and by the 15th, had veered round to the westward, back to its former position.

On the 18th, the thermometer did not rise higher than 16 d., the young ice formed with great rapidity, and to a considerable thickness round the ships, and the cracks in the "old" ice became so firmly cemented together, that scarcely a hope could now remain of its opening a passage for us this season; and the important consideration of the probable lateness of our detention, in the event of our being frozen up in this confined strait, naturally pressed itself with the seriousness which the subject demanded. Capt. Parry consulted the senior officer of

the expedition, and it being the prevailing opinion that no advantage could possibly accrue, while much time might be lost in the spring by wintering in the strait, it was determined to run a few miles back to the eastward, with the view, should the season still permit, of examining more of the coast to the northward and eastward, and eventually to look out for some place in the neighbourhood of Igloolik, which might afford security for the winter. This measure being determined upon, no time was to be lost in putting it into execution, as the increased accumulation of young ice already presented a serious obstacle. Accordingly, on the morning of the 19th, we cast off and made sail; but such was the consistence of the ice around us, that we were upwards of five hours advancing the first three hundred yards. We then got into clear water, and reaching the east end of Liddon Island by 7 P. M., anchored there for the night. At daylight on the 20th, we again proceeded to the eastward, and made tolerable progress, until we had got within a couple of miles of Cape North East, where the newly-formed ice had accumulated in such quantities, that our progress was almost altogether stopped. By dint, however, of keeping two boats ahead to break up the ice, and by constantly "sallying" the ship, we succeeded in forcing our way a little ahead every now and then, and at 5 P. M., after ten hours hard labour in this way, we passed Cape North East, and immediately got into clear water. We laid to during a squally night, and in the morning again made sail to the eastward; but we had not advanced many leagues, before the wind had increased to a gale, and a heavy sea getting up, we were forced to anchor under the lee of a small island named Tem Island in the chart. Here we lost one of our anchors, and for several days were much harassed by a continuance of tempestuous weather, which, with the rapidly increasing length of the nights, and the low temperature of the atmosphere, rendered it highly dangerous and imprudent to attempt keeping the sea any longer. On the morning of the 24th, therefore, we stood over to Igloolik, and at 2 P. M., anchored off the south end of the island, where we found the Esquimaux established in their winter habitations.

Thus were we at the end of our second season's navigation; only two hundred miles in advance of our former winter quarters; a circumstance which, viewed in connexion with our remaining resources, afforded no very consolatory prospect respecting the final result of our endeavours. It is true, that the northern boundary of America, hitherto considered as the key to the northwest passage, had been discovered by us.—That we had

there found the very outlet to the polar sea which had been hoped for ; and, in short, it may be said that we had reached the *turnpike gate*, leading from the Atlantic to the Pacific.— But as far as the experience of one season goes, *that gate* appears shut against us, by an obstacle totally unlooked for ; inasmuch as it is the *first instance*, in our experience of the arctic regions, that ice has remained *fixed to the shores during the whole navigable season* ; whether this barrier was only the consequence of an unfavourable season, or whether it seldom happens that the strait becomes clear, requires farther experience to determine. But be this as it may, it was but too evident that with only one year's provisions, no hope of completing the voyage could remain to us. The only way in which our resources could be extended, was by sending the Hecla to England, taking from her as much provisions as she could part with, and then to prosecute the voyage singly. This measure Captain Parry determined upon, and early in the spring communicated his intentions to the ship's companies. By this arrangement, and by adopting a system of economy during the winter, the Fury's provisions will last to the end of the year 1825 ; so that we cannot but consider ourselves as still effective, although the experience of last season has served materially to diminish our expectation of eventual success. If the strait opens to us at the commencement of the forth-coming summer, a reasonable hope may still be entertained ; but if, as we have too much reason to fear, this should not be the case, and we find ourselves compelled to abandon the strait, and such a passage to the northward of Cockburn island, I confess, that there appears to me no other prospect than that of returning unsuccessful, after passing another winter in these regions. So much for my own opinion : I must add, however, that there is some consolation in believing that no exertion has been wanting on our part, and that we shall persevere in the endeavour, as long as the slightest hope remains to us of finally accomplishing our enterprise. Although the young ice continued to form round the ships, immediately after their arrival at Igloodik, yet frequent partial disruptions prevented our being settled till the end of October. In the early part of that month, we were several times in danger of being drifted out to sea, by the ice dragging the anchors along the ground, for a mile or two at a time ; and then, at length, it became fixed for the winter. We were obliged to cut a canal, of nearly a mile, to get the Fury placed sufficiently near the shore, to enable Mr. Fisher to conduct his experiments and observations. Near the Hecla, the

ice had been so squeezed up and packed together, that all attempts to remove her proved ineffectual; we were, consequently, obliged to winter at a mile distant. This circumstance prevented our being able to resume theatrical entertainments, hitherto found so useful in affording the men amusement; but the constant variety presented in our daily intercourse with the Esquimaux, left nothing to regret on this account; and with the assistance of the school, to which the men gladly returned, the winter passed as free from tedium as we could hope for.

In writing this little narrative, I have forbore to say any thing of the habits of the Esquimaux, because I feel it would be impossible to do so, without entering into detail far beyond the reasonable limits of a letter; but the opportunity we have had of becoming acquainted with the habits of these people, will furnish much interesting matter for the narrative of the voyage. I cannot, however, pass over in silence the extraordinary mortality that prevailed among them during the winter. Their complaints were, I believe, all of an inflammatory nature, and although we built a hospital for their reception, and our medical gentlemen did all that could be effected for their relief, not less than one tenth of the whole population died during our sojourn at Igloodik!—most of them in the prime and vigour of life, and several under circumstances of aggravated distress and misery. It will be seen by the annexed meteorological abstract,\* that 45 degrees below zero was the minimum temperature we experienced, and that the winter altogether, was a remarkably mild one. In the months of January and February, in particular, we were two or three times surprised into the expectation of a thaw, and the atmosphere was filled with thick clouds, such as we had never before seen in the winter of these regions. On the second of December the sun set to us for a period of six weeks: but on the shortest day, we had three hours of perfect daylight; and sufficient for walking by, for a very considerable time longer. The aurora borealis scarcely ever made its appearance; nor had we any other meteorological phenomena worthy of recording. The latitude of our winter station at Igloodik, is 69 d. 20 m. 51 s., and the long. 81 d. 52 m. 33 s. The dip of the magnetic needle 88 d. 10 m. 55 s.; its variation 82 1-2 westerly.

\* See the end of the article.

On the 17th April we had the melancholy task of following another of our ship mates to the grave, Mr. Elder, the mate of the *Hecla*, a fine active young man, not more than thirty three years of age, and who, until a fortnight before his death, was considered as possessing one of the most vigorous and robust constitutions amongst us. This man was a quarter master in the *Alexander*, in the voyage of 1818, when his nautical knowledge of the ice combined with his good character to recommend him to the situation of mate in the succeeding voyages. He was accordingly successively employed in the *Griper* and *Hecla*, and in both ships, his modest, amiable manners, and quiet demeanour, won for him the respect and esteem of most of the officers with whom he sailed.

One of the effects of passing a winter in these regions, is the pale, sickly countenances which all hands exhibit on the return of a proper share of day light. This is generally owing to living so much by candlelight, for a great deal of it goes off in a short time ; but it is probable that the want of change, and also want of nourishment in our diet, the little exercise that can be taken for several months in the year, and the rigour of the climate during that period, has each some share in producing this and other symptoms of want of vigour, which is, more or less, felt by every individual in the expedition. Still, however, our general health is sufficiently good, to enable us, under favour of Divine Providence, to continue in this country as long as it shall be our duty to do so, without apprehending any future ill consequences ; and for this we cannot be too thankful. In the early part of May, we commenced removing the provisions and stores from the *Hecla*. As soon as this was completed, the housing was taken off the ships, and by the middle of June they were re-equipped and ready for sea.

We had now leisure to send out parties, in quest of the animals who had by this time all returned to us. The supplies, amounting to 6 reindeer, upwards of 600 weight of salmon, and more than a thousand ducks, with a number of other birds, proved a most acceptable variety to our usual food, and were welcomed accordingly.

We naturally expected that by this time (the first of August) we should have been released from our imprisonment ; but to our great mortification, there still remain full five miles of fixed ice, between us and the open water, off the entrance of the strait ; and the disruption of the last fortnight has been so little, as to excite our utmost fears that a much longer detention may be experienced ; in which case, the little hope we at present have must be frustrated, and we may ourselves think of re-

turning to England. That no efforts may be wanting, however, we are now about to commence sawing the ice, hopeless as the task is, to endeavour to facilitate its departure. As this labour will occupy all our time, and as the period of the ice breaking up may be as sudden as it is uncertain, I shall here close my despatches to be ready for the release we are so sincerely praying for.

I am, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,  
(Signed)

# METEOROLOGICAL ABSTRACT.

	Fahrenheit's Thermometer.						Barometer.					
	1821 and 1822.			1822 and 1823.			1821 and 1822.			1822 and 1823.		
	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
	d.	d.	d.	d.	d.	d.	ins.	ins.	ins.	ins.	ins.	ins.
July, . . .	50	29	35,38	54	30	36,34	30,21	29,30	29,80	29,96	29,05	29,53
August, . .	48	28	36,60	50	27	33,68	30,14	29,32	29,70	29,82	29,02	29,50
September, .	42	20	31,06	37	11	24,45	30,41	29,40	29,88	30,02	29,45	29,73
October, . .	32	- 13	12,51	29	- 9	12,79	30,14	29,20	29,72	30,49	28,68	29,83
November, .	28	- 21,5	6,40	6	- 34	- 21,37	30,40	29,28	29,98	30,17	29,20	29,72
December, .	0	- 30	- 16,84	- 12	- 45	- 29,80	30,12	29,16	29,75	30,07	29,07	29,59
January, . .	- 10	- 41,4	- 26,91	22	- 45	- 17,07	30,26	29,42	29,79	30,52	29,05	29,75
February, . .	- 15	- 38	- 25,97	21	- 43	- 20,41	30,04	28,78	29,59	30,52	29,32	29,86
March, . . .	12	- 36	- 12,22	4	- 41	- 19,75	30,41	28,80	29,69	30,84	29,63	30,03
April, . . .	29	- 14	4,87	32	- 25	- 1,88	30,10	29,05	29,74	30,40	29,50	29,97
May, . . .	46	- 5	23,89	49,5	- 8	24,85	30,40	29,30	29,83	30,47	29,38	29,92
June, . . .	50	20	33,07	52	8	32,16	30,00	29,10	29,72	30,52	28,96	29,93
	50	- 41, 4	8,42	54	- 45	4,516	30,41	28,78	29,760	30,84	28,68	29,78

## THE NAVY.\*

The career of England furnishes abundant testimony of the usefulness of those works which have a tendency to excite national pride. The British Naval Chronicle, which was quite as ingenious in its way as the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, played no mean part in creating that spirit of daring, which, in time, brought the marine of the empire to dictate the law on the ocean. When we say ingenious, we mean, that the work in question paid as little regard to sober truth, as if the interest of its incidents depended solely on the invention of its editor and his assistants. It was called a Chronicle, forsooth, and so they might have termed the *Arabian Nights*, with equal justice. Of the two, the latter was much the most commendable book ; for its great talisman was confessedly magic ; whereas the other was a palpable innovation on all honest invention, inasmuch as it lied with exceeding gravity. Indeed, this sober sort of rhodomontade is a besetting sin with English historians in general. We write this with a suitable deference to the reputation of our forefathers ; for we can assert legitimate ownership of good old English names, which are to be found in the rolls of many a hard-fought and glorious field : and we belong to that class of liberal Americans, who claim as good a right to call Shakspeare countryman, as any cockney in London, and one much superior to that of the " King and all the Royal Family." Until we attained the mature age of twelve, we were devout believers in the miracles of Agincourt, Poitiers and Cressy. Nothing astonished us more on visiting France, than to discover how utterly impossible it was, for one Englishman to swallow two Frenchmen at a mouthful. Until then, we had never doubted the superior honesty, morality, chastity, and courage of the land of our ancestors ; and it made no small portion of our pride, that the blood in our veins was uncontaminated with any of that base puddle, which was believed to filter through the licentiousness, vice, knavery and cowardice of all the rest of the world, not even excepting Ireland, Scotland and Wales. We were industrious readers in the vernacular language, which, happily for our youthful ignorance, was too richly stored with the marvellous, not to feed amply even the diseased cravings of a boyish appetite ; and we cast aside the trammels of minority, to enter in the world with all the glorious independence of sentiments, which could elevate the character of a youth, who was obstinately bent on believing nothing, that was

\* The United States Naval Chronicle.

untrue, unless it was written in good *London English*, and with a passing show of morality of course. Our superciliousness was exactly commensurate with our ignorance; wherein it is not difficult to perceive, that we were no unworthy pupils of the liberal school we emulated. Happily for us, individually, and thrice happily for our nation, the passions of the English so far got the better of their policy, as to induce them to rend, with their own hand, the veil which concealed the truth; and thenceforth the vision of some millions of people has been unobstructed. In plain English, we were unwilling to believe palpable misrepresentations of ourselves. Though, had they confined their abuse to third persons, we fear they might have lied till doomsday, without our conceiving any very unreasonable disgust. But all this is leading us astray from the particular matter in hand. We hold it to be quite as important, that the subordinate stations of an army or fleet should be filled by men who despise their enemy, as it is dangerous for those who direct the movements of either, to indulge in the same delusive opinions. It is very certain that the English Naval Chronicle succeeded in infusing, not only into the marine service, but into the whole nation, a great deal of that vulgar confidence to which we have alluded; and that its spirit was also imbibed by many, whose rank should have required them to make the usual physical calculations, in order to avert defeat. It was under the influence of the besotted vanity, which is always generated by such idle vamping, that they fought our capital frigates, when prudence would have told them to run away; and they were consequently flogged. All the idle stuff that was written in England, at the time, concerning the vast size and unexpected force of the Constitution, President, &c. was merely in the way of affectation; for those ships were quite as well known to the British navy, as were their own vessels. But, as in the case of a man, who is suddenly awoke from a pleasing trance, by some rude interruption, nature taught them to complain; and they mingled with their moanings some pretty and well-timed exclamations of surprise. The good people on shore fought their battles much better than did many of their officers at sea; and ship after ship was contested with us, for the first two years of the war, with great obstinacy, long after the vessels themselves were anchored in the depths of the ocean. But at length, having exhausted every argument they could devise, such as "rotten masts," "seventy-fours in disguise," "nautical militia on the lakes," "Kentucky riflemen," &c. &c., they gave up the matter in despair, wisely concluding to say no more about it. The government took the hint from the nation, and the curious inquirer searches in vain

through the naval records of Great Britain, for any account of the captures of several of the ships last taken. All this had a sad tendency to bring the "*Chronicle*" into disrepute. It was at this crisis, that the government turned its back rudely on the unhappy publication, as well as on a certain Mr. Steele, who had issued his lists of the British navy monthly, for an age, without suspecting, luckless wight as he was, that policy could ever require a more grave and calculating departure from the truth, than that in which he himself had so long dealt, with such signal success. Desperate diseases are, however, well known to require corresponding remedies. An official naval list was published in the place of Mr. Steele's; and a man by the name of James was employed to write sundry histories of the different naval wars, that were intended to supersede the *Chronicle* entirely, in the way of authenticity. It must be confessed, this Master Jacobus out-Heroded Herod. He approached the subject, armed with a two-foot rule and a pair of scales; the latter, no doubt, intended as a symbol of his own even-handed justice. After weighing shot enough, to have gained many of the battles which his countrymen lost, had they been used with more discretion, and measuring the timbers, beams and strait-rabbits of many a stout ship, this gentleman favoured the world with a sort of arithmetical calculation, by the way of striking a balance of glory in the favour of Britannia, which caused even that hackneyed dame to colour with shame—a weakness she had not been suspected of before, since the days of Van Tromp. We do not pretend to know the fact; but, in our own minds, there is not the least doubt, but this arithmetical historian was the inventor of the renowned battle on the Sepertine River; of which, as he had all his admeasurements at his own disposal, we have no doubt he made "a very pretty sort of a thing." It may be well to add here, that, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which our squadron fought, on that memorable day, we have succeeded in bringing off a trophy of the prowess of our countrymen. It is about a fathom of a gilded cable, which may be seen, at any hour, in the library of the Historical Society of this city, among many other far less valuable memorials.

To return, however, to the graver parts of our subject. It is by no means our intention to insinuate, that the American Naval *Chronicle* is to be a copy of the one of which so much has been here written. It would be a hopeless task in any man, to undertake to deceive the people of this country, in the manner our confiding relatives on the other side of the Atlantic have been cajoled. We have been defeated by land and by sea, too often, to give credit to any serious assertions of our own invin-

cibility. It is true, now and then there is a newspaper, which deals in this sort of rhodomontade; but all the better sort of readers shrug their shoulders and smile as they read it; and laugh in their sleeves, as their eyes run over "charges of the bayonet," "sword in hand," and all the other poetical garnish, with which the experience of the English cabinet has long since taught their dependants to embellish narratives, that often require some such fictions to render them interesting.

We do not believe that the editor of the work in hand intends any such desperate adventure; but it may not be amiss to intimate, that in historical writing, as in morals, there are sins of omission, as well as of commission; and that we think we can already discern a tendency in his book to the former sort of delinquency. In order that we may not be misunderstood, and with a view to dilate on a topic in which we feel a deep interest, we must be permitted to treat a little more at large on the subject of the navy, trusting that we shall be able to make ourselves fully comprehended in our details.

No man, at least no man who is politically sane, can believe that this nation is to form an exception to all the rest of the world; and is to be allowed to possess its rights, natural and acquired, without frequently maintaining them by force of arms. It requires no very intimate acquaintance with the geography of the continent, and the political relations of the different people with whom we are brought in contact, to perceive that our strongest arm of offence and defence must be used on the ocean. In order to exert, then, this powerful and useful instrument of force, it is necessary to be prepared for whatever emergencies may arise. Fleets differ from armies in two important particulars. A people may be gathered under their banner, armed, marshalled after a manner, and, sometimes, when under the influence of high moral excitement, they may be made to perform glorious acts by the rolls of their drums: but ships of magnitude, force, and swiftness, a union of qualities not found in any vessel not built expressly for war, are absolutely requisite to maintain a struggle on the ocean, that can involve any material consequences. We do not mean to say that it is wise, or that it is not generally the very opposite of wisdom, to trust to such miraculous agencies in the conduct of a war on land; but as our present subject is the navy, and the navy only, we were willing to strip it entirely of an argument, which is often urged on the side of the question opposite to the one we have taken. Time, care, money, skill, with rare and choice materials, are all necessary to create an effective fleet. The struggle between Turkey and Greece, at this moment, furnishes a complete illus-

tration of our theory. Perhaps there is no nation that furnishes more and better seamen, in proportion to their numbers, and in comparison with the duty that is required of them, than the isles of Greece, while the Turks are as lubberly as Spanish peasants. The former are active, brave to a fault, expert and enterprising. They have taken every advantage which these qualities can give them over their indolent enemies, and have performed exploits which were never surpassed on the water by any people. But light polacres and sloops of war can, after all, achieve nothing essentially important, against ships of two and three decks. As times are, all the skill and enterprise of the Greeks is paralyzed for want of proper vessels, and their total ruin would be a consequence, if their enemies were any thing but Turks. We repeat, time, money, care and great skill are requisites in forming an efficient fleet. In this particular, however, we are glad to find the sentiments of the nation are beginning to coincide with our own; though a narrow and jealous policy is yet seen, too often, to mar measures of the most obvious utility, with a view to subserve some limited and perhaps personal question of the day. This country cannot, in a war with any of the powerful nations of Europe, protect her commerce, or even her shores, with less than a hundred sail of efficient cruisers, ships of the line and light vessels included, much less support the honor of her flag. Demagogues may preach economy, time-serving politicians may echo their raven notes, and honest but deluded men may batten on the soothing belief, that a republic can maintain itself by the inviolability of its abstract rights; but whenever the evil hour shall come, the plain, common sense of the nation will be made to see, that power can only resist power; and that the economy of temporizers compels the waste of emergencies. There is, however, yet another distinction between fleets and armies, which is of no less moment to be considered, than the mere creation of the machines which are to be used in battle. Any man may make a soldier, if he has proper instructors, and occasions be not wanting in which to exercise his theory. But to understand the nice and complicated machine he has to govern; to repair its disasters, and wield its power to advantage; to know how to combat the elements, and find his path along the trackless ocean; and, in short, to understand the uses and qualities of all that he is required to controul, is an art entirely distinct from the mere martial attainments of the nautical commander. His is a trade that must be learned, like any other business of exclusive employment, by close, protracted, and laborious service. The number, therefore, of those, from whom the sea-

warrior is to be chosen, is necessarily limited to such as have made the ocean their home from early life. But the duties of a seaman, who merely guides a ship from port to port, with views of trade, and of him who rules a vessel for the purposes of war, are again so distinct, as to leave but little in common between them. It would be easy to show wherein this difference exists, and whence it arises, would the limits of a monthly publication admit of such a lengthened treatise ; but we believe that most of our readers can perceive the difference in effect, which must follow causes so opposite, as love of fame and love of money ; the mighty odds between conveying hundreds of bales of cotton, and hundreds of human beings bent on glorious enterprizes ; independently of the elevation of character and knowledge, obtained by the very nature of pursuits, which furnish a man with the best general intelligence, obtained from the best sources.

It is in this part of the subject, that we shall prefer the heaviest and only serious charge we have to allege against the Editor of the United States Naval Chronicle. There is a strong tendency in the people of these republics to throw society into its original elements, with a view to create new systems. Our experiments in matters of such importance have begotten a sort of alterative mania, which seldom leaves a public servant in office long enough for him to become thoroughly useful ; and which commonly causes every man in the nation to change his residence, at least as often as once in ten years. There are those among us who itch to apply the general remedy to the navy ; men who are willing to build ships ; but who think it will be a cheaper and better policy, to turn off the present corps of officers, and when necessity may require it, to choose a new set, from the seamen of the mercantile marine. We do not believe that this class of deep politicians is very numerous ; but we greatly fear, that a large proportion of the nation are reprehensibly ignorant of the fatal system which their representatives are pursuing, in relation to this branch of the public defence ; as well as of the crying injustice, which is practised towards a class of men, who have stood forth as self-devoted victims in their behalf, when even the most sanguine hearts in the nation anticipated little else than ignominy and defeat.

Our nautical history is prolific in examples, to prove the folly of trusting the welfare and honour of the nation, to the keeping of commanders who have not been prepared by habits, and trained by long experience, to consult the one or preserve the other. The war of the revolution is replete with disgraceful disasters on the ocean, which it would have been wise in Mr.

Goldsborough to have related in his Chronicle, and to have held up as a beacon, to point out those dangerous shores on which it is so easy, by a time-serving policy, at any day, to wreck the high reputation of our marine. Did he never hear of such men as Hopkins and Saltonstall, of Whipple and twenty others who might be named, that possessed no one quality requisite to form sea officers, unless it might be a brutal courage, and not always that:—men who, however, were employed under the very system that we deem so dangerous, and such men as we should be compelled to employ again, if we discarded our present corps of officers. The very fact, that Mr. Goldsborough has admitted into his pages, as an evidence of our prowess, an account, that an American Frigate fought and made a drawn battle with an English *letter of marque*, goes to prove the martial tone of that day, and is an argument in itself that speaks volumes. The officer who should now fight a letter of marque with a frigate, and not take her, and that instantly, would surely lose his commission, unless he could render a very satisfactory explanation of his conduct. Paul Jones was a hero; so was young Biddle, and some fifteen or twenty more; men who were drawn into action by the vortex of a revolution: but it cannot be concealed from a nautical man, that our navy, both in the revolution and in the war of '98, was, in gross, but a very inferior sort of service. At the close of the latter contest, the government selected, out of a large number of officers, the few retained on the peace establishment. These gentlemen were sent into the Mediterranean, where they were actively employed, and brought in contact every day with the flower of the British fleet; and it was then, that, under the impulses of emulation and pride, and aided by their practice, the present character of our navy was formed.

The unhappy recurrence of several courts martial, and certain illegal speculations, in which some of the officers of the navy are said to have been engaged, has drawn this interesting subject more before the public latterly; and we are sorry to perceive, not only the rancour, but the madness and injustice with which certain men among us have expressed themselves on the occasion. We say madness, because by injuring the navy, we injure ourselves eventually; and as to the injustice, we propose to exhibit it here at some length. The trials to which we allude have been those of the late Commodore Shaw, Commodore Hull, Captain Evans, Captain Smith, Mr. Beverly Kennon, and Mr. Abbot. Commodore Shaw was tried for a breach of personal respect to his superior, by admitting some unguarded ex-

pression into a letter; for which military offence he was tried and punished. Commodore Hull and Captain Evans were tried for peculation, and both in substance acquitted. The cases of these gentlemen prove nothing, but the nicety of deportment that is required of men in their situation; for when an officer of rank is to be dragged before the public, to ascertain whether he did not once order a public blacksmith to put a shoe on his horse, we see nothing in the fact, but an evidence of the purity of the service to which he belongs. How many civilians in places of trust could meet such an investigation with confidence? The trial of Mr. Abbot was connected with that of Captain Hull, and he was deemed worthy of punishment, and has met it. Mr. Kennon has been honourably acquitted; and Captain Smith has been cashiered, for doing what English naval officers do every day with impunity. His restoration is an act exclusively of the Executive. It is said that Commodore Porter and Mr. Kennon have quarrelled, and that the latter has been unhandsomely treated in the matter; we know nothing of all this. Gentlemen quarrel every day on shore, and call one another worse names, we dare to say, without the public caring any thing for the matter. But these are officers of government, and the national character is interested in their deportment; they are amenable to martial law, if they offend even the rigid rules of personal decorum, and are liable to be dismissed the service, with a disgrace that will follow their footsteps to the grave, for a momentary forgetfulness; which the veriest dandy in the republic would consider as sufficiently attoned for, by a simple "your pardon sir." Surely there must be some mighty reward, either in possession or perspective, that can induce men to embrace a life of danger and hardships, and thus to submit to such inquiries into their conduct, which must be, in many particulars, as pure and unsullied as those of divines, or even women. Is it that, like the former, they are taught to believe heaven will be the final goal of their privations and self-denial? We trust, none among them are so weak as to believe, that the "strait path" is the quarter deck of a man-of-war. Perhaps then, like the softer sex, they are to be courted, kept from the winds of heaven, and treated with all the chivalry of manly tenderness and respect? On the contrary, if there be a gale, they must encounter it; if there be a spot where disease chooses its place of residence, it must become their home; or if blood is to be spilled, it must flow from their veins. Honours and wealth then must be their rewards; for nothing, short of such temptations, could induce men in their senses to become the exclusive ob-

jects of danger, disease, obloquy and privations, both domestic and personal. That the former is the ignus fatuus that leads many a generous youth into the service, we have no doubt; let us then examine how his hopes are likely to be accomplished. Rank is considered by every people as the index of military honour. It is so considered by ourselves even in civil life; and we have thus distinctive appellations for every functionary, which are to indicate his duties, and to denote that this is the man whom the people have honoured. Wherever no strong political reason has existed, we have adhered to those titles, which long use has rendered impressive and respectable. The only distinction in this particular, between a monarchy and a rational republic, is, that the latter admits of no titles, of empty honor only, and that none shall wear those it does permit, but such as the people elect to be worthy. We are not yet so blind to our common nature as not to know that human actions are to be controlled only by human motives. It is our enemies, and not ourselves, who preach a contrary doctrine; and we can appeal to our national system, to prove that we admit of all the powerful agency of incentives, to the fullest extent, in our government, by throwing open the path of competition to every aspirant. We leave the inducement before the jurist, of becoming a judge, a chancellor; a statesman looks to be a governor or a president; the corporal of militia sighs to be general; and even a priest may become a bishop, without outrage to our habits or our institutions. But John Rodgers, a bolder and a better seaman than whom never trod a plank, has been serving his country for a quarter of a century, without the least prospect of an elevation in rank. If he had attained the highest station to which men in his situation can reasonably aspire, he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had not only done his duty to his country, but also to himself and his family. Men live again in their children; and all sophistry on such a subject is idle; the plain dictates of our nature must be consulted; and they teach us the path to honour, and the strings by which to guide the human heart. If you require so much of your navy officers, give them reasons to submit to your exactions. Men of high and lofty spirits cannot brook to be held in a state inferior to that of their fellows, and none but such men can guard our honour or our interests on the ocean. It cannot be doubted that hope has kept the best of our officers in the service; but hundreds have been driven from it by 'hope deferred,' that would have done honor to any nation. Commodore Rodgers, or, rather, Capt. Rodgers, (for he is no more,) ranks with a colonel in the army! not only with a colonel in our army, but with

a colonel in any foreign army. We have said nothing here, of the necessity of an alteration in the gradations of rank in the navy, on the score of discipline; for the nation admits it in their laws. They have gradations already; and the same reason which renders it expedient to have a captain to command a ship, applies to the case of a fleet or a squadron. We only press the point of justice and obvious policy. The pay, which is also an object with every discreet man, is no more than a naked maintenance. Commodore Rodgers gets about half as much as a major-general in the army, and just half as much as one of the secretaries of the departments. He is precluded from trade, fettered by the most punctilious observance of decorum in his communications with his fellow citizens, ever to be in readiness to shed his blood and devote his time to the public; and yet is to be denied the meed, which other nations never fail to bestow on long and faithful service, and which this people does not hesitate to bestow on the other branch of the national defence. It really appears to us, that there has been, and still continues to exist in the republic, a most unreasonable and oppressive system as regards these gentlemen. It is said there has been peculation, and disgraceful prostitution of the flag to cover it. It would be remarkable if it were not so; for a man has no longer any inducement to strive for any thing but riches after he is a captain. He sees nothing else regarded in the country. Rank, in his profession, is unattainable; and its concomitants, honorable consideration and high circumpection in deportment, are unnecessary. Another feature in our complaints is, that we implicate a whole corps for the backslidings of a few; take the exceptions, which go only to prove the general purity of the service, as characteristic of a body of men; and complain, and in fact punish in gross, when we should rigidly do the latter, in detail.

We regret, exceedingly, that our limits will not permit us to treat this subject as it deserves. The navy has an importance in a point of view which is not generally considered. We are a people who are literally bound together by a tie no stronger than that of sentiment; for, it is incontestible, that our minute interests are too often conflicting. The Hartford Convention and the Missouri Question, show the fact in glaring colours. Still our union is immensely important, and will continue to be so for ages. We have but little national pride, the strongest of all bonds connected with sentiment; and the historian, the poet, the painter or the warrior, who adds a single leaf to the wreath of our glory, does more than assist to swell the list of renowned and boasted names; he adds a link to the chain of the confederation.

## FROM THE ITALIAN.

THE Rose superb, in beauty's power,  
 Expands and smiles 'mid morning dews,  
 The young sun, at his earliest hour,  
 Her blushing charms delighted views,  
 And with his rays entwining bright,  
 Bathes all her leaves in crimson light.

Touched by each fine, prolific beam,  
 That plays her beauty to illume,  
 She glows in dazzling charms supreme,  
 Mid flowers unrivalled in her bloom;  
 As mid the glittering hosts above,  
 Still fairest shines the star of love.

Each humbler flowret that adorns  
 The sod beneath, its queen confesses;  
 Love points his arrows with her thorns,  
 Nymphs twine her spoils amid their tresses;  
 And shepherds for their sweethearts choose,  
 The young, the budding, blushing rose.

But ah! that sun who paints her cheeks,  
 And steeps them in the morning's dye,—  
 When central heaven his chariot seeks,  
 Bids his fierce darts around her fly;  
 Where glooms beneath the hawthorn spread;  
 She falls discoloured, pale and dead.

Ephemeral man! the pictured race  
 Whose tender blossoms thus we prize,  
 So lovely in their morning grace,  
 That charm even age's clouded eyes,  
 Are types of youth, so fair to view,  
 When the warm sun of life is new.

Beware its ardours; tempt them not;  
 When brightest, fiercest is their heat;  
 With treacherous glory they are fraught,  
 And death is in their fond deceit.  
 They yield thee, while the soul they kill,  
 For transient good, eternal ill.

## HORACE, BOOK III. CARM. 18.

Wanton Faun! with frolick wooing,  
 Still the flying nymphs pursuing,  
 Seek my sunny fields, I pray,  
 With no malice in thy play;  
 Kindly on my treasures look,  
 Spare the younglings of the flock!

When the full year's at its wane,  
 Still the victim kid is slain;

The bowl, the friend of love and pleasure,  
Still is crowned with pious measure ;  
Still the antique altar high  
Sends perfumed volumes to the sky.

Still December's snows we hail ;  
Duly all thy rites prevail ;  
Thro' the fields in sportive play,  
All the herds keep holiday ;  
Idly, o'er the grassy plain  
Bound the heifer and the swain.

Then the caitiff wolf demure  
Wanders thro' the flocks secure ;  
The woods their foliage shed for thee ;  
And the ploughman, labour-free,  
Shakes, in respite of his toil,  
Thrice, for joy, the cumbrous soil.

#### A RHAPSODY.

BY J. R. SUTERMEISTER.

Look, love, look on the evening star,  
How it waits on the round moon there ;  
How it follows its silver light afar  
Through the trackless paths of air.  
So, love, so if thou'lt shine on me,  
With thy moonlight looks of gladness ;  
My star of being will follow thee,  
Till its orb shall set in sadness.  
Then wheresoe'er my wand'rings stray,  
Thy heavenly smile  
Will ever beguile  
My wearisome path and lonely way.

Look, love, look, as it decks our bower,  
On the moss-rose bathed in dew ;  
How the west wind woes the gentle flower,  
As it sighs the foliage through.  
So, love, so if thou'lt bloom on me,  
The rose in life's thorny vale ;  
My bosom will utter its sigh for thee,  
While I breathe my passionate tale.  
And when my ardent hopes are high,  
The bright moon will bless,  
With its loveliness,  
The beautiful earth and joyous sky !

Look, love, look, with what touching grace,  
The woodbine wreaths yon tree ;  
How it hugs the trunk in its close embrace,  
In proud security !  
So, love, so if thou'lt twine thy arms  
Round me in life's weary way,  
I'll shelter thy virgin and youthful charms  
From the tempest's wintry sway.

I'll shield thee from the noontide sun—  
 In the night of ill,  
 I'll be with thee still,  
 To protect thee, thou confiding one !

Look, love, look how the soft clouds curl,—  
 How each wave through ether is driven;  
 How the moon sails on, like a bark of pearl,  
 Through the azure sea of heaven !  
 Oh ! love, oh ! if I were but there,  
 In that precious bark with thee,  
 We would range together, like spirits of air,  
 Thro' the blue immensity.  
 Then we would travel yon blessed plain,  
 And touch at each star,  
 Which glimmers afar,  
 But ne'er return to dull earth again !

*New-York, May, 1824.*

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A RAMBLE IN THE INFECTED DISTRICT ;

*By a Student of Medicine.*

In a melancholy mood, one gloomy morning, towards the latter end of August, 1822, I bent my steps down Broadway, towards what was called the *Infected District*.

The yellow fever had been raging for nearly a month in the lower part of the city, and the inhabitants had very generally removed to a healthier atmosphere. The seat of business had been transferred to Greenwich ; and merchants, lawyers, doctors, shoe-makers, tinkers and tailors, were all crowded pell-mell together, into barns, stables, cocklofts, and shanties ; and happy was he who could get a shed, or a hovel, wherein to display his wares and merchandize by day, and rest his weary head at night. I had been fortunate enough to secure a small apartment of a washerwoman, who kept a boarding house *pro tem.* and who, determining to make hay while the sun shone, had let out her garret as a Printing office, and her cellar to a blacksmith. We had besides, in the family, a half-starved lawyer, a play-actor in the same predicament, two bank-clerks, and a Methodist parson ; and what with the printer's devils over head, who worked all night, the Vulcan below, who kept hammering all day, and the Methodist, who gave gratuitous exhortations at all times, Matthew's mail coach was a faint idea of the medley of strange noises thus produced. But "misery," as the old proverb says, "makes men acquainted with strange bed-fellows."

As I proceeded down the street, the bustle, and hum of business gradually faded on my ear; the throng of carriages and passengers became less and less dense; till, at last, the hurried tread of some solitary individual like myself, alone resounded from the pavement.

Around the City Hall, which seemed to be the last boundary of life and business, were collected a number of individuals, waiting to hear the daily report of new cases. Anxiety was depicted on every countenance. I approached a group, which seemed particularly agitated by some question of great moment, and found them betting upon the probable number of deaths for the day. I turned away in disgust from this inhuman mockery of griefs, and speculation upon misery. A little farther off, I recognized my old acquaintance, Harry Slender, perched upon a wheel-barrow, and with tears in his eyes, and a tone of great pathos, haranguing those about him. "Oh gentlemen! the fever's very bad"—I heard him exclaim, as I walked quickly away—"nineteen new cases of Black Vomit this morning. I held the basin for ten of them myself."

Though not quite as bad as Harry represented, yet so deadly had the atmosphere proved to many, who had been but slightly exposed to it, that it was deemed the height of presumption to venture into the lower part of the city. But an anxious desire to see a sick friend, and to hear from one or two patients of my master's Dr. Langlancet, who had been taken ill himself that morning, and, above all, a strong feeling of curiosity to revisit old haunts, led me to disregard personal safety. Besides, as I had previously been much exposed to the infection, in a professional capacity, I felt confident that I was not very susceptible of the action of the *morbific matter*.

I must here drop a tributary tear to the memory of my worthy and deeply-lamented preceptor. Notwithstanding his firm belief in the contagious nature of the disease, with a rash, though laudable boldness, he had visited, and phlebotomized several patients in the Infected District. Shortly afterwards, he was attacked with the premonitory symptoms of pains in the head and back, furred tongue, red eyes, &c. &c.; and in spite of large, and repeated bloodlettings, he rapidly grew worse, became delirious, was seized with black vomit, and expired on the fifth day from the attack, triumphantly asserting to the last the truth of his favourite doctrine of contagion, and only regretting that he had not been bled more copiously.

Nearly similar was the fate of his old antagonist Polypus, who on the appearance of the fever, fled in a panic to a village some hundred miles up the North River. Whether he had imbibed

the seeds of the disease before he left the city; or whether he sickened from cold and fright; or from the huge quantities of emetics, cathartics, and sudorifics, he had taken as preventives, I cannot tell, but certain it was, that in three days after the demise of Langlancet, the news came to town that Polypus was no more.

Thus, by a strange coincidence, did these two champions of their respective doctrines fall victims, in the same week, to the subject of their speculations; furnishing, by their death, food for fresh argument, and additional matter for contention to succeeding disputants.\*

The first and most prominent object which struck my eyes, as I proceeded downwards, was the high board fence which stretched directly across the way, from house to house, near the head of Liberty-street. Now, a plain board fence, being one of the commonest objects in nature, is the least likely to excite any deep feelings of the imagination: but associated, as this was, with disease and death and desolation, and placed across the grand thoroughfare of business and pleasure, its incongruous appearance, and the melancholy cause of its erection, could not fail to render it an object of interest, though, at the same time, of deep aversion. It seemed a feeble barrier, behind which some terrible and unknown being was lurking, ready to spring forth upon the unwary. This idea was heightened by the appearance of some vagabond boys, who were trying to gratify their curiosity, by peeping through the crevices and knot-holes of the fence, as if to get a sight of the monster.

To escape the unpleasant feelings thus excited I turned down Maiden Lane. The continuous row of hardware, jewelry, and fancy stores, which stretched down this street, were all closed, and their glittering contents glittered no more in the sunbeam. The only store I observed open, was that of an old and respectable hatter. The worthy vender of beavers was himself standing in the door, looking about him, and watching the clouds with the uneasy air of a seaman in a squall, or a deserted soldier at his post, who is about following the example of his runaway comrades. I presumed he was remaining to take care of his stock in trade; as for the matter of those hats he would sell, it was pretty evident, the honest mar might as well shut up shop.

I now turned instinctively down Nassau street, towards the

\* It is to be hoped that this statement will quiet the uneasy minds of those gentlemen, who have endeavoured with great kindness and ingenuity to identify Langlancet and Polypus with several distinguished living characters.—[*Ed.*]

office of a friend, with whom I was wont frequently to lounge away an idle half hour. Though I knew that it was now closed, yet, such is the force of habit, a feeling of disappointment came across me, when I realized the melancholy fact. A written paper announced to those who could read my friends crabbed lawyer's hand, and would take the trouble to do so, that he had removed to Greenwich. He might, however, as well have spared himself this trouble, for precious few that could read came that way.

The old woman, who kept the apple stall hard by, and whose brats, during the dog-days, when doors and windows were kept open, used so much to disturb the meditations of my friend, by their infantile sports and brawlings, still remained. But her apples had lost their fragrance, her fly-blown cookies tempted no passer-by, and her baked pears were withering on the broken plate which contained them. The guardian of the Hesperides herself seemed to have relaxed in her usual vigilance, and a starveling urchin, who was busy in filching a rotten peach from its nook, was suffered to carry off his prize, unheeded.

The yellow man at the corner, who opens oysters on week days, and the French church on Sundays; who used to whip little boys out of the church-yard, and put my master's patients in; and who, besides, united in his person the different functionaries of shaker of carpets, street sweeper, and waiter-general upon the living, as well as the dead, was sitting disconsolately on his cellar door, gazing ruefully on a bowl of sickly looking oysters, which seemed to say in languid tones, (very unlike those of the jolly roasted pigs, that used to run through the streets with knife and fork stuck in them,) "come eat me! come eat me!" He told me, with a sigh, that business was at a stand; that people came no more to those parts, to eat oysters, hear sermons, or be buried; that carpets were shaken no longer; and that there was not even an idle urchin in the church-yard for him to ferret out with his rattan. His nine means of obtaining a livelihood had all failed him: "Othello's occupation was gone."

I told him "there was a wide world elsewhere," of which fact he seemed to be ignorant, and advised him to eat up his oysters himself, and to crawl off as fast as possible. He took my advice kindly, and said he would follow it incontinently.

Crossing Liberty street, I cast a look towards Broadway; but another ill-omened board fence bounded the prospect.

I found the little horticulturist of Nassau street still remaining, and skipping about, as gay as a grasshopper, among his flowers. At the approach of the fever, his neighbours, one by

one, had all deserted him; and he was now like "the last rose of summer, left blooming alone." An "attachment to vegetable existence," he said, "had induced him to remain, and he was determined to brave out the disease, and live or die with his darling plants."

To the great satisfaction of his friends, who had left him with tears in their eyes, and who expected nothing less than that he would have shared the premature fate of Jonah's gourd, and have been blasted like a lily by untimely frost, our florist was found, on their return, in a thrifty and flourishing condition; and seemed to have stood the shock of the pestilence with the impunity of one of his own hardy, long-enduring aloes.

Subsequently, when men had got quietly settled in their homes, and by their firesides, and having recovered from their panic, began to write books, preach sermons, and quarrel with one another about the origin of the past evil, our friend, with laudable zeal, communicated the fruits of his observation and experience to the public, and traced the source of the disease, in a very satisfactory manner, to *some nasty ships* at the foot of Rector-street. This luminous document is preserved among the collections of the Historical Society, and will no doubt in future times be triumphantly referred to, by the pestilential writer yet unborn.

The Dutch church opposite stood *in statu quo*; but the hand of the dial had stopped; the rooster on the spire was becalmed; the deep-toned bell forgot to chime the hour; it seemed as if time itself had paused. A tall, grave looking personage, in yellow slippers, was superintending some labourers, who were sprinkling lime in the church-yard. I entered into conversation with him on the origin of the fever, the then prevailing topic. He told me, that beyond a doubt, it was produced by numberless little bugs, with red bellies and yellow wings, that came out in swarms from the chinks and crannies of the grave-yard, which he was now busy stopping up. He showed me a pewter basin, containing water, which he said was filled with those he had caught that morning. He told me they were extremely minute, which I readily believed, as it was beyond the power of unassisted vision to behold them. I thanked him for his information, and left him, being unwilling to remain longer in such dangerous company.

The sign of "Auld Niel Gow in his tartans," at the Caledonian House, had vanished from its station. As the door was open, curiosity prompted me to inquire where mine host of fading memory had fled. The bar-room, formerly the resort of beer-drinking Scotsmen, and which was wont to resort to the

sprightly measures of Robbie, and Sandie Jamieson, was deserted and still. A slovenly, slip-shod damsel, with dishevelled carrotty locks, who seemed preparing to lock up the house, answered to my interrogatories, that Mr. Jamieson had gone off, she knew not whither, but "guessed he had gone to Greenwich, or Scotland, or some other foreign parts."

The City Library, next door, with its "emollit mores," and world of books and knowledge, had ceased to mollify the minds of the citizens, and was fast closed and locked; and the greasy, well-thumbed novels, the dog-ear'd pamphlets, and the dry and dusty tomes whose pages scarcely once a century see the light of day, were slumbering alike in undisturbed security. Some Goth, or Vandal, with a malignant spirit of hatred to letters, had thrown a quid of tobacco against the placard, which the librarian, with superfluous pains, had put up to tell folks the library was shut. It was evident that this person's manners had never been mollified by the benign influence of the institution he thus treated with contempt.

I proceeded down Nassau-street. Bell's tavern was deserted; the new buildings at the opposite corner were at a stand: the lawyer, the mechanic, and the green grocer, "all, all were gone." It seemed as if every thing, animate and inanimate, had been stricken by the stroke of some mighty palsy.

On a sudden, I was startled by a caterwauling, and turning my head, saw with amazement, a host of cats, headed by an old black Tom, coming round the corner of Pine-street in solemn procession, and who slowly marched up Nassau-street. I was at a loss to account for this phenomenon at the time, but have since concluded that they were going to get their daily rations of milk, from the benevolent black woman, referred to in the paper of my friend the horticulturist.

When I reached the corner of Wall-street, I seemed to be in the very heart of the solitude. Not a soul did I observe in any direction. It appeared to be midnight instead of noon-day; and I was forcibly reminded of the sonnet of Mr. Wordsworth, written during the prevalence of the yellow fever at London.

I stood as in a city of the dead,

Where populous streets a desert had become;

Hollow the pavements rung beneath my tread—

Save that sad sound, the silent mart was dumb.

Here had the throng of busy merchants been,

Of lawyers, brokers, traders, the great stream;

But now no living form to move was seen.

Here were great taverns, whence the constant steam.

Of headstrong liquor used to rise of yore;

Laughter and blasphemy were heard no more.

It was not like the sabbath ; for no bell  
Did, with its solemn echoes, call to pray'r :—  
What thought I then ? that to be off 'twere well,  
Or I might catch the yellow fever there.

Taking the hint of the sonnetteer, I hastened down Broad street ; but still there was the same melancholy, monotonous appearance of desertion. Here and there, perhaps, might be observed some vagabond fellow, loitering about, as if planning some scheme of plunder, or seeking a hole to rest his weary head. For roguery, alas ! will always be found where honest men are scarce.

As I paused opposite the little old Dutch building, whilome, (if there be truth in Knickerbocker,) the ferry-house, and of course, tavern of the olden time, a crowd of mingled sensations thronged upon me. The relic of a former age, it seemed like some being of a departed race, who had outlived all his contemporaries, and who now remained, in solitude, and a stranger, in the land of his forefathers.

"Here then," thought I, "in by-past times, before ever steamboats were dreamt of, used to assemble the portly burgomaster, the matron with her squalling babes, the coy maiden, the dandy in homespun, the itinerant minstrel, and that cosmopolite of all ages, the idle dock loungeur, to await the Dutch Charon, and his clinker-built barge, that was to convey them to the fertile shores of Broek-lyn, or the more distant and ancient city of Communipaw. This then, perhaps, was the resort of the gallant roysterers of 'auld lang syne ;' bucks and bloods, who, two centuries ago, used to disturb the quiet of the streets, and break the slumbers of the honest burghers, by their nightly frolicks. What blithsome carols have been trolled within these walls ! what gay measures have been trod on its floors ! and what deep potations have been made here beyond *all* measure !"

My reverie was suddenly broken by the rumbling of wheels, and turning my head, my eyes were greeted with the apparition of a hearse, driven by a drunken negro, which stopped at the door of the patient of my master's, that I was about visiting. I turned away in disgust from this wretched spectacle, (which precluded the necessity of my visit,) and feeling somewhat faint and fatigued, directed my steps towards the shop of an apothecary of my acquaintance, who, I knew, had not yet left the city. There was nobody in the shop but an old woman, who had come to get some camphor and castor oil. With the volubility of her sex, she began to tell how she had been urged, by her friends in the country, to leave the city ; but "thanked

her stars, she would not be beholden to any one, and was able to take care of herself." She said, "she thought the people were all a pack of fools to leave their houses; for her part, she didn't believe the fever was in town at all." I thought how this sceptical old woman would change her tune, if she should be taken sick herself.

Having rested myself, and got a little camphor and hartshorn, I proceeded to the house where my friend lay ill. I met the Doctor at the door, who informed me that he thought his patient better; and asked me up to see him. On entering the sick chamber, the fiery red eye, the yellow skin, and peculiar, indescribable expression of countenance, immediately struck me as symptomatic of no ordinary degree of danger. I took him by the hand—it was burning hot. He watched my countenance with an expression of anxiety and apprehension, struggling with native firmness of mind. I tried to utter some words of consolation, but my manner belied my speech. He squeezed my hand in silence, and I left him, being unwilling to prolong a meeting which could only be painful to both. Poor fellow! I never saw him more, as he died within a few days afterwards.

I felt oppressed as I left the house, and directed my steps towards the Battery to get a little fresh air. This spot had been connected with some of my pleasantest associations, from my earliest childhood. Here, when scarcely emancipated from petticoats, had I sported and gambolled with my young companions. Here, on a holyday afternoon, had I flown my kite, and engaged in all the games and sports of the school-boy. Often, too, in the bravery of boyhood, had I come down here in the depth of winter, to wade through the snow, or to engage in pitched battles of snow-balls, with the heroes of some rival school. And here, too, more recently, had I taken many a pleasant walk on a summer's morning, and inhaled the pure breezes that come sweeping up the bay, with health-imparting freshness, as if to greet the first appearance of the sun, on his rising. Every thing now seemed changed. The grass was parched up for want of moisture; the weather was close and sultry; and though thick clouds rolled over head, no rain ensued:—not a breath of air stirred. Every thing was calm, and still, and lifeless. It seemed like the awful pause preceding the shock of the earthquake. Not a living creature was to be seen; but far down the bay might be observed some little vessel rolling in the calm, with sails flapping, as if panting for breath. It appeared like the wild pageantry of some gloomy dream, in which a different aspect is given to well-known pla-

ces ; when the mind is filled with vague apprehensions of impending danger, and the soul utterly subdued by a deep and dreary sense of desolation. I felt sick at heart ; and right glad was I to leave the spot, and retrace my steps homewards as fast as possible. By degrees I approached the busy haunts of men ; and never did poor ghost experience more pleasure in " revisiting the glimpses of the moon," than did I at escaping from the poisonous air and gloomy scenery of the *infected district*.

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#### ON METEOROLOGY.

The atmosphere that surrounds the globe we inhabit, is the scene of numerous and important phenomena. With these our comfort and health is most intimately connected ; and yet, although they take place in our immediate vicinity, and are continually producing marked effects upon our senses, we are much less acquainted with the laws that govern them, than we are with those that direct and regulate the motions of bodies situated at distances from us so remote as almost to baffle human conception. Yet this is not because a sufficient degree of attention is not paid to the changes that occur in the atmosphere ; for they form an object of constant observation and remark to all classes of mankind ; but our ignorance arises from the want of regular and correct registers of the more obvious appearances, and of instruments by which the more hidden phenomena may be discovered and observed. This last defect bids fair to be soon obviated. The labours of several powerful minds have of late years been devoted to the science of meteorology. Much has been thus accomplished in the discovery of causes that affect climate, and in the contrivance of instruments to observe and register them ; but by far the most important work that has yet appeared on this subject is that of Daniell.\* We shall endeavour to give our readers an analysis of this interesting volume.

The earth, as is well known, is surrounded by an atmosphere, whose principal constituent part is a permanently elastic fluid, that may, as far as its effects upon climate are concerned, be considered as homogeneous. The temperature of this, at any point of the earth's surface, may be observed by means of a thermometer, and its mechanical pressure by the barometer.

\* Meteorological Essays and Observations, by J. F. Daniell, F. R. S. London, 1823. pp. 464.

These instruments are so familiar as to need no description ; their use and construction are both well known to all persons pretending to the appellation of scientific. It may not, however, be irrelevant to remark, that no standard thermometer is known to exist ; and that most barometers are carelessly made, and filled with mercury, from which the air has not been sufficiently extracted.

Were the earth a sphere of uniform temperature, and at rest in space ;\* its atmosphere a perfectly dry and permanently elastic fluid ; the height of the latter would be constant over every point of the earth's surface, and its density and elasticity, at equal elevations, every where the same. The column of mercury that it would support in the barometer, would therefore be the same at every point on the surface of the sphere ; and equal at equal heights above the surface. The atmosphere would be absolutely at rest ; and as its elasticity is proportioned to the pressure, the density would decrease in geometrical progression, while the distance from the surface of the sphere increases in arithmetical. When air is rarified, its capacity for heat is increased, and *vice versa* ; the sensible heat of the atmosphere must, therefore, decrease as the altitude increases ; and as this changes the volume of elastic fluids, even under equal pressures, the barometer alone will no longer be the exact measure of the progressive density, but must be associated with the thermometer. Any change of temperature that affects every part of the sphere, would cause an increase in the elasticity of the atmosphere, and in its consequent height, without producing any motion in the lateral direction, or any change in the pressure upon the surface ; but the pressure will be changed at all other altitudes.

If the temperature of the sphere, instead of being equal at every point, were greatest at the equator, and decreased towards the poles, the pressure on every point of the surface would still continue the same ; but the altitude of the atmospheric column would become greatest at the equator, and its specific gravity at the surface less there than at the poles. The heavier fluid at the poles must, by its mechanical action, press upon and displace the lighter, and a current will be established in the lower part of the atmosphere from the poles towards the equator. The difference in the specific gravity of the polar and equatorial columns becomes less as we ascend into the atmosphere ; while the elasticity, which is constant at the surface, varies with the height, and the barometer stands

\* Essay 1st, part 1st.

higher at equal elevations in the equatorial than in the polar column. It will hence happen, that, at some definite height, the unequal density of the lower strata will be compensated; and a counter-current will take place in the higher regions from the equator towards the poles. Our author has investigated the height at which this would happen, under certain circumstances, and calculated the velocity of each current at different elevations. The velocity and direction of these currents may be affected by the partial rarefaction or condensation of any of the columns; and such change of density will naturally take place, in consequence of the vicissitudes of the seasons, and the alternations of day and night.

If the sphere be set in motion, and made to revolve around its polar diameter, as an axis, an apparent modification will take place in the direction of the currents. The lower current, coming from a point whose velocity of rotation is less than that at which it arrives, will appear to be affected with a motion, in a direction contrary to that of the revolution of the sphere; while the upper current, being under opposite circumstances, will be apparently affected in an opposite manner. Hence we find, in the equatorial regions of the earth, winds that blow continually from N. E. on the northern side of the equator, and from the S. E. on the southern. In this region, the temperature is subject to little variation, and the general causes that have been described are more powerful than the local action; but, as slight irregularities of temperature are capable of producing great disturbances, that would act unequally on the antagonist currents, accumulations in some parts, and consequent deficiencies would arise, and cause temporary and variable winds, that in the higher latitudes would modify the regular currents, and often reverse their courses.

The atmosphere is not composed entirely of a homogeneous and permanently elastic fluid, but always contains a considerable portion of aqueous matter. It has been supposed by some that this is chemically combined with the air; by others, that it exists there in the form of vapour. The experiments of Dalton have established, conclusively, that the latter is the true theory; and that every given portion of space is capable of containing, at a given temperature, a certain amount of aqueous vapour, whether there be air present or not. Mr. Daniell proceeds, in the second part of his first essay, to investigate the phenomena of an atmosphere composed entirely of aqueous vapour; and the third part treats of one composed of permanently elastic and condensable fluids mixed. It would occupy too much space to follow him in this most ingenious and inte-

resting inquiry ; we shall therefore content ourselves with stating, in his own language, the results at which he arrives.

“ The specific gravity and elasticity of the air is but slightly affected by this intermixture of aqueous vapour ; so slightly, indeed, that the course and velocity of the currents may be considered, without any chance of disturbing our main argument, as unaltered. It will also be remarked, that while the great aerial ocean is divided into two distinct strata, flowing in opposite directions from south to north, the aqueous part, which is nearly confined to the lower current, presses in a contrary direction. The adjustment of these particulars remaining as now supposed, the compensating winds flow on in the courses which have been described, and the balance remains undisturbed.”

Although the general currents are so little affected by the mere presence of aqueous vapour, the variations of temperature that are produced by its evaporation and condensation will tend to produce changes in their direction ; these will be of great importance, but modified by local circumstances. The surface of the earth is not uniformly composed of one substance, but is partly covered by land, and partly by water. The evaporation from surfaces of these two different natures will be very different, and the changes of temperature arising from this source must vary with every modification of local circumstances. The quantity of moisture, then, that the air of any particular place contains, will have an influence upon its climate ; nor can any set of meteorological observations be complete, when this is not employed as an element. The increase of weight acquired by deliquescent salts, the tension of cords, the shortening of whalebone, hair, and of some vegetable substances, have all been applied to this purpose, but with little success. Aware of the great importance of this subject, Mr. Daniell has planned and constructed a hygrometer that must, when its merits shall be fairly appreciated, supersede all others. Hygrometers, constructed of the substances we have already mentioned, indicate merely the presence of different portions of vapour, without affording any means of determining its absolute quantity. Leslie has indeed proposed a modification of his differential thermometer as an hygrometer ; and observations with this may be applied to the tables of vapour existing in space at a given temperature, as deduced from the experiments of Dalton ; but his instrument, although beautiful and ingenious, in the highest degree, is liable to objections from which Mr. Daniell's is free. It requires abstruse calculations, and delicate corrections, on the nature of which philosophers are by no

means agreed; and it has the disadvantage of having an arbitrary scale, instead of adopting one of those sanctioned by usage in the common thermometer.

If a vessel containing a cold liquid be exposed to air of a temperature considerably higher, it will be covered with a film of condensed vapour, whose quantity will depend partly upon the moisture existing in the atmosphere, and partly upon the difference in sensible heat between the air and the liquid in the vessel. There are certain saline substances that lower the temperature of the water in which they are dissolved; if one of these, in fine powder, be added gradually to a portion of water contained in a vessel, the temperature may be lowered by slow degrees, until it reach that point at which deposition will just begin to take place. A thermometer placed in the liquid will show this temperature, and mark the degree of heat at which saturation would occur, with the quantity of moisture then contained in a given bulk of atmospheric air. This degree of the thermometer is called the dew point, and will, by mere reference to tables deduced from the experiments of Dalton, give the absolute quantity of moisture that is present.

This experiment would be attended with some difficulty in practice. Mr. Daniell has therefore adopted another method of performing it. If water be placed in one of two balls, connected together by a tube bent twice at right angles and exhausted of air, the immersion of the empty ball in a freezing mixture will cause the congelation of the water contained in the other; for the aqueous vapour that rises rapidly in vacuo will be as rapidly condensed by the cold application; its place will be supplied by a fresh evaporation from the surface of the water, and the formation of this new vapour will carry off so much heat from the mass, as rapidly to reduce its temperature to the freezing point. If ether be substituted for water in the balls, and if the ball that contains no liquid be coated with a bibulous substance, moistened also with ether, the evaporation of this last will produce a great degree of cold; and this will not be manifested in the loss of heat by the ball to which the ether is applied, but by the rapid passage of the inclosed ether in the state of vapour from the other bulb, the temperature of which is lowered in consequence. The loss of temperature in the naked bulb may be rendered evident by enclosing within it, and the contiguous stem, a very delicate thermometer; as soon as the surface of this bulb is cooled down to the point at which the aqueous matter contained in the atmosphere would be precipitated, it becomes clouded with a thin film of moisture; a practised eye will readily seize the precise instant at which

this takes place, and will at the same moment read the temperature shown by the included thermometer. In the whole circle of physical science there is no instrument more simple and beautiful in principle than this hygrometer. Its use is not attended with any difficulties; and it fully satisfies all the conditions laid down by Saussure, as essential to the perfection of hygrometric instruments. Did it furnish us only, with an easy and certain method of ascertaining the quantity of moisture present, at any given time, in the atmosphere, it would be of the utmost importance in keeping registers of the weather, with a view of comparing the climate of different countries, and seeking for those causes of atmospheric phenomena which are yet hidden; and it would, when joined to observations of the barometer, furnish the most certain indications of the probable state of the weather, so important to those engaged in many of the active pursuits of life. But in addition, it gives us a measure of the force and quantity of evaporation; a question that has never yet received a satisfactory solution; and which, when settled, could at once be applied advantageously to many practical cases; and it supplies the desideratum that has hitherto prevented the complete success of the barometric measurement of heights.

It is to be recorded, to the disgrace of European science, that this instrument, so simple in theory, and so beautiful in its practical application, has, from causes of local jealousy, not yet received the notice and distinguished approbation to which it is entitled. In Edinburgh, Professor Leslie, bigotted to his own inventions, and full of his views of applying his differential thermometer to this, among a variety of other uses, has, in his article on meteorology, in the supplement to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, entirely passed over the invention of Mr. Daniell; and, after stating casually the principle on which it is founded, contented himself with saying, that it might be of value could it be "easily and nicely reduced to practice." In Switzerland, the editors of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, affect to think that Mr. Daniell could not have been acquainted with Saussure's hygrometer, or he would not have thought it necessary to construct a new one; although Saussure's papers may be quoted as the evidence of the imperfections of his own instrument. The philosophers of France, with a blindness of national prejudice, almost equal to that manifested by the mathematicians of England, when, for a quarter of a century, they disdained to profit by the brilliant inventions of Laplace and Lagrange, have passed Mr. Daniell and his discoveries without notice; while in London he has to contend with the whole weight and influence of the President and Council of the Royal Society, in conse-

quence of his having pointed out the extreme negligence with which the meteorological register, published under the sanction of their authority, was kept. Mr. Daniell has, however, had the good fortune to meet with a coadjutor in his interesting experiments, who, for scientific acquirements, and skill as an observer, ranks second to none at present living. The name of Captain Sabine is so well known among us, that it is sufficient to mention it, in order to enable our readers to appreciate the great value of his aid and zealous support to our author. His communications form a considerable portion of the volume before us, and have all that clearness of detail, and philosophical precision, for which his papers in the transactions of the Royal Society of London are so remarkable.

The third essay is upon the subject of the radiation of heat in the atmosphere. We have already devoted so much space to the preceding topics, that we can only state a few of the most important facts that are there detailed. It is shown, conclusively, from a comparison of observations, under the equator, in temperate climates, and within the arctic circle, that the excess of the heat derived from the direct rays of the sun, above the temperature of the air, is much greater in high than in low latitudes. This is evidently a most bountiful provision of Providence, in equalizing the effect of different climates, and fitting them all to be inhabited by the human race. We may in this way account for the facts, that, the hottest days in high latitudes are nearly as oppressive to the mere senses, as in low latitudes, where the thermometer stands much higher; and that vegetation is so very rapid in cold countries after the ice and snow are dissipated. Mr. Daniell has given a very ingenious hypothesis, by which he accounts for this curious phenomenon. The air, as we have seen, exerts a pressure on every part of the earth that, taken at a mean, is equal; in high latitudes, however, the air is the most dense, and the atmosphere assumes in consequence the figure of a spheroid, very much flattened towards the poles. Our author supposes that the depth of this atmosphere, at each particular place, has an influence on the quantity of heat that is transmitted.

The heat that is communicated by the sun to the earth again radiates; the rate of radiation will be affected by a variety of circumstances, such as the presence or absence of the sun, the temperature of the radiating surface, and the state of the heavens. Dr. Wells, it may be mentioned, has made a most important use of this subject in explaining the formation of dew. Mr. Daniell finds, that radiation from the earth follows the same law as the direct radiation from the sun, being propor-

tionably less in low than it is in high latitudes ; and he applies the same explanation to this as to the other circumstance. He lastly details an experiment by which he shows, most conclusively, not only that the rays of the moon do not communicate any sensible heat, but that its light does not affect the terrestrial radiation, even as much as the slight cloud that hardly obscures its illuminated surface. We state this result, inasmuch as it completely disproves the reasoning founded on a late experiment made in this country, by which it was attempted to be shown, that the lunar light was capable of affecting a very sensible differential thermometer.

Besides the irregular fluctuations in the altitude of the barometer, a patient and careful investigation shows that there is a horary oscillation,\* apparently produced by tides in the atmosphere. By a series of observations, at seven different stations, one extreme being under the equator, and the other in 50 degrees north latitude, it appears, that while the irregular movement of the atmosphere and general range of the barometer increase, in going from the equator towards the fifty-second degree of north latitude, there is a regular concomitant fluctuation, that augments as we proceed from the higher latitude towards the equator. According to an hypothesis laid down by our author, there must be a latitude, where the causes that produce the tides will just be in equilibrio ; and, in latitudes still higher the fluctuations will be in an opposite direction. In support of his theory, he adduces the register of the barometer kept in the second northern expedition, and compares it with that kept by Major Long's party during the same season. It may truly be said, that no step in science is unimportant, and that trivial circumstances may frequently produce great good ; for we thus see distant observations, taken by scientific men of different nations, and without any previous concert, made use of in the investigation of a subject, that had probably not occurred to the minds of either of the observers, at the time of instituting their experiments. In the new expedition that is about to sail from England, to pursue the discoveries on the northern shore of the American continent, and in another about sailing for Spitzbergen, this subject will be made a special matter of research ; to furnish the means of comparison, simultaneous observations will be made in London, and arrangements have been made by the British Board of Longitude, to place a similar set of instruments in Columbia College in the city of New-York. In this way, four sets of observations will be made, under two different

\* Essay 4th.

meridians; that of London being the same with that of Hammerfast, and that of New-York with Prince Regent's Inlet; Hammerfast and Prince Regent's Inlet being the proposed winter stations of the northern expeditions.

In making a series of meteorological observations, the register will be of little importance, unless the instruments be of good quality, and much attention be given by the observer himself to their accurate adjustment, and to applying the proper corrections.\* The instruments commonly sold are mere playthings, and not at all adapted to the present advanced state of physical science. It very rarely happens that two thermometers agree, and when it became necessary, for some important purposes, to procure a standard thermometer, none was found to exist in the hands of any of the artists in London. The case is still worse with the barometer; in those constructed by the same maker, discrepancies of a quarter of an inch may be detected; and even in those to which the names of the first artists are affixed, it rarely happens that the mercury has been purified by boiling. On this subject our author enters at length, and gives full instructions for the choice and construction of instruments; we regret that we cannot, consistently with our limits, enter fully into these interesting details.

From this brief and meagre analysis, some idea may be formed of the talent and ingenuity displayed by Mr. Daniell, in his important work. It must, for many years to come, furnish, to the observers of atmospheric phenomena, the text book by which they are to be guided in their researches. By the application of his rules, and by simultaneous registers, kept in different parts of the world, the science of meteorology, that is now in its infancy, may soon be brought to a comparative degree of perfection. No difficulty need any longer attend the measure of atmospheric pressure and temperature, of the heat of radiation both from the sun and from the earth, of moisture in the air and evaporation from the surface. The quantity of rain and the course of the winds may be readily determined, and the only desiderata that will remain are the phenomena of atmospheric electricity, and the absolute force of the aerial currents.

This paper will be considered as having attained its object, should it render the work to which it relates known to the scientific portion of the American community, and should it awaken some interest in the subject, among persons whose acquirements and leisure would qualify them for observers. C. E.

\* Essay 8th.

PAULO MAJORA CANAMUS.

*We must cane Major Paul.*

The neglect of native talent, in this republic, is truly deplorable. Trite as is the remark, it ought to be frequently repeated ; for, as we find from the example of many newspapers and periodicals of different descriptions, that the eternal iteration of the same assertions and conjectures, in the same language, produces an effect on the public mind, on the side of error, we are authorized in adopting the same expedient, in the cause of truth. We have been told, for a long time, that domestic genius is unnoticed ; and such is the fact.

With a view to enforce this doctrine, however feebly we may be able to illustrate our subject, we shall, from time to time, in the pages of this magazine, call the attention of our countrymen to their own authors, in reference to their past labours, which have not yet received their due meed of applause.

And we shall commence with PAUL ALLEN ; a man of great ability, who is not sufficiently known and appreciated. If the beauty of his style were his sole recommendation, the neglect of his genius would not excite, so much, our special wonder. But when it is considered that no great man departs this life, and no remarkable dispensation of Providence occurs, without drawing forth from this prolific genius a flood of metaphorical eloquence, unparalleled even in our own days, we are almost led to conclude, from the little respect that is paid to his compositions, that patriotism is a mere name, and public feeling a humbug.

We intend to give Paul a benefit for his prose, in some future number. At first, however, it is proper to notice his more sublime and abstracted views on things in general, as he has expressed them in the garb of poetry. He published, two or three years ago, a 'singularly wild and beautiful fragment,' under the modest title of 'Noah, a POEM ;' which has been so little noticed heretofore, that an account of its contents may have the charm of novelty for most of our readers.

It seems that this heroic poem, in five books, was what Wordsworth would call 'an overflowing of the imagination,' in composing a sonnet. It is, in this respect, a great literary curiosity ; and the account of it, by the author himself, is as curious as the mental process of effervescence, by which such a quantity of boiling heroics came to run over from the small poetical kettle, in which the poor little sonnet was concocting.

"My first impression," says Paul, "was, that a little sonnet addressed to a *Dove*, would comprehend and exhaust all that I should have to say upon the subject. Whether that little thing was ever written or not, and given to the newspapers of the day, and along with my other juvenile poetic, or if my critics please, rhyming effusions, become the '*ludibria ventorum*,' like the leaves of Virgil's Sybil, is more than at this distant period of time I should dare to assert."

But, as before stated, we must save Major Paul's prose for another article, as it is too precious to be despatched in an obiter paragraph. The poem opens with some allusions to the unpleasant situation of Noah and family, in the ark, and a pathetic appeal to charitably disposed persons on their behalf.

"Come ye who are not curst with nerves of steel;  
Whom gentle pity yet has taught to feel,  
*Pity the poor man*, while in sad amaze,  
He throws around a wild and wandering gaze,  
And hardly knows, such horrors thrill his blood,  
Himself to be surviving from the flood."

Having, however, solved the problem of his existence and identity, by some such syllogism as that of Descartes, or the little woman with the little dog, who knew her to be herself, Noah makes a speech to his lady, and opens the window, upon which the raven took occasion to fly out. This disagreeable creature would not return, but kept screaming and croaking about, in a manner very offensive to the auricular faculties of Noah, and which disturbed him much when taking his *horizontal refreshment*.

'Oft did the clamours of his savage joy,  
Ring far and wide, and Noah's ears annoy.'  
—'Noah, who had heard the raven's cries,  
That banished peaceful slumber from his eyes.'

The dove is then despatched, who, after much conversation with Noah, and many aerial circumvolutions, vanishes in the upper sky.

"Her snow white pinions cleft the upper sphere,  
Rose in a cloud, and Noah dropt a tear."

And well he might. So ends the first canto.

In canto second, the 'ark is gliding under easy sail;' a fact not mentioned in Genesis. It anchors softly in the mud, without waking any of the family.

"At morn's returning ray,  
Shem op'd the window, to behold the day;  
Father! come forth! he cries, with heart elate,  
For now the waters do indeed abate."

On leaving the ark, the angel of mercy appears, and makes an oration to the patriarch, which occupies the whole of this part of the poem. She mentions, as a fact, that Noah in his infancy was addicted to teasing bumble bees. Our poet's notions of pity must be as crude as were those of one of his connexions, the cruel Barbara, if he supposes the 'angel of mercy' can approve of such practices in children.

"I knew thee in that season, when the toy  
Of merry childhood could afford thee joy;  
Saw thee, when truant from a parent's care,  
With spirits high, and heart as light as air,  
Thy infant eye had caught in summer bower  
The insect plunderer of the fragrant flower,  
Beheld the hand, that could not then forbear  
To tease the poor mechanic seated there."

She then advises him to plant vines, but not to get tipsy on the juice; prophecies about the whale fishery and steam boats, wars, aeronautic excursions, the Venus de Medicis, and astronomical discoveries. What put all these things into her head, and what the association of ideas was, by which she was led from the one to the other, does not appear; her speech is too long for quotation, and we will not mangle it by taking disjointed parts.

The third canto thus opens:—

"Now had the morn, advancing light and bland,  
Thro' heaven's high court, flung from her glowing hand,  
A rose on Arrarat, the mount receives  
And blushes with the splendor of the leaves.  
The youthful Shem, with *countenance as red*,  
Rose from the quiet slumber of his bed."

This is, we fear, an insinuation, that Shem had neglected the good advice which the 'angel of mercy' had given the day before; and had been too free in his potations over night. He had, it seems, an idiosyncrasy, which he thus luminously mentions.

"Whenever I behold the splendid eye  
Of brutal gratitude, I know not why,  
It has a secret charm my heart to reach,  
Surpassing all the eloquence of speech."

On the strength of this, he concludes, without asking his father's permission, to let the cattle and birds out of confinement. He opens the cages and coops, and they all come forth in picturesque order. The lion, the monkey, the sloth, the fox with his friend the goose, the cat, the hog,

"Whose nose, by ancient discipline expert,  
Resumed its former office in the dirt,"—

the porcupine, the elephant, the tyger, the dog, the rhinoceros, the jackall, the horse, the deer and the camel, are severally described very graphically, with occasional pieces of sentiment interspersed. Next we have a chapter on ornithology, and a description of all the birds that fly in the air, or 'roost on the wave.'

Noah, who had overslept himself, and was dreaming about business, is awaked by an apostrophe from the lark.

"At song like this, O Noah! ope thine eyes!  
All nature now is full of life and glee—  
Fling care away! come sluggard mount with me!  
Called by the lark, the patriarch with the sun,  
Arose and saw, well pleased, what Shem had done."

He, accordingly, commends him for his activity, and makes some plain and practical remarks on the necessity of filial obedience.

"Oft does the father's lips, in accents mild,  
Warn of his duty some beloved child!  
And much he fears, whatever his tongue may say,  
His kind instructions may be thrown away;"

In the fourth canto, after, as we suppose, a lapse of several years, we find Ham sitting at the door of his tent, playing on a banja, and inviting passengers to walk in, for shelter, from the 'ferocious beams' of the sun. We say a *banja*, for such it undoubtedly was, though Ham calls it both a 'lyre' and a 'harp.' It must have been something between both, or neither. Noah, in a prophecy in the fifth book says,

"Yet still thy son Canaan shall admire,  
And feel all Ham's devotion for the lyre;"

and the instrument which the descendants of Canaan 'admire' to play upon, is a calabash, with a hole in one side, and strings tied across it, with a few stones in the inside, to help the music.\* While performing his divertimento, the devil comes walking that way, in disguise, and tells Ham a long and queer story, but for what purpose, *non constat*, as the lawyers say. It seems that the devil was born in a beautiful valley, in the centre of exceedingly high mountains. The inhabitants of the vale were restrained by an ancient superstition, from climbing the boundaries of their territory; but the devil, commanded by his father, previous to his demise, to go abroad into the world, effected his escape, and set out to seek his fortunes. In the course of his travels, he met with a black or mulatto gentleman and his wife, who were very interesting people.

\* See Burney's History of Music, vol. 4th

"A human form, all covered o'er with gloom,  
As deep, as dismal as the raven's plume.—

Another form now rose to view, whose skin,  
Was, to the unknown stranger's all akin.  
From that dear moment, Sarah's gloomy frame  
Claimed from my lips a sister's tender name."

Quitting this company, with 'exchange of tears,' he arrives at the tents of Ham, according to his own account. But the latter, suspecting from his story that something about him was incorrect, questions him as to the deluge. The devil denies that it was universal; upon which Ham finds him out; and he departs, showing his cloven foot, and leaving a strong scent of brimstone.

But it is in the fifth and concluding book of the poem, that the author has most exercised the force of his imagination. Ham having just got a baby, Noah and Japhet pay him a visit of congratulation; but while the former is bestowing his benediction, prophetic fury seizes him, and he predicts that little Canaan, with all his descendants, will be negroes and slaves, with nothing but their banjas to console them. On the instant the child turns black.

"What means this change, what that expressive stare?  
Canaan, late so beautiful and fair,  
Has lost the shining whiteness of his skin,  
A spectacle of wo to all within!"

Noah also predicts that Japhet is to people this country; but we cannot discover whether he was to be the father of the aboriginal occupants, or of the Spaniards, Pilgrims, Dutch, French, Irish and Scotch intruders, who have contrived to turn them out of their old quarters. The author says, in his note, "It is the *common* received opinion, that the Americans are descended from Japhet." Which of the Americans are particularly intended, it is impossible to say; but from some passages in the poem, we infer that he means the people of Connecticut, and, in particular, the tin pedlers. But, however this may be, there is soon trouble in the wigwam. The British lion comes ramping over the ocean, jumping from the top of one high wave to another, to eat up little Japhet at a mouthful.

"A mighty lion, terrible and fell,  
That bound the ocean by some mystic spell,  
Rolling his fiery orbs with rage around,  
Stalked o'er the billows as on solid ground.  
Bent on revenge, to savage fury vexed,  
He bounds from one broad billow to the next—  
Nor deigns he now, such rage inflames his mien,  
To set his foot upon the space between."

The lion, however, meets with a rebuff, and has to paddle back over the waters, more at his leisure. An eagle meets him, with an olive branch in one hand, and an assortment of thunderbolts in the other, that do his business effectually.

“Bright o’er his wings, and in a ground of blue,  
A constellation broke on Noah’s view ;  
He knelt with lowly reverence on the ground,  
And thirteen stars were seen to sparkle round ;  
The lion saw the shining guard display  
Their lances gleaming in the blaze of day ;  
Back o’er the wave he fled, that very hour,  
And left the child that he would fain devour.”

So that this lion, after all, roared as gently as a sucking dove, or any nightingale. After advising Japhet not to flog Canaan’s posterity too much, Noah winds up his prophecy and Paul’s heroics.

Such is a faithful abstract of this beautiful poem. The whole theory of gravity suggested by the falling of an apple, or the discovery of our continent illustrated by cracking an egg, are nothing to the fortunate fertility of the genius, which reared such a prodigious superstructure from a sonnet on a dove.

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*To the Editor of the Atlantic Magazine!*

#### THE PUBLIC.

My pensive public, wherefore look you sad?  
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey  
To carry to the mart her crockery ware,  
And when that donkey look’d me in the face  
His face was sad ! and you are sad my public !

It is not so easy a thing to write an article in a periodical publication, as is generally imagined. For, to compose one which will never be read, is to spend time idly, and to win for the periodical in which it appears, an unfortunate reputation for stupidity. Now, the mere matter of writing is not so difficult ; but the topic which we are to select is the rub. ‘And surely there can be no great dearth of subjects,’ methinks I hear observed. True, my friend, there lies the difficulty ; there are too many from which to select. If the number was more limited, less would be expected, and satisfaction be more universal. But how am I to know, whether the subject that pleases me will gratify others ? Is the man, who, fatigued with the toils of an active day’s labour, at night casts his wandering eye over these pages, to be pleased with a metaphysical disquisition on a ques-

tionable point of morals, just at this moment most gratifying to me? Is the mechanic, whose hurried meal divides his attention with this paper, recompensed by a merry jest, rendering me at this moment ready to die with mirth? Is the fashionable belle, whose morning hours are spent amidst millinery, visits and promenading, and who glances with eye of softened sentiment upon this page, to be melted into the tears she fondly had anticipated, by the political sketch I have more than half a mind to send you?

Well, then, I will write sentiment. I feel like it; the moon is gently stealing through the trees; the winds are hushed upon the dewy foliage—no, it won't do—you forget you are to be read with the utmost *sang froid*, amidst the daily care and bustle of the world; and though you yourself be in the very ecstasy of sentiment, there are too many bank notes and bank notices circulating in the heads of your readers, ever to allow them to be wound up into your own phrenzy, in the limits of a single article, though you were to use up all the moon beams, purling rills and rustling foliage, which nature ever produced. It won't take: the *public* are too much men of the world ever to be thus pleased.

Now that's the point. If I could only find out the taste of the public I would prove the very prince of caterers for your magazine. But to do that, I must find out who and what is the PUBLIC. Now that is very easy to do. "THE PUBLIC is the collected opinion of men of taste, judgment and education."

Just as I arrived at this very important discovery, which I so much desired to make, Mr. Editor, in order to constitute myself the eternal benefactor of your paper, by furnishing articles which should always be read, and, what is more, should always please, I was disturbed by a noise in the street.

On going to the window I perceived a red-headed, thick set little hatter, in violent altercation with a stout portly-looking man, with a cane in his hand. The subject of dispute I soon found was a number of large boxes, piled tier on tier on the pavement, in front of the hatter's house, which the stout man, (being a police magistrate,) had ordered to be removed, to which the hatter would not assent. I tell you, sir, said the hatter, unless these boxes are allowed to remain there, I shall be ruined. I never shall be able to satisfy the large orders the PUBLIC are daily honouring me with. And I tell you, replied the magistrate, if those boxes are not removed in two hours, I shall prosecute you as the law directs; for the *Public* will no longer endure having their streets thus blocked up.—I shut down the window in confusion. Here had my discovery all

vanished into thin air, before the breath of a hatter and a constable.

In order to recover from my confusion, I sallied into the street, determined to walk to the Battery, and see if I could not find out, by dint of cogitation, observation, and meditation, another definition for the Public; determined that if I could only find out this *grand secret*, my fortune was made for ever, and your Magazine rendered imperishable.

Whilst walking on the bridge by the fort, I overheard the following conversation, to which I eagerly listened:—"If, said a gentleman, this fort was only turned into a large bath, what a benefit it would be to the PUBLIC!" "Now, I think," said his companion, "that it would be much better to turn it into a large hotel. The air is so pure, the situation so fine, that with a maitre d' hotel who understood himself, I am sure it would take amazingly with the PUBLIC." "On the contrary," said a lady residing in the neighbourhood, "if it were entirely demolished, the prospect would be so enchantingly improved, that the PUBLIC would resort here much more than at present."

Alas! for me, I was at a stand again; and despairing of ever making my discovery, I sauntered along Broadway to the City Hotel, where I seated myself in the bar-room; but started in confusion, at finding placards posted all around the room, on the very subject of my investigations. "The PUBLIC are respectfully informed that the highest prize will be drawn."—"Mr. ——— will make his last appearance before the PUBLIC prior to his departure, &c." And last of all, "Mr. F—— informs the PUBLIC, that he executes tomb stones in the most elegant manner," &c.

'Now, in the name of all the gods at once,' said I, what is this hydra headed monster? He is an enigma—a riddle. He meets me in every walk, sticks placards at me on every corner, derides my actions, damns me at the theatre, criticises me in the reviews, and laughs at me every where. In fact the PUBLIC is *every body*, or *any body*; and it is as impossible to please the Public, as it was for the man with the jackass, in the fable, to adopt the opinion of every body; and therefore, I have concluded, after an elaborate investigation of the subject, that as you cannot know the whims, thoughts, knowledge, habits, or disposition, of all who may happen to look into your book, Mr. Editor, you cannot write to please all; and the only advice I can give you, is, to please *yourself*; in the which case your *self approbation* must be your sole reward; for your numbers will not be worth a cent in the eyes of the Public.

## ERROR IN MR. SAY'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

I AM not among those, who hold it a duty to repel with indignation every wanton slander, which an ignorant traveller or a prejudiced scholar, on the other side of the Atlantic, may think fit to vent against this country and its free institutions. There seems to me to be often a want of dignity, in this over jealous vindication of ourselves, against charges beneath contempt; and there is danger, too, that this habit may be carried so far, as insensibly to lead us to shut our eyes against wholesome, though disagreeable truth.

But where any really respectable foreign author, who is, in other regards, entitled to our respect, errs as to our laws, history, or manners, from unintentional ignorance or from misinformation, it then becomes due to our country to correct his mistakes.

Three or four years ago, I read the *Economie Politique* of M. Say, in his first edition, with great pleasure; and though I profess, on some points, to follow the profounder, and (as I think,) more acute doctrines of Ricardo, in preference to his, I admired his clear statements, perspicuous and apt illustrations, and still more the manly and generous spirit which breathes throughout the whole work. Mr. Say has since issued a new edition of his Essay, with a large addition, in which he has farther developed and defended his peculiar views. Looking over this not long ago, I was surprised to find among other passages, added since the first publication, one respecting the legislation of the government of the United States, with regard to our coinage, which is singularly erroneous.

M. Say cites a number of instances, in which the governments of different nations have wantonly, and sometimes wickedly, interfered with the natural currency, to the lasting injury of credit and commerce, and then adds:

“The Spanish dollar is a remarkable instance of the value which may be attached to a metal by the process of coining. When the Americans of the United States resolved upon a national coinage of dollars, they contented themselves with simply restamping those of the Spanish mint, without altering their weight or standard. But the piece thus restamped would not pass at the same rate among the Chinese and other Asiatics. An hundred dollars of the United States would not purchase as much of other commodities as the same sum of Spanish dollars. The American executive nevertheless continued to *deteriorate the coin*, by giving it a pretty impression, apparently desiring by these means to check the exportation of specie to Asia. For this purpose, it also directed, that all exports of specie should be made *only in dollars of its own coinage*, hoping in this way to make exporters give a preference to the domestic productions of their own territory. Thus, after wantonly depreciating the Spanish dollar, without prejudice, it is true, to

the specie current within the territory of the Union, they went on also to enjoin its use in the least profitable way; that is to say, in the commercial intercourse with those nations that valued it least. The natural course would have been, to suffer the value exported to go out of the country in that form which would offer the prospect of the largest returns; and for this, self interest might have been safely relied upon."

I fully assent to Mr. Say's theory; but his whole statement of facts is without any foundation. In the first place, it is not exactly true, that our dollar does not vary from that of the Mexican mint, in weight or standard. According to our legal standard, which, since 1795 has been regularly adhered to, our dollar is of the standard of 10 oz. 14dwts. 5 grains, of fine silver, in the pound troy; while the Spanish milled dollar is 10 oz. 15 dwts. of fine silver, and its full weight is worth a trifle (about  $\frac{11}{100}$ ths of a cent,) more than ours. (See Seybert's Statistics, chap. VIII.)

So far from its being the fact that our mint is directed to re-stamp and re-issue the Spanish dollars, that while other silver coins, (with some exceptions,) which may be received by government, are re-coined here before they are re-issued, Spanish milled dollars have long been specially excepted by statute.

Nor has any law ever been passed by congress, or any order issued by the executive authority, prohibiting or impeding the exportation of Spanish dollars, or giving any legal preference to our own, in foreign commerce. In fact, the daily experience of banks, brokers and merchants, shows that this is not so. I have, indeed, some indistinct recollection of some resolution moved, or bill brought in to that effect, in one of the houses of congress, some years ago; but this amounted only to the opinion of an individual, and never became a law. Still less would the constitution allow the President or Treasurer to assume the power of regulating the exportation of domestic or foreign specie.

Mr. Say's excellent work, having, from its popular style and great clearness of illustration, deservedly become a text book, all over the continent of Europe, where it has been translated into most of the European languages, and having been recently translated and published in England by an eminent English economist, I cannot but feel desirous that this unjust censure of the wisdom of the financial regulations of our republic,—which is made the more offensive to the feelings of an American, by its being coupled with the blunders and oppressions of arbitrary governments,—should be corrected in future editions. This I have no doubt Mr. Say will cheerfully do, should these remarks ever meet the eye of that liberal and enlightened economist.

*To the Editor of the Atlantic Magazine.*

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.

*Materiam dat locus ipse. OVID.*

A writer in the first number of this magazine, whom, though coinciding with him in the main, I shall take the liberty of flatly contradicting, in some of his positions, has asserted that the history, superstitions and natural and moral features of our country, are inadequate for the purposes of poetry and fiction.

That, as he says, 'our national associations are few,'\* I am willing to concede; but I insist that the local associations are many, and of deep interest. Some of them, too, are beginning to assume the rust of antiquity. They have arrived at a respectable old age, being quite beyond the memory of living men, and therefore affording scope for imagination; while they are not, on the other hand, so hidden in the shadows of past days, as to lose the charm of personal interest.

The writer goes on to say,—'Of the mummary of aboriginal superstition, little can be learned, and of that little, it seems that nothing can be made; of traditionary history we have hardly any that is of a romantic character.' Both of these propositions I beg leave most cordially to deny. I admit, that the 'belief in witchcraft' will not afford materials for romance, equal to those with which the once far-spread dominion of judicial astrology has supplied modern romancers. But I deny that the grand and beautiful works of nature absolutely require historical associations, to render them fit themes for the imagination; an inference which the writer referred to seems disposed to make in his essay.

On all these things, in their order, I propose to make a few comments, which must necessarily be desultory, and, I fear, trite; premising, that I was led to them by two works just published,† which, with several others that have recently appeared, and many, we hope, that are to follow, do and will, of themselves, sufficiently refute any dogmas, predicated on abstract reasoning, that assert the impossibility of creating a literature purely domestic. The pamphlet entitled 'Letters from Fort

\* Vide page 21 of this Magazine.

† Letters found in the ruins of Fort Braddock, including an interesting American tale. O. Wilder & Jas. M. Campbell, 1824.

Sketch of Connecticut, forty years since. Hartford. Oliver Cooke & Sons, 1824. pp. 278.

Braddock,' is full of excellent hints for an historical and descriptive novel. Little more can be said of it, as it is merely a sketch, a skeleton of a story; although some of the parts are very finely sustained. The 'Sketch of Connecticut' will, I presume, be reviewed at some length, in this magazine. I shall therefore only remark here, that it seems written in a very chaste style, and bears internal evidence of being the production of a lady. I may, however, be mistaken.

The ideals of the Indian character has been drawn in the sweetest of modern poems, Gertrude of Wyoming; in which its attributes of the cool and calculating courage of man, united to the passive bravery of the nobler animals; the knowledge assimilated to instinct, which the red men seem to have borrowed from the irrational inhabitants of their forests; their reserve; their acquired suppression of passion, which yet runs in quick and silent currents, beneath the external ice; their adherence to a promise made; their faith in ancestral superstitions; their predominant and inextinguishable lust of revenge,—are all embodied in the character of Outalissi, and exhibited in poetry as chaste as it is noble, as mellifluous as it is graphic.

As monumental brass unchanged his look,  
A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear.

The character of the Oneida chief is a pure poetical abstraction. That of Mohegan, in the *Pioneers*, is drawn by one who observes accurately, and describes what he sees faithfully. He chose to introduce his Indian into a picture of still life; for which posterity will name him with gratitude, long after all the puffing, quack reviewing, and tea-table criticism of the day, has vanished and evaporated.

In the letters from Fort Braddock, before referred to, Weshop, an Indian, is introduced, with very good effect, by the author. In his rapid narrative, he has thrown out this character in fine relief. Weshop is despatched with letters, from the friend of an unfortunate person, confined under a charge of murder, to the governor and council of New-York. Fleet and silent as one of his own arrows, the messenger leaves his employer, and appears in his forest garb, among the abodes of civilized and mercenary men. He delivers neither credentials nor letter, but appears before the council in the character of an ambassador, for whom he is mistaken. He is lodged under the same roof with him whom he came to rescue; and, at the dead of night, opens his prison doors, points out the path to liberty, and through rivers, rapids, forests, morasses, and the apparently trackless wilderness, conducts him in safety to the bosom of his

friend, by means which, though apparently incredible, well authenticated accounts compel us to recognise as natural.

“ For then

The bow string of my spirit was not slack ;  
 When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd men,  
 I bore thee like the quiver on my back,  
 Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack ;  
 Nor foemen then, nor cougar's conch I fear'd,  
 For I was strong as mountain cataract :  
 And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd  
 Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appear'd ?”

There is not, at present, spirit enough in the country to publish a new edition of Brockton Brown's novels. We prefer paying for English magazines, that inform us what he wrote about, to possessing his works ; of which, it seems, we can only find out the merit, when some transatlantic critic, having exhausted all other topics, thinks fit to wander even to our literature, for a subject to eke out his columns. From my recollections, however, I think he makes little use of the aborigines in his tales ; although he might, indubitably, have found among them materials peculiarly suited to the character of his genius ; which loved a tale of wild and singular events, produced by extraordinary hallucinations of the mind, rather than by unusual combinations of place and circumstance ; and preferred for the creation of its romance, the gothic and grotesque delineations of some mental or moral obliquity, to all the machinery of inquisitions, castles or dungeons.

The ceremonies and customs of the different Indian tribes of this continent have been, in many instances, minutely described ; and as, though generally similar, they vary with the differences of origin and climate, as materially as those of civilized nations, they offer different resources to the writer of fiction. So, also, their fabulous legends and religious superstitions have a great variety of character. While, in the north, they point to hyperborean cold and the regions of darkness, or to boundless plains and lakes, where the spirit expatiates untired, in chasing the phantom elk, or buffalo, or beaver ; in the south, the imagination reposes on sunny isles and sparkling waters, graceful women and ravishing music. ‘Of the mummery of aboriginal superstition,’ one may learn as much as he pleases, by reading the accounts of those who have examined the subject ; and he may make as much use of it as he is able. The creative faculty is wanting ; not the materials to be wrought upon. If scenes of unparalleled torture and indefatigable endurance, persevering vengeance, and unfailing friendship, hair-breadth

escapes, and sudden ambush ; if the horrors of gloomy forests and unexplored caverns, tenanted by the most terrible of banditti ; if faith in wild predictions, and entire submission of the soul to the power of ancient legends and visionary prophecies, are useful to the poet or romancer, here they may be found in abundance and endless variety. The former might even discover the hint of an epic, in some of the traditions belonging to this continent. For instance, when the fathers of the Lenapé, according to their own account, crossed the Mississippi, from the west, and after great battles gradually exterminated from the soil the gigantic race by whom it was occupied, and who had reared the towers and forts and towns of which vestiges are still remaining, full scope is given to the indulgence of an imagination, capable of constructing an heroic poem. It would, to be sure, want the charm of national association or interest ; still it would point to the institutions and character of the principal tribes, who were our immediate predecessors, as occupants of the country we possess ; with whose more recent history, we are, or may be, in some degree, familiar. That the facts are meagre, and the tradition imperfect, is true ; but there is therefore more room for invention ; and there are no records or vouchers, to contradict what might be invented. The appliances and means for illustration, description and machinery, are ample and numerous. And the difficulties of such an undertaking, cannot be stated as an objection ; for no epic, since Homer's, has been composed without great labour ; though it may be an easy matter to indite an entertaining poetical history in blank verse, like *Madoc*. Had the *Paradise Lost* never been written, who would have thought the fall of man a fit subject for an epic poem ?

But we are disposed to go much farther, and to assert, that the pure and abstract elements of poetry are to be found in the conceptions and notions of some of our aborigines, if we are to give credit to those who have related them. Their mythology, so to speak, if less gorgeous and sublime, is more refined and less ridiculous, than that of the Hindoos. The latter worship their million images, without associating with their adoration of the uncouth idol, the idea of the original personification, which it was intended to indicate ; while the natives of this continent had a spirit or genius, as the cause of every natural effect, and personified every moral influence. And if we combine the various attributes, said to be ascribed by them to the Spirit of Dreams, we might even be led to believe that they worshipped the creative power of intellect, and invoked the faculty of pure imagination. Poetry and prophecy are identified by all rude

nations, as they were by the American Indians. He who would employ their machinery, in verse, needs not introduce barbarous names, insusceptible of being euphonised; but may employ, directly, the personification and its attributes; and, in so doing, speak the universally intelligible language of poetry. An exhaustless mine, too, of metaphor and simile, is open in the fancies and habits of these natives; the wonders, phenomena, curiosities and productions of the country, but yet as little employed. The perception of these belongs only to the original mind; and it seems some sacred bard is yet to arise among us, in whose hand shall be the hazel wand, at whose bidding the fountains of domestic poetry are to flow, freshly and purely, from our own native soil. The altar and the sacrifice are prepared for the rite, which is to propitiate nature, to inspire her votary with the divine afflatus;—the priest alone is wanting.

Southey's 'Songs of the North American Indians,' possess very few beauties. He manufactures his prose and poetry too much on the same principles. Moore has been much happier in employing the few traditions and local associations, which he met with in this country; and a few of his beautiful songs might be mentioned, as evidence in favour of their fitness for the purposes of modern poetry.

The next position of the writer on whom I have been commenting, is, "that of traditionary history we have hardly any, that is of a romantic character." To prove the contrary, we should be obliged to enter a field, entirely too wide to be surveyed in our present limits. We can only refer to an article in the third volume of the *North American Review*, page 480, enumerating many of the materials for romance writing, in the History of the settlers of New-England. Let the writer read the few pages there devoted to this topic, and recant this *obiter dictum*, at his leisure. The reviewer hazards, however, one prediction, which has been, perhaps, already contradicted. "Whoever," says he, (page 484.) "in this country, first attains the rank of a first rate writer of fiction, we venture to predict will lay his scene here." The author of the *Spy*, (which is another instance in point, as being partly founded upon tradition,) commenced his career in our own state. It remains to be seen, whether he will find the eastern soil as congenial to his powers as our own. Unquestionably, the history of New-England is more prolific in romantic incident, and picturesque variety of characters and conflicting principles, than that of any other part of the United States. The accounts of them, too, are numerous, and were written at the time of their occurrence, by those who were part of what they saw, and described it graphi-

cally and minutely. Their narratives, in the language of their times, in every size, from the ponderous folios of Cotton Mather, to the modest pamphlet of his relation Increase, are precisely the auxiliaries desiderated by the compiler of romance, who would borrow their power from the muses, of giving to his inventions a resemblance to reality, and exhibiting 'truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.'

*Ἰδμεν ἴδιὰ πολλὰ λίγην ἰνύμοισιν ὁμοῖα  
Ἰδμεν δ', ὅτ' ἰδὼμεν, ἀληθία μυθήσασθαι.*

We seek, almost hopelessly, for such materials, elsewhere throughout the country; but must resort to oral tradition, or the pages of some general history, which present no living pictures of men or their manners.

As adminicles of testimony, on this point, I again refer to the works, noticed at the commencement of this article. Captain Mason and Captain Kyd, the murder of Miss M'Rae and the abortive attempt to seize Arnold in his quarters, with several other names and incidents of peculiar interest, are happily introduced by these authors; sufficiently so, at least, to show what might be made of them, in a more elaborate effort.

Themes for the ludicrous, as a part of the province of fiction, are also abundant in the records and remembrances of our past history, and in the former and present state of society in different parts of our country. It is hardly necessary to mention as illustrations, M'Fingal and Knickerbocker, Rip Van Winkle, the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, &c. I ought, perhaps, to adduce, the Long Finne, also, as an example. But I candidly confess, that having asked many times 'what it was meant to demonstrate,' and having never received a satisfactory answer, I have not yet spent my judgment upon its perusal. These instances show what may be done; but it is obvious that much more remains unattempted. Nothing like the different kinds of humour, applied to the description of character, in the novels of Fielding, Smollet, or the author of Waverly, has yet been elicited here; where the variety of character and circumstances is so great, and in some respects so novel. The ground is scarcely broken. If some enterprizing Yankee, who has fought his way through the world, would only communicate all his adventures, from the time he left the interior of Connecticut, 'with a light heart and a thin pair of breeches,' until he became a substantial man, and at ease in his possessions,—and would entrust his manuscript to some ingenious and accomplished writer, who might recast and embellish it,—to such an one, for instance, as dramatised Captain Riley's Narrative,—we have no doubt he might draw

tears, both of laughter and sentiment, from all who could read English.

The history of witchcraft, to which the writer in this magazine alludes, might be employed for the purposes of either comic or tragic romance, though more adapted to the latter. A great deal was written on the subject, at the time it was in vogue, which would abundantly supply the wants of the novelist. The persecutions also of the Quakers and Baptists, and, indeed, of all who differed from themselves, by the sturdy Calvinists, who came over the water to enjoy that liberty of conscience, which they would allow to no one else, are minutely detailed, and might be used with effect in fiction.

The writer next inquires, "without the traditional associations connected with the strong features of nature in the old world, what could be made of them?" Seeming to imply, that the sublime and picturesque, grand and beautiful scenery of our own country, which is unconnected with legendary lore, affords no subjects, on which the imagination may dwell with delight. In the first place, as we have before stated, associations are not wanting; and in the next, we would ask, after the classical remembrances, which are common to all the enlightened nations of Christendom, what associations have we with most of the mountains, rivers and lakes, which have been sung in modern verse. We have surely a better acquaintance here with our own highlands, than with Skiddaw, Schehralion, or any other hill in Scotland. But we read and relish the descriptive poetry of Scott, solely for its own excellence. Can we not admire a beautiful landscape, without knowing from what country it is copied? Wherein, indeed, would we be wiser for the information, if we had never seen, and never heard of the original? And need we name Thompson, Beattie, Cowper, Wordsworth, and many other examples, to show that descriptive poetry can be created, without the scene deriving additional interest from history or tradition, or without, in truth, having any names, capable of being introduced into poetry? What associations have we with the Cumberland lakes? What kind of a name for a romantic river, is Duddon, which has, nevertheless, been taught to meander through many very pleasing sonnets? Or how many persons, except in those sonnets, ever heard of such a stream? For sound, it cannot compare with the Hudson; and the latter, by the way, through all its majestic course, is connected with many associations, for those who know how to feel and employ them.

I do not, however, in denying these positions of this correspondent, intend, in any manner, to controvert the general doc-

trine for which he contends, that the extensive range of modern literature demands, in a writer who would acquire any permanent celebrity, a liberal acquaintance with the past history and present state of the literary world. I have no manner of respect for some *stump* philosophers of our own, who have seriously proposed that the importation of foreign books should be prohibited. The opposite system, however, may be carried too far. To go over all the ground that is behind, would be the labour of a life: to keep even pace with all the different authors, who are now shedding their lights, of different lustre, over Europe, would be impossible. Every fair in Germany, every annual catalogue published in England, presents us with almost a new library. But the scholar here, who would dedicate his time and talents to contributing to the establishment of a national literature, which should be characterized by simplicity and strength, must begin by making himself familiar with the manner of the ancient models, and of the founders of modern literature. The ornate, overloaded, obviously artificial, and often dissolute style of the lighter literature of the day, with its endless redundance, useless verbiage, and unmeaning allusions, affords no precedent for our prinitial classics. It ought not to, and it is pleasant to observe that it does not, suit the genius of our nation; for those writers who have been most successful among ourselves, have been most distinguished for cultivated simplicity. The affected parade of superficial acquirements, and the actual possession of sound and general knowledge, are not easily confounded. It may be feared, however, that the foppish and ambitiously quaint style of some English Magazines, which circulate freely among us, may have a pernicious effect, in corrupting the taste of many, particularly the young.

Let it be also observed, in passing, that though we have nothing, yet, which we can call, without hyperbole, national literature, much is to be learned respecting our country, with which a national writer, without wishing to become an antiquarian, ought to be acquainted, if he would not be thought shamefully ignorant. Surely, any thing relating to our continent, from Greenland to Cape Horn, is more interesting to an American, than the family history of some obscure chieftain, accounts of the crude superstitions of barbarians, with whom we have no associations, or memoirs on the obsolete customs of some tribe which has longest remained out of the pale of civilization; with all which the presses of modern times have been groaning.

I contend, too, strenuously, for a point, which it scarcely seems necessary to urge, that a writer of talents, among our

own people, should devote his abilities and apply his acquirements to subjects of domestic interest; exclusively so, so far forth as his opportunities admit. Why should we do what others have done well before, and be content, at best, but with the praise of successful imitation? If an accomplished American travels, and records his adventures, and the feelings to which they gave birth, what can he say of the vestiges of antiquity which he visits, which has not been suggested before? He can, however, compare what he sees abroad, with what he left at home, and communicate, for the benefit of his countrymen, the result of such comparison, whether in their favour or against them. Is the historian to repeat the thrice-told tale of another people, when our own annals are imperfectly recorded? Is the political philosopher to be forever perplexed with the concerns of Europe, her rotten dynasties, conflicting interests, and complicated finance, without turning to our own unparalleled institutions, on which no feudal system or fungous hierarchy ever operated with their unnatural influences; which have no ancient evils to remedy, but need only beware of the introduction of errors? It should be his task to detect the appearance, and warn against the result of such admissions; to point out the proper modes of applying the powerful energies and resources of our young empire, for the good of present and future generations. Is the poet to take up the burthen of a strain, with which the hills and groves of Europe have been vocal for ages, when nature, in her unpolluted simplicity and grandeur, invites him to the festival of imaginative feeling, in the bosom of her ancient solitudes? Is the novelist to describe manners, which he can glean only from books, when our own are before him, undepicted, though rich in all the materials of satire, description and romance? Can the painter or sculptor, (if any such we should have,) find no symmetry in the vanishing forms of our aborigines; no historical incident which might live on the canvass; no worthy whose reverend image should be perpetuated in enduring marble?

The literature of a nation is its common property, and one of the strongest bonds of common feeling. More particularly does it become so, when the subject is domestic. The fame of an author who is universally admired, is part of the inheritance of every individual citizen of his country. He adds another ligament to the ties which bind a people together; and in so doing, although the immediate object of his efforts may have only been to amuse his readers, he becomes the benefactor of his country.

With such reservations and comments, I willingly concede to the writer on 'modern literature,' the necessity of studying

foreign examples; and devoutly wish that the prosecution of native literature may be conducted on principles as liberal as those he espouses. I hope, too, that he will comply with a promise, which he is so well able to perform, of lending his hand to the good work himself. Illustration, on such a subject, is better than theory.

I cannot conclude an article on domestic literature, without expressing the joy with which every intelligent observer of the signs of the times, must mark the present indications of rapid advancement. As has been recently well observed by an elegant writer, we have no cause to blush, if our national pride rests as much on just anticipations, as on our recollections of what has been. With the promise held forth by the spirit of domestic improvement, which seems now spreading wide through our country, in every department, we may soon expect an æra, when the taunts of foreign criticism will be hushed; when apology will not be necessary, and recrimination will be idle; when we may point as proudly to the imperishable labours of genius, in the fields of literature, as we now do to the discoveries of our philosophers, the inventions of our mechanists, or the triumphs of our arms.

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MICHAEL HILDESHEIM,

OR THE EVIL EFFECTS OF PROFANE SWEARING.

*A Tale from the German of Hans Von Hochberger.*

Young Michael Hildesheim was the happiest man  
In all Bavaria, till his Laura died;  
He loved her when his bosom first began  
To feel it had a want, which nought beside  
Fair woman's smile enchanting gratified,  
And fed, till it demanded more; and more  
Was given, till there was nothing left to hide  
From restless love, which sated must deplore,  
Like Philip's conquering son, its toils and labours o'er.

But Michael dwelt contented with his wife,  
Albeit the reason might be, that he could  
Enjoy her fortune only for her life,  
Which, on her dying without issue, would  
Go by devise to others of her blood.  
Michael had but one fault,—but that was great;  
He sometimes got in a splenetic mood,  
And then one's hairs would bristle on his pate,  
To hear him curse and swear at such a dreadful rate.

His wife would often say to him, 'my dear,  
 'You shock me sadly, when you thus blaspheme;  
 'Your oaths uncouth it vexes me to hear,  
 'So horrid and unnatural they seem.  
 'I've often stories heard, which true I deem,  
 'Of people stricken dead, for talking so;  
 'Besides, it's vulgar, Michael Hildesheim,  
 'To use such wretched language as you do,  
 'And I'll no more endure it, sir, I would have you know.'

The parish priest would oft her words enforce,  
 Prescribing penance, and pronouncing doom,  
 When Michael interlarded his discourse,  
 With flowers of rhetoric of novel bloom.  
 Here to transplant them all, I have no room;  
 Suffice to say, then, that in torturing speech  
 To phrases strange, his time he would consume;  
 Talking as if the devil had come to preach,  
 Until the power of words no farther length could reach.

Like Shakspeare in Sam Johnson's prologue, he  
 Exhausted language, and invented new,  
 Beyond the compass of orthography,  
 And making etymology look blue;  
 While shuddering syntax pale with terror grew,  
 With chattering teeth and dislocated frame:  
 And oh! what then can charming prosody do?  
 When the nine muses' eighteen feet were lame,  
 To make them hobble for a wager, would be a grievous shame.

So Michael's oaths imagine if you please:  
 They have supplied the navy; and you may,  
 When the loud tempests vex the chafing seas,  
 Hear volleys of them, answering, every day,  
 The angry thunder bellowing away.  
 Some years had past since Michael had been wed,  
 And offspring yet had none; which, as they say,  
 His spleen with food for much irreverence fed,  
 'Till now his wife announced she should be brought to bed.

Right glad was Michael when he heard the same;  
 Great were the preparations that took place;  
 What crowds of doctors and old ladies came  
 To give their sentiments upon the case!—  
 The muse may not her solemn verse abase,  
 Singing of caudle, cradles, caps and nurses;  
 Alas! her tears the record would efface!  
 Mother and child both died! and stifling curses  
 The husband to the grave walked after both their hearses!

'Dead! dead! my Laura and my baby both!  
 Gone! gone! my money, lands and houses fine!  
 Quoth Michael; but he spake without an oath;  
 For he was sitting in the pale moonshine,  
 Above the family vault; and tears of brine  
 Bedewed the sod that wrapt his wife and child:  
 He thought that terribly had wrath divine  
 Fallen on him, for his speech profane and wild,  
 And that his punishment ought to have been more mild.

'And oh!' he cried, 'if fate would but restore  
 'My first, my beautiful, my only love!  
 'I'll never speak irreverently more,  
 'I vow by all the holy saints above!  
 'Luxuriant fancy shall no longer rove,  
 'In quest of execrations, through our lingo;  
 'Though every cause my soul to anger move,  
 'Though I am hot with passion and with stingo,  
 'I'll curse and swear no more, by the eternal Jingo!'

He spake, and looking upwards, saw a sight,  
 Which made him feel particularly queer;  
 His Laura stood before him all in white,  
 As she was borne upon her funeral bier.  
 She stretched her hand to him, and said, 'my dear,  
 'The fates restore me to your arms again;  
 'Alive, in flesh and blood, you see me here;  
 'Your prayer is granted, while you shall refrain  
 'From taking sacred names and holy words in vain.

'But mark me, Michael, if you ever make  
 'Use of bad language, I'll be off at once—'  
 'Oh!' cried the husband, 'may the devil take  
 'Me hence, if ever I am such a dunce!  
 'I'll quarantine my organs for the nonce,  
 'And every rising naughty word rebuke:  
 'But ah me! by Diana's silver sconce,  
 'I fear me, on a phantom vague I look,  
 'And that I but behold a spectre and a *spook*.'

He took the lily hand she proffered him,  
 And it was warm and soft; and from her eye  
 Shone forth its mildly pensive, natural beam;  
 Her lips were pouting with their coral dye,  
 And Michael touched their vermeil rim to try  
 If they were good to kiss, and found they were;  
 He pressed her to his bosom with a cry  
 Of transport, and exclaimed, 'thou art my fair  
 'Lost wife; thou art no matter of moonshine or of air.'

She took his arm, and they walked home together,  
 Well pleased that thus the business had turned out;  
 A year passed on. I cannot answer whether  
 Michael could well have kept his word, without  
 His fancy had devised a round about  
 Mode of anathema, which he, at first,  
 A little inconvenient found, no doubt,  
 By figure and analogy he curst,  
 But never swore outright, tho' he was like to burst.

He swore by George, by Jingo, and by Gemini,  
 By Goles, by Goom, and great Jehosophat;  
 By Christopher Columbus and by Crimini,  
 By Gog and Magog, and the like of that;  
 Also the Holy Poker came quite pat,  
 Odsbobs, odzooks, odsniggers and morbleu;  
 With each strange phrase invention could create;  
 Such as these—rot my picture, darn my shoe,  
 Dash my wig, dang my buttons, and others not a few.

'Twas during this probation he invented  
 All the droll slang that's been in usage since ;  
 By people who with it must be contented,  
 And at a great round oath will frown and wince.  
 Thus pretty ladies words profane will mince ;  
 'Tis thus that quaker captains scold their crew ;  
 Within these bounds his tongue a parson stints ;  
 The Yankees patronize this dialect too,  
 A perfect connoisseur in which soon Michael grew.

At length his wife again became enceinte,  
 Whereat his joy was boundless ; but what pen  
 The unfortunate lover's agony can paint,  
 When a sad accident occurred again.  
 They brought him word the babe was dead—and then,  
 Forgetful of his promise, he let fly  
 A cataract of oaths and words unclean,  
 Which made the nurse soon quit his company,  
 And to her lady's room in shuddering terror hie.

But pale and speechless, she came staggering back ;  
 For Laura and the baby both had fled,  
 Having vanished thence, with a tremendous crack,  
 That shook the house, as the attendants said,  
 Who on the floor lay moveless and half dead.  
 Ere Michael heard the tale, his conscience gave  
 Of what had come to pass forebodings dread,  
 And when the news was brought, he did not rave,  
 But silently recalled his promise at the grave.

For good and all, his wife this time had flown,  
 And never more her vision crost his sight ;  
 Her heirs came soon, demanding as their own,  
 Her halls and manors, as their legal right ;  
 And sent her spouse, blaspheming on his flight,  
 From out the land ; for now the voice of fame  
 Denounced him as a sorcerer of great might ;  
 The people shrank from him, where'er he came,  
 And frightened naughty boys, all over, with his name.

At length the Pope, of Michael's talent rare  
 For malediction, heard ; and wanting much  
 To compose a Bull, that should his subjects scare,  
 Sent for the Wanderer, to invent him such,  
 Consigning sinners into Satan's clutch.  
 He found him at the business very handy,  
 And into Latin having put his Dutch,  
 Declared the thing to be the very dandy ;  
 'Tis the same Bull which you may read in Tristram Shandy.

But curses, saith the sage, are like young fowls,  
 That homeward come to roost. So Michael found ;  
 The curses he devised for other souls,  
 Fell on his own with terrible rebound.  
 For the Pope swore, that on no Christian ground  
 So blasphemous a wretch was fit to dwell ;  
 Over his head made his own thunder sound,  
 Consigning him with his own Bull to hell,  
 And banishing him forever, with candle, book and bell.

So like the Bull Piryllus built of yore,  
Wherein king Phalaris the workman placed,  
That he might be the first to make it roar,  
Was Michael by his own invention chased.  
His wanderings, thereafter, are not traced,  
But it is certain, a dog's life he led ;  
Proscribed and miserable and disgraced,  
In all strange holes he begged his daily bread,  
Till on a dunghill stretched, one day they found him dead.

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LECTURES OF CHANCELLOR KENT.

It has long been the wish of the respectable members of our bar, that some steps should be taken, by which the character of the profession might be improved, and the advocates of justice be made as pure as justice herself. To accomplish this object, various plans have been suggested, meetings have been held, and sundry projects discussed; but nothing has ever been accomplished. Its members have been suffered to proceed in their own way, some considering the profession merely as a means of acquiring wealth, some pursuing it from a sort of desperation, some as ornamental, and some, the chosen few, as the great means of rendering themselves useful to the public, without much regard to their own pecuniary prospects, or to the rank or standing it might give them in society. Deprived of those advantages, which might be derived from the brotherly feelings which are cherished by bar societies, and the associations which seem to belong to this, more than to any other profession, and having all the evils which arise from the insular situation in which every lawyer is placed, towards his fellow members, it is still somewhat consoling to reflect, that a better day may succeed us, and that those who are to supply the places we fill, may correct the evils which arise from our negligence or our fault.

Industry, well applied, with the advantages which modern books give to the student of the present day, purity of heart, and a prudent use of the advantages which belong to our local situation, are all that is wanting to make any man a respectable member of a profession, somewhat lucrative, and always, when well followed, respectable. The ordinary means of information do not require to be enlarged upon. They are to be found in the treatises upon the subject, and in occasional passages of some of the sages of the law. It is sufficient to call the attention of the young to subjects beyond these, and immediately

within our reach. Of the means to elevate professional character, we know of none of a higher nature, than the contemplation of the distinguished men who have filled or now fill its higher walks. Who is there, of a generous and liberal spirit, who can view the great men who have preceded him in his career, without feeling a generous emulation awakened in his heart? Take, for instance, the late Mr. WELLS, who almost irresistibly arrests the attention, when we think of men that the mind delights to dwell upon. With the purity of his moral deportment were blended a grace and propriety in his exterior, which would have commanded respect in an ordinary man; but which were, in him, mere ornaments, to give a higher finish to his character, a greater relish to his arguments, and more power to his eloquence; and made more endurable to the view of others the brilliancy of his transcendent genius. It is difficult to form an idea of a man more entitled to command respect and love and admiration, or more worthy to be adopted as a model, by those whose aspirations lead them to excel in professional usefulness, and to add new charms to the virtues of private life.

We should be tempted to pass an eulogy upon the character of Chancellor Kent; but propriety forbids it. He, however, has found another mode, beside the influence of his character and example, to render himself useful to the profession; and, in the place he now fills, he will perhaps do more to reform the errors of our Bar, and to raise up young men fit to ornament the profession, than could be effected by any plan, likely to be adopted by its members. It is, therefore, a matter of general congratulation, with all those who wish to see the science of law what it ought to be, that he should have accepted the professorship, for many years vacant, in Columbia College. It is now about twenty-five years, since that professorship was established. Mr. Kent, then a young man, was at that time called to the chair. His avocations, however, prevented his long continuance in its duty, and his subsequent elevation to the bench, and ultimately to the office of chancellor, led him away, for a long series of years, from this his distinguished early undertaking. Now that he has arrived at the age, when, according to the constitution, he is disqualified for holding a judicial office, and has retired to private life, amid the regrets of the bar and of the public, he has renewed with all the vigour and energy of a young man, the pursuits of his youth; and has left the highest appointment in the state, and set himself with an honourable ambition, to instruct the young and to lead them through the paths of that science which, without an intelligent

guide, seems to be full of intricate mazes and perplexities. We cannot refrain from quoting the following passages from his introductory lecture.

"It has appeared to me worthy of an effort, to give to the study of the law, in our own state, a more accurate and scientific character, than it has hitherto usually received. I am persuaded of the utility of the design; and if it should not eventually succeed, it must be imputed to the magnitude of the undertaking, and the want of ability, or courage, or perseverance in the execution. But allowances will, no doubt, be made, and will be largely required, for the deficiencies of this first experiment, probably prematurely commenced, and appearing in the shape of a broken and very imperfect course. It has certainly been contemplated with painful anxiety, lest it should totally disappoint the expectations which may have been excited."

"When I pass my eye over the vast field of knowledge, which lies within the circle of law, and pause to observe the labours of the eminent jurists who have devoted their time and talents to the cultivation of the science, I am truly distrustful of my ability to shed any new light upon the path we are to pursue. My aim will be utility—direct, plain, practical utility. After a certain age and portion of experience, the sense of duty becomes a stronger principle of action, than the love of reputation. I wish not to raise delusive expectations of being able to give any very deep interest to the study of the law, or to add much embellishment or value to the beautiful and costly fabric of jurisprudence, which we are to survey. My wishes will be abundantly gratified, if I shall be able to designate, with judgment and accuracy, the true course of legal studies, and the road to professional eminence; and successfully to aid and encourage the student, and the younger members of the bar, in their manly purposes and generous exertions."

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"But my purpose is not to pronounce an eulogy on the profession. It is merely to remind the student, as well as the lawyer, of the gravity of his pursuit and the dignity of the trust. Knowledge is of slow acquisition; the fruit of steady, close and habitual application. It appears to be the general order and design of Providence, manifested in the constitution of our nature, that every thing valuable in human acquisition, should be the result of toil and labour. Life itself is a state of mental discipline, for a being destined for immortality; and the formation of any character, which is to command the homage of its own age and to descend with honour to posterity, by means of its moral power and intellectual greatness, can only be the result of hard and inflexible endurance in duty. Knowledge alone is not sufficient for pure and lasting fame. It is mischievous and even dangerous, unless it be regulated by moral principle. If the young lawyer intends to render himself truly useful to mankind, if he expects to be a blessing and not a scourge to his fellow citizens, he must cherish in his own bosom, and inculcate by precept and practice, a firm and animated zeal for justice. It must follow him in all his practical pursuits, as a living and invigorating principle of action. He must likewise cultivate, throughout all his forensic concerns, and vexatious details of business, an habitual candour, and a sacred love for truth. The consequences will be most benign, both to his temper and character. No man preserves in his heart a constant and lively sense of justice, without being insensibly led to cherish the benevolent affections. Those affections sharpen the perceptions of the moral sense, and give energy and a proper direction to all the noble powers of the understanding. The observation which I have somewhere met with, is no less profound than striking, that wisdom is as much the offspring of the heart as of the head."

In this enlarged and liberal spirit, does this profound jurist and accomplished scholar speak of the requisites of the lawyer, and of the objects he has undertaken to accomplish. We are mistaken if the benefits of his labours do not far surpass those which he anticipates; for we think, in addition to the enlarged and yet precise knowledge of the science he will convey to his pupils, his precepts will serve to awaken the best springs of action, and the most liberal sentiments and feelings, amongst all those who are so fortunate as to listen to his instructions. It is something to feel that there is nothing so evil in the characters or principles of those with whom we daily mingle in society, as to poison or corrupt the moral sense in ourselves. But how delightful is it, to be conscious, not only that we are safe in this respect; not only that there will be no temptations to evil, but that we shall be made to see and feel that moral character is no less beautiful in itself, than a necessary prerequisite in every man who would wish to obtain professional knowledge and reputation.

The course for the present season was concluded on the 18th instant, and comprised thirty lectures, principally upon the two great divisions of the rights of persons and the rights of things; and under this head real and personal property, besides several incidental lectures connected with the main design. Of the incidental lectures, we should select those on the reports of adjudged cases, on the principal treatises of law, and on the civil law, as most interesting. Amid all the variety of reports and treatises, it is difficult for the uninitiated to select those which are entitled to most confidence and respect; and it is, therefore, of material benefit, to have the advice of an experienced and able friend and instructor, to teach us how to choose those authors on whose learning, faithfulness and accuracy we may safely rely. Chancellor Kent divided the reporters into two classes; those before and those since the revolution of 1688. To several of the reporters of our own country, he paid a just and handsome tribute of respect; selecting, as most important, the Reports of the Supreme Court of the United States, Gallison and Mason's Reports of the first Circuit Court of the United States, Tyng's Massachusetts Reports, and the elegant and highly finished volumes of Mr Johnson. The lecture on law treatises was equally interesting; and we were gratified by the manner in which he mentioned the treatises of Judge Reeve, Livermore on Agency, and other works honourable to American jurists. The plain and practical manner in which the Professor explained and illustrated some

of his difficult subjects, commanded our particular admiration; that, for instance, of contingent remainders and executory devises, the *pons asinotum* of law, and which he had the art to explain in a manner as simple as Barrow, while he gave it all the elegance of Simpson.

He also explained, satisfactorily, the nature of tenure in this state, and the peculiarities arising from our local situation and laws, as to some of the incidents connected with the mode of our holding real estates. Several of the lectures were complete and finished treatises upon some of the subjects of personal property; as, for instance, those on the contract of sale, on bailments, and on negotiable paper. Apart from the utility of these lectures, as explaining and making simple the more difficult subjects, and furnishing correct views and much learning upon all those embraced within the circle of the law, we have observed already some of the effects which the influence and character of such a man as Chancellor Kent are certain to produce upon the minds of his pupils; and we trust that the spirit which he has excited will produce, as we think it must, good fruits. Apart, also, from the moral effects, it is most desirable that all who mean to practice law should embrace, within the course of their studies, the different branches which are in any way connected with the science. It is too much the practice, to confine the attention to those branches, merely, which are useful in the particular line of business in which members of the profession may happen to be engaged. Our city lawyers, for instance, pay comparatively little attention to the subject of real property; and the country lawyers to commercial law. We suspect both classes, (if we may so term them,) to be quite deficient in a knowledge of the civil law, and also of constitutional law, that boast of our country,—the great fabric, under Providence, next to the virtue of our people, on which depend the liberties of this free and enlightened republic. There is another important benefit, which Professor Kent will confer upon the student. He will explain the peculiarities that belong to our law as distinguishing it from that of England. Blackstone's Commentaries furnish him with an easy mode of access to a general and beautiful outline of that law; but we have peculiarities, resulting from our customs, the laws of our legislature, and, above all, from our state constitution, and the constitution of the union. We have yet no American Blackstone, to lead us to a knowledge of these differences; but we must search for them in our digests and statutes; find out some of them by experience; and still remain, for years, perhaps,

utterly ignorant of some of our local laws and customs. An experienced instructor, who can aid us in our difficulties, and has the inclination as well as ability to inform us as to all these points, who will save us the labour we might bestow upon subjects of no utility, as connected with our country, and prevent our imbibing wrong notions of American jurisprudence, must benefit, no less from the instruction he will impart, than from the loss of time, the labour and discouragements he may prevent. We do, therefore, consider it as of the utmost importance to young men of this city, and indeed of the country in general, that Chancellor Kent should be induced to proceed in the execution of the plan he has so auspiciously commenced. He will give them more enlarged views upon the subject, and induce them to extend the line of their studies; or if he does not create this desire, he will at least make them acquainted with the outlines and general principles of its various branches. At the conclusion of the syllabus of the first course, Chancellor Kent has added the following postscript:

“ The present course terminates with this 30th lecture; but the Professor has it in contemplation to commence a new course of Law Lectures the ensuing autumn. If he should venture to re-assume the duty, (and timely notice would, in that case be given,) the next course would probably commence as early as the beginning of November, and would be much more comprehensive in the plan, and much more enlarged and accurate in the details. Many subjects would then be discussed, which have now been unavoidably omitted. The attempt would be made, also, to give a full and correct examination of the criminal code of this state, and to embrace a general view of the law of nations and of the constitutional polity, and civil jurisprudence of the government of the United States.”

The emoluments arising from the lectures have, we believe, been liberal, and the professor has probably been, in some degree, remunerated for the time and labour he has bestowed upon the course. But without considering the adequacy of the compensation he may possibly receive from voluntary subscriptions, we should suppose it worthy the attention of the legislature, to secure his services by giving to the professorship an ample and liberal endowment. It is no less important to afford the means of education for the several professions, than to furnish its rudiments to all classes. We must have a class of educated men, fit for the several professions, and we must give them the means, not only to gain that general course of information which is taught in our colleges, but also that which belongs to the particular profession which they are designed to fill. Divinity, medicine, arms, are perhaps the most important of what are

usually called the professions ; but those who know that the profession of law has always furnished the most zealous assertors and defenders of liberty in this and other countries, cannot believe it far behind the others in utility. When it is considered too, that some of the rights of almost every man must at times become the subject of legal inquiry, that all are privileged to serve as jurors, and may be called upon to act in other capacities, it seems as if the interests of all were concerned in the education of able, upright and learned lawyers, fitted by their habits to be legal advisers, and willing, from their sense of duty, to act at all times, and at any hazard, as the advocates of right and justice. The claims of Columbia College for liberality on the part of the legislature, are equal, perhaps superior, to those of any other in the state. We are quite indifferent as to its early history and progress ; but it has sent forth from its walls some of the ablest assertors of American rights ; some of the best soldiers of our armies ; and some of the greatest ornaments of American science and literature. We believe that this institution has never received any efficient legislative aid. If properly cherished, it must hereafter, from its local advantages, have a most extensive influence over the minds and character of our citizens ; and through them, over the whole state and country. As another reason for endowing the professorship of law, we will mention that it has always seemed to us a duty, on the part of the state, to provide employment for such of her servants as have faithfully, for a long series of years, discharged important public trusts. The legislature of Virginia, with a liberality and wisdom which often mark the councils of that state, has employed Mr. Jefferson, in his old age, to superintend the execution of a project, for endowing a literary institution on a large scale. Why should not New-York emulate so respectable an example, by employing some of those who have passed the best part of their lives in her service, in bringing to perfection plans, by which to secure a succession of able men, fitted to perform the most arduous public duties.

It is not solely on account of Chancellor Kent, or of mere present utility, that we wish to see the professorship he now so ably fills, well endowed ; but because we wish to see a succession of lecturers like himself, connected with our college. We cannot always have his services, though we trust they may be preserved to us for many years ; but our wish is, that the professorship may never again be suffered to remain for any length of time unoccupied.

## THE FINE ARTS.

We have often regretted, in common with many of our fellow citizens, the little attention hitherto bestowed upon the Fine Arts in our city. From whatever cause this has arisen; whether it has been owing to want of taste in our citizens, or to their exclusive pursuit of mercantile occupations; the fact is nevertheless as we have stated; and as inhabitants of the great commercial metropolis of America, it has often called up a blush upon our cheeks. The importance and utility of a cultivated taste are obvious; and yet, it would seem, that we require to be persuaded of its advantages. This inattention to the Fine Arts cannot be attributed to any parsimonious spirit; for, it is well known that benevolence is the grand characteristic of the present day. But, whilst innumerable charities, founded in the purest motives, and endowed with munificent liberality, attest the benevolence of our citizens, where shall we look for the evidences of their taste? We have laboured arduously to lay the foundation of the column of our liberties; we have been busily employed in polishing its surface, and reducing it to the most perfect symmetry, and it is now time that we set about adorning it with a Corinthian capital. Amidst this almost universal apathy, we are pleased to observe, that the cause of the Fine Arts has been lately advocated with a zeal and an eloquence that command our warmest approbation. We allude to the address delivered at the opening of the Tenth Exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts in this city, by Gulian C. Verplanck, Esq.;\* and whether we regard that address in reference to the classical purity of its style, the fervour of its eloquence, or the liberal and enthusiastic spirit which breathes through its pages, we are disposed to consider it a valuable addition to our stock of national literature. There is an enthusiasm connected with the Fine Arts, which, we are persuaded, every one whose taste has been in the least degree cultivated must feel. This chord has been touched by the author of the address, and it has been touched by a master-hand. Without attempting to analyse the address (for we presume no man who values the literature of his country has neglected to read it) we shall make some pretty copious extracts, which will serve the double purpose of embellishing the pages of our magazine, and also of jus-

\* An Address delivered at the opening of the Tenth Exhibition of the American Academy of the Fine Arts. By Gulian C. Verplanck. New-York. Charles Wiley. 1824. 8vo. pp. 45.

tifying ourselves from the charge of over-strained and exaggerated praise into which we may, perhaps, appear to have fallen.

After expressing his 'regret that the venerable President of the Academy was compelled by domestic calamity to relinquish the performance of that duty, which, at the request of his associates, he had taken upon himself,' and paying a deserved compliment to that 'distinguished artist,' the orator proceeds to speak of the foundation of the academy, and the illustrious men who were its original founders and patrons. He states that 'various circumstances have unfortunately conspired to hinder it from realizing all the sanguine hopes of its early friends, and to interrupt or destroy that unity of action among our few artists and men of taste, which could alone give to it that wide and lasting utility of which it is capable, and thus render it a deserving object of the pride of our city and state.' But he 'indulges the hope' (in which we cordially join with him) 'that brighter prospects are about to open on us.' He then 'invites the attention of his audience to the consideration of the uses and value of the FINE ARTS; not so much with reference to the private studies and pleasures of the artist or the amateur, but, as they deservedly recommend themselves to the notice of the patriot and the philanthropist, as they are fitted to add to the comforts, and multiply the innocent enjoyments of life, to adorn and dignify the aspect of society, to give impulse and exercise to the latent talent, and fresh lustre to the glories of our nation, and by their moral influence upon all classes, to animate patriotism, "to raise the genius, and to mend the heart."'

The following remarks we would particularly recommend to the notice of those patriotic citizens who graduate every thing by the scale of economy.

"That quick sensibility to the beauties of form and proportion, that relish for purity of design and simplicity of execution, which result from a familiarity with works of taste, have a still wider, and (though less distinctly perceptible in their operation) scarcely a less practical influence, upon most of the arts of civilization, upon commerce and manufactures. The beneficial effect of good taste is to be found, even where you would least suspect its presence. It every where silently excludes wanton superfluity, or useless expenditure in labour or ornament. It inculcates a wise and dignified economy. It prompts art to achieve its ends by the simplest means. It gives to its productions all the durability and elegance of which they may be susceptible, by lending to them those forms, proportions, combinations of colours and agreeable associations, which, because they are most simply and obviously fitted to their peculiar purposes, or are congruous to natural principles of man's physical or moral constitution, have pleased for ages, and will ever continue to please; whilst the caprices of fashion, or the cumbersome splendours of gaudy luxury, are inevitably doomed to become, in a very few years, offensive or ridiculous."

"Good taste is always the parent of utility. While in works of public dignity it attains the grandest results by the simplest means; in private edifices, it suppresses false and gaudy ornament, it prevents all sacrifice of convenience to ostentation, it attempts no unattainable magnificence, no combinations of irreconcilable qualities. When it is once firmly established, and good models have become familiar, it diffuses its influence abroad on every side, directs the labours of the mechanic, and, where it cannot appear in positive excellence, is scarcely less useful in banishing all that is unnecessary and incongruous, even to the smallest details."

The author then speaks of the architecture of this country, and says truly, that 'there is no walk of the elegant arts in which our defects in science and taste are more palpable than in that of architecture.' If, as was said by Mr. Jefferson, 'the genius of architecture seems to have shed her maledictions over this land,' our good city of New-York seems to have received a double share. Whilst some of the neighbouring cities of our country have, within a few years past, erected buildings in pure taste and upon classical models, there is not a single public edifice in our city to which we can refer the inquiring stranger with pride or satisfaction. If any thing can rouse us from our slumbers, it must be such eloquence as the following.

"There is, in fact, scarcely any single circumstance which can contribute more powerfully towards elevating the reputation of a people abroad, than the grandeur or beauty of their public structures. nor is there any manner in which a republican government can so appropriately exhibit its munificence. The tinsel trappings, the robes and pageantry of office, which have been affected by some free states, or states striving to be free, are not in harmony with the general simplicity of republican manners, and in their own nature are almost as selfish as the show and pomp of patrician luxury. They may gratify or inflate the individual, who, so bedecked, struts his restless hour on the stage of public life, but they add little dignity to the state which bestows them. But a noble hall for the purposes of legislation or justice, or a grand pile of buildings for the uses of learning, is the immediate property of the people, and forms a portion of the inheritance of the humblest citizen. An enlightened patriotism should, indeed, rest upon much more solid ground, but no man, who knows and feels that, even in our best and wisest moments, we can never become wholly creatures of reason, will object to the aid of local pride and natural association, to strengthen and animate his love of country. The ancient legislators understood the force of such principles well. In the mind of an ancient Greek, the history of his country, her solemn festivals, her national rites, her legislation, her justice, were indissolubly combined with the images of every thing that was beautiful or sublime in art. Every scholar knows, too, how much the remembrance of the *Capitolii Arx alta*, the lofty majesty of the capitol, entered into every sentiment of love and veneration, which the Roman citizen, when Rome was free, entertained for his native city. That venerable and vast structure had been reared at the very commencement of the commonwealth, by some of its greatest men, on a scale of grandeur and magnificence, far beyond the needs or the wealth of the times, in a spirit prophetic of the future empire of Rome. Unlike the short-lived architectural works of our own country, which scarcely outlast their founders, it stood for centuries, a wit-

ness, as it were, and partaker of all Rome's triumphs and greatness, a silent and awful monitor, frowning rebuke upon her crimes and factions.

"When danger threatened from without, or civil discord raged within—when the Carthaginian was at the gates, or brother was armed against brother in the Forum, it was there, that the sublime conception of a great and classical modern painter was again and again more than realized; for the rebellious or the timid remembered that they were Romans, when, in their mind's eye, they beheld on the sacred walls of the Capitol, the armed Genius of their country, followed by Fortune as her faithful and obedient companion, and casting upon them a withering look of reproof."

The orator closes his review of architecture in the following manner :

"I could willingly dilate much longer on this subject. Without pretending to any exact science in this department, I have always found its study full of peculiar charms. In its philosophy it is connected with the most refined and curious speculations of intellectual science; in its theory, it brings together in very singular, yet most harmonious union, the rigid and exact rules of mathematics, and the undefinable and unexpressible, but not less certain, laws of sentiment and taste; in its history, it is throughout interwoven with that of the progress of society, of national character, and of genius; in its practice, it contributes at every moment to private happiness and public grandeur."

He then 'passes on to the sister Art of Painting,' and discourses of its beauties in a strain of musical language and elevated sentiment, which constantly reminds us of an author of kindred genius, whose name is dear to every American. We are tempted to make more extracts from this part of the address, but we are conscious that by giving detached passages, we only mar the beauty of the whole. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with quoting the following sentiments, which, we are sure, will find an echo in the bosom of every lover of his country.

"Foreign criticism has contemptuously told us, that the national pride of Americans rests more upon the anticipations of the future, than on the recollections of the past. Allowing for a little malicious exaggeration, this is not far from the truth. It is so. It ought to be so. Why should it not be so? Our national existence has been quite long enough, and its events sufficiently various, to prove the value and permanence of our civil and political establishments; to dissipate the doubts of their friends, and disappoint the hopes of their enemies. Our past history is to us the pledge, the earnest, the type of the greater future. We may read in it the fortunes of our descendants, and with an assured confidence look forward to a long and continued advance in all that can make a people great. If this is a theme full of proud thoughts, it is also one that should penetrate us with a deep and solemn sense of duty. Our humblest honest efforts to perpetuate the liberties, or animate the patriotism of this people, to purify their morals or to excite their genius, will be felt long after, in a widening sphere, until they reach a distant posterity, to whom our very names may be unknown. Every swelling wave of our doubling and still doubling population, as it rolls from the Atlantic coast, inland, onward towards the Pacific, will bear upon its bosom the influence of the taste, learning, morals, freedom of this generation."

Were we to select all the fine passages, our quotations would  
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be swelled to a much greater extent. But we trust we have given enough to justify our favourable opinion of the merits of the address. It is the offspring of a richly cultivated mind, and our only regret is, that the author was obliged to treat some of the topics with so much brevity and rapidity.

We should be wanting in our duty did we omit to notice the engraving on the title-page. It is a fine head of West, by Durand, a native artist, who, if he proceeds in his career with the same rapid strides with which he has already advanced, will soon rival the most celebrated engravers of Europe.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to say a few words about the present exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts. It is decidedly superior to any previous exhibition, and the paintings are, for the most part, arranged with taste and judgment. It gave us pleasure to observe so many paintings of merit, by native artists, which evince an improvement that will always correspond to the fostering care of public patronage. There are also some originals by the great masters of the art; among which the "Virgin and Child," by Raffaele, struck us as singularly beautiful. We do not know the history of this picture, nor whether its claims to originality are undoubted; but the more we examined it, the more were we convinced that it is at least worthy of the pencil of Raffaele.

But, to our minds, the principal charm of the present exhibition consists in the casts of some of the finest sculptures of Canova. Without pretending to be connoisseurs in that noble art, we frankly confess that it was with no ordinary emotion we first beheld the light, the graceful, the "aërial Hebe," the fine anatomy and muscular power of the "Creugas and Damoxenus," and the nameless, numberless, exquisite charms of the "Graces." If such sensations (thought we) are produced by the casts, what a wonderful effect must not the marble have? The attitude of the "boxers" appeared to us singular, and totally irreconcilable with our ideas of the *science*; and it was not till we had referred to Pausanias that we were aware how closely Canova had adhered to the original story. Creugas and Damoxenus were engaged in boxing at the Nemean games, when night came on, and neither of them had obtained the victory. They then agreed that each should stand to receive the blow of the other. The kind of cestus which they used, was composed of leathern thongs, twisted together, and bound around the hollow of the hand, so as to leave the fingers naked. Damoxenus received the blow of Creugas upon his head. He then requested Creugas to remove his hands, when he immediately plunged his straight fingers into the body of Creugas just below the ribs, and actually disembowelled him before all the spectators. Creugas died on the spot. But Damoxenus did not enjoy any advantage

from his deceit, for the Nemean crown of victory was placed upon the head of Creugas, although dead, and a statue was afterwards erected to his memory. Damoxenus was driven into ignominious exile. The sculptor has seized upon the moment of time, when Damoxenus is preparing to give the blow, and his antagonist, with calm and collected vigour, and not suspecting any foul play, stands ready to receive it.\*

The possession of these fine casts we consider of great importance to our improvement in the arts. Who knows but that the inspection of these admirable models may arouse the dormant genius of some American Canova, whose wonder-working chisel may make the marble breathe, and "chain us to the chariot of Triumphal Art?"

It is indeed too true that the Fine Arts have been hitherto neglected in our land; yet, with the author of the elegant address we have just noticed, we think that we perceive the dawn of a brighter day, and we hope ere long to see the time when our votaries of Sculpture and "her rainbow sister," no longer forced to seek, in foreign climes, an appropriate sphere for the exertion of their talents, shall find, at home, an ample reward for all their genius and all their toil, in the applause of an admiring country.

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*To the Editor of the Atlantic Magazine.*

MR. EDITOR,

Among all the puffs and accounts that have been given in the papers of the Linnæan Celebration, Chatham Theatre, and your Atlantic Magazine, I am somewhat surprised that no notice has hitherto been taken of the portrait of Simon Bolivar, the South American patriot, now exhibiting at the Academy of Arts.

\* For the amusement of our classical readers, we insert the original passage, of which we have not attempted to give a literal translation, but merely the general outline.

Ἔσκες δὲ καὶ Ἀργείους εἶδαι ἐπὶ Κρώγῃ ποιεῖσάντας Ἐπιδαμνίῳ πύκτῃ καὶ γὰρ Ἀργεῖοι τεθνηῶτι ἰδεῖν τῷ Κρώγῃ τὸν Νημειῶν τὸν στήσανον, ὅτι ὁ πρὸς αὐτὸν μαχόμενος Δαμοξένος Συρακοῦσις παρήν τὰ ὁμολογημένα σφίσι ἐς ἀλλήλους. ἐφίξεν μὲν γὰρ ἡμιόλιον ἰσπύρα πυκνῶσιν αὐτοῖς συνίδεστο δὲ ἐς ἱππικόν, ἀπὸ μίγος τὸν ἕτερον ὑποσχθεῖν αὐτῶν τῷ ἑτέρῳ πληγὴν. τοῖς δὲ πυκνῶσιν οὐκ ἦν παρὰ τὴν καὶ αὐτὰ ἡμῶς ὄψεσθαι ἐπὶ τῷ καρπῷ τῆς χειρὸς ἑκατέρου, ἀλλὰ ταῖς μυήλαις ἐπὶ ἰππικῶν, ὑπὸ τῷ κοίλῳ δόντες τῆς χειρὸς, ἵνα οἱ δακτύλοι σφίσι ἀπολείπονται γυμνοί. οἱ δὲ ἐκ βοίας ἡμῶς ἰμῶντες λεπτοὶ τρόπῳ τινὰ δεχάειον πεπλεγμένοι δὲ ἀλλήλων ἦσαν αἱ μυήλαι. τότε οὖν ὁ μὲν τὴν πληγὴν ἀφῆκε ἐς τοῦ Δαμοξένου τὴν καρπὸν ὁ δὲ ἀνασχθεῖν τὴν χεῖρα ὁ Δαμοξένος ἐκείνου τὸν Κρώγαν ἀνασχόντος δὲ, παύσας τοὺς δακτύλους ἱρδοῦς ὑπὸ τὴν πληγὴν ὑπὸ δὲ ἡμῶς τε τῶν ὀνύχων καὶ βίας τῆς πληγῆς τὴν χεῖρα ἐς τὸ ἐντὸς καθέει, καὶ ἰσχυρόμενος τῷ σπλάγχθῳ ἐς τὸ ἐκτὸς ἔλκει ἀπὸ ῥῆξος καὶ οὐ μὴν τὴν ψυχὴν αἰτίῃα ὁ Κρώγας ἀφίησιν. οἱ δὲ Ἀργεῖοι τὸν Δαμοξένον, ὅτε τὰ συγκαύματα ὑπερβόητα, καὶ ἀντὶ μᾶς κεχηρμένον πολλὰ ἐς τὸν ἀντίπαλον ταῖς πληγαῖς ἐξελαιούσιν. τῷ Κρώγῃ δὲ τὴν ἴσην τεθνηῶτι ἰδεῖν, καὶ ποιεῖσάντο εἰκόνα ἐν Ἀργεῖ.

As this is the first specimen of South American talent that has been exhibited in our city, I send you a short account of the painting, in order that our citizens may be induced to visit it, and enabled duly to appreciate its beauties when they do so. The picture, which is ornamented by a superb gilt frame, of Parker's best make, hangs on the south walk of the Gallery, between the portraits of Mahomet, and Christopher Columbus; and the three together form a tasty and classical trio. The general appears in his full regimental dress, consisting of a blue coat of superfine broad cloth, with scarlet facing and cuffs, plentifully studded with gold lace and buttons, and a pair of crimson casimere pantaloons, up the sides of which creep gracefully two olive vines, done also in gold lace; a rich sash of velvet and gold encircles his waist; the badge of the legion of honour decorates his left breast; and a portly pair of epaulettes marks his rank, and completes the contour of his shoulders. The artist has very happily chosen the point of time just after a battle, to represent the hero. From the attitude, and expression of countenance, he seems like Hotspur, fatigued with fight, and smarting from his wounds; and supports himself gracefully on his broad sword in one hand, and a gold-headed cane with tassels in the other. In this position, the line of beauty is admirably preserved; and the dignity of the patriot general is very happily blended with the lassitude of the fatigued warrior. The back ground of the picture is smoke-coloured, which indicates the point of time, and gives great effect and relief to the brilliant colouring of the coat and pantaloons. If it were not for this, we have no doubt several horses might be seen in the picture. But it is on the face that the artist has bestowed his greatest pains; and it is here his consummate skill is most evinced. This is also of a smoke colour, or rather of the colour of smoked beef; and with the large whiskers and mustachios, would impress the beholder with the idea of martial sternness, almost approaching to ferocity, did not the expanded forehead, the arched brow, and the pensive eye, mitigate the severity of its expression, and give it a character of mildness and magnanimity. The disbevelled hair is also in fine *keeping*, and straying gracefully over the forehead, gives an imaginative character to the *tout ensemble* of the features. If any fault were to be found, it might be, perhaps, with the mustachio under the nose, which has rather too thick and heavy an appearance, though I cannot entirely agree with a critical old gentleman in spectacles, whom I overheard observing, that it looked like a mouse, or a large quid of tobacco, balanced on the general's under lip. The hands, which it is well known to artists, are the most difficult parts of a portrait, are managed with great skill; though there is some

doubt whether the painter meant to give the general a pair of dogskin gloves, or whether the olive tawny tint is meant to represent the bloody dust and dirt of the battle, or the general's own natural skin. I am, myself, inclined to the latter opinion.

In point of style, the picture is perfectly *unique*, though the artist combines some of the excellencies of the best painters both ancient and modern. There is, for instance, the grandeur and simplicity of Titian, the boldness and daring strength of Rembrandt, the chasteness and delicacy of Vandyke, the grace of Corregio, and the brilliant colouring and truth to nature of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is a picture which rivets the attention of the beholder; which, when once seen, will never be forgotten; to which the eye insensibly turns again and again; and on which the mind delights to dwell when absent. It is, in fact, the very *beau ideal* of a general, a patriot, and a warrior; and while we congratulate the Academy on its possession, we advise the citizens generally to visit the picture, and judge for themselves of the truth of our remarks. J.

P. S. I also send you, Mr. Editor, an *impromptu sonnet*, which a poetical friend composed, in a moment of enthusiasm, while gazing at the portrait.

*Sonnet' on the Picture of His Excellency Simon Bolivar.*

In dogskin gloves, and regimentals blue,  
See Simon stand the terror of old Spain;  
With long toledo, and gold headed cane,  
And gaudy small clothes of a crimson hue.  
Though Christopher Columbus on his right,  
Seems ready to despatch his broken egg  
At Simon's pate; and Mahomet that great Turk,  
Views the fierce looking 'Christian dog' with fright;  
And the pale lady on the opposite peg,  
Seems half inclined his company to shirk;  
Yet the firm chieftain never moves a leg,  
But panoplied with broad sword, cane and dirk,  
Appears to say, as plain as canvass can,  
I am a hero—and a handsome man.

*Note.*—Since writing the above I have been informed that the picture has been removed into the Director's room of the Academy, and its place supplied by the 'portrait of a gentleman.'

*NOTE BY THE EDITOR.*—We have inserted this sonnet with much reluctance; but trust that none of our readers will suppose that any disrespect can be intended to the hero of South America; or confound the original with the picture described by our correspondent.

*Lines written on seeing the device on a seal, of a man guiding a small boat, with his eye fixed on a star, and this motto, 'Si je te perds, je suis perdu.'*

The tempest howls, the waves swell high,  
Upwards I cast my anxious eye,  
And fix my gaze, amidst the storm,  
Upon thy bright and heavenly form.  
Angel of mercy ! beam to save ;  
See tossing on the furious wave,  
My little bark is sorely prest,  
Oh ! guide me to some port of rest ;  
Shine on, and all my fears subdue,  
*Si je te perds, je suis perdu.*

To catch the ray, my aching sight  
Shall pierce the gloomy mists of night ;  
But if, amidst the driving storm,  
Dark clouds should hide thy glittering form,  
In vain each swelling wave I breast,  
Which rushes on with foaming crest ;  
'Mid the wild breakers' furious roar,  
O'erwhelm'd I sink to rise no more.  
Shine out to meet my troubled view,  
*Si je te perds, je suis perdu.*

Then if I catch the faintest gleam,  
Onward I'll rush beneath the beam,  
And fast the winged waves shall bear,  
My form upon the midnight air,  
Nor know my breast one anxious fear,  
For I am safe if thou art near.  
Lead onward, then, while I pursue,  
*Si je te perds, je suis perdu.*

So may the star of Bethlehem's beam,  
With holy lustre mildly gleam,  
To guide my soul with sacred light  
Amidst the gloom of error's night ;  
Its cheering ray shall courage give,  
Midst seas of doubt my hope shall live ;  
Tho' dark and guilty fears may storm,  
Bright peers above its radiant form ;  
Tho' seen by all, yet sought by few,  
*Si je te perds, je suis perdu*

Within my heart the needle lies  
That upward points me to the skies ;  
The tides may swell, the breakers roar,  
And threaten soon to whelm me o'er ;  
Their wildest fury I defy—  
While on that star I keep my eye,  
My trembling bark shall hold her way,  
Still guided by its sacred ray,  
To whose bright beam is homage due,  
*Si je te perds, je suis perdu.*

Soon to illumine those threatening skies,  
 The Sun of righteousness shall rise,  
 And on my soul his glories pour;  
 Securely then my bark I'll moor  
 Within that port where all are blest—  
 The haven of eternal rest.  
 Shine onward, then, and guide me through,  
*Si je te perds, je suis perdu.*

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SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**GEOLOGY.**—The numerous and enormous detached masses of granite, found in different parts of the world, have for a long time exercised the ingenuity of geologists. M. Chabrier, of Montpellier, has written a book, to prove that these masses came from a planet which fell upon the earth; and, like most geologists, generalizing from a single assumed fact, he infers that the water of the planet fell first upon us and produced the deluge; this was followed by a shower of rocks, and he attempts to show that it is not impossible but that human beings might have come down likewise, and produced the different races of mankind.

**Mineralogy.**—The Journal d'Agri. du Royaume des Pays-bas, for October, 1823, mentions that an enormous mountain of iron, almost entirely native, has been recently discovered in Washington Co. Missouri!! Our own mineralogists have been very negligent in not announcing this curious fact.

The supposed conversion of charcoal into diamond, by the application of intense heat, as announced by Professor Silliman, has excited much attention. Mr. Van Uxem, of Georgia, has lately examined this pretended diamond, and has satisfactorily ascertained it to be metallic iron.

A new mineral from Saybrook, Con. has lately been discovered by Mr. G. F. Bowen. Mr. B. has published an analysis of this mineral, and called it *Sillimanite*, in honour of Professor Silliman, of Yale College. We know of none more deserving of the honour than this distinguished Professor, whose labours have contributed so much to the advancement of science in our country; but should this system of nomenclature be continued, mineralogy will present, in the course of a few years, an unintelligible jargon. It is always practicable to give a name to a new substance, expressive of its nature. We have already, in the United States, the Jeffersonite, Maclurite, Cleavelandite, &c., and upon looking over a late English journal, we perceive three new minerals described under the respective names of Hopeite, Childrenite, and Somervillite.

**Zoology.**—A species of shrew has been lately discovered by Professor Savi, in Tuscany, to which he has given the name of *Sorex etruscus*. It is the smallest of all known quadrupeds, and less even than some insects. Its length is about one inch and a half, and its weight 36 grains.

One of the teeth of the *Mastodon*, or Mammoth, as it is sometimes improperly called, was presented a few days since by Mr. W. Moore to the Lyceum of Natural History. A party of gentlemen immediately set out for the spot from whence the tooth was said to have been procured. They were so fortunate as to discover, on the farm of Mr. William Croxson, nearly the entire skeleton of this enormous animal. The liberality of that gentleman enabled the exploring party to procure almost every part of the skeleton. It is now in the Cabinet of the Lyceum. This is the first time, to the best of our knowledge, that any remains of this huge animal have been discovered in the state of New-Jersey.

Dr. Mitchell is at present engaged in investigating the structure of the very curious reptile from Georgia, known to naturalists under the name of *Siren*. He has recently received six of these animals in their living state, and we understand that he proposes to distribute them among the different scientific societies in this city, of which he is a member.

**Arts.**—The experiment of covering a ship's bottom with leather, instead of copper, has recently been tried in this port. The expense is estimated to be much less than that of copper, which it is necessary to renew frequently. Sir Humphrey Davy has, however, announced that copper fastened by tin nails, will remain uninjured for any definite period.

The experiments of Mr. Faraday, of England, on the condensation of the gases promise to be of the highest utility. If means can be discovered of governing these gases properly, they may probably supersede the use of steam, and change the face of mechanical science. 'In applying the condensed gases as mechanical agents,' says Sir Humphrey Davy, 'the apparatus must be at least as strong as that used by Mr. Perkins in his high pressure engine; but the small differences of temperature, required to produce an elastic force, equal to the pressure of many atmospheres, will render the explosion extremely small; and if future experiments should realize the views here developed, the mere difference of temperature between sunshine and shade, or air and water, or the effects of evaporation from a moist surface, will be sufficient to produce results which have hitherto been obtained only by a great expenditure of fuel.' We refer the curious inquirer to the "London Annals of Philosophy" for farther details.

LETTERS FROM A FRENCH GENTLEMAN.

*New-York, —, 1823.*

I WAS sitting this morning at breakfast, when the servant presented me with that constant purveyor of the insatiable appetite for novelty, which here universally prevails,—the newspaper. It received a heartier welcome than usual ; for I perceived that one of the Havre packets had arrived, and that more than one column was filled with intelligence from that spot which holds all that is dear to me on earth. Singular paradox ! that in proportion as we are removed from the immediate and entire contemplation of those objects to which we are attached, does the original sentiment increase in vigour and intensity. I know there is much to blame in France,—I know that twice treason and corruption have triumphed over the pledged honour and the nascent liberties of Frenchmen ; yet I could not but repeat to myself the lines of the English poet, penetrated with a painful but honourable emotion :

—— ‘ with all thy faults, I love thee still,  
‘ My country !’

But let me not wander away into the regions of feeling, while I should be pursuing the more appropriate path of relating facts. Let the topic plead my pardon. If it were necessary with *you*, I should at least have every lover of his country for my intercessor.

I shall not pretend, in any letters which I may hereafter write to you, to pursue any regular plan, but I intend to give you my impressions fresh and unbiassed as they arise in my own bosom. If you thus lose the regularity and force of a dissertation, you will be recompensed at least by the candour of my remarks.

There is a feature in the character of this country, which I may as well notice at once,—the extensive dissemination of newspapers. Notwithstanding something has been said on this subject by previous travellers, I am inclined to think that they have not treated it as its importance demands. In my opinion, there is no one thing more characteristic of the people of the United States, or more decisive in its effects on the national habits and manners, than the extraordinary avidity for reading the public journals. In the house in which I live, there are taken in no less than five daily newspapers, and several more are printed in this city. They are three or four times as large

as our French papers, and contain foreign and domestic news, original articles on every subject, and innumerable advertisements, which with us are confined to the *Journal des Affiches*. The spirit of party, though it is now greatly diminished by circumstances of a peculiar nature, (I mean the annihilation of the federal party,) yet exists, and always will exist in a free country. Hence the measures of government, the character of individuals, the policy of great public acts, the local interest of particular districts, are canvassed with a freedom and severity of remark, with an elevation of sentiment, a force of sarcasm, and too often with a coarseness of sentiment, and disregard to decency, which in either extreme are entirely unknown to us. Public opinion acts to a certain degree upon the conductors of the press, but they are supposed to react more strongly upon it. If the editors of these newspapers do not state new facts, by recurring to old ones, they keep alive the prejudices and the partialities, the attachments and the hatred of their readers; and preserve them all in constant readiness, to act as occasion may require. And unfortunately, perhaps, (for I have not yet found an American to admit, that the frequent recurrence of their elections for the national, as well as state and merely local officers, is detrimental to the stability of government,) unfortunately these opportunities are not rare. Every few months—once at least in every year—the great mass of the public servants are called up to the bar of public opinion. These editors act as their authorized accusers or advocates; their official, nay their private characters are laid bare to the malignant inspection of every citizen, and the people, in all the solemnity of supreme and undisputed power, pronounce on the truth or falsehood of the charges which may be preferred. I confess that with all my love for free government, with all my respect for the influence of that chartered libertine, the press, upon society, I am not prepared to approve a practice which may sometimes be productive of good, but which, at the same moment, pampers the vilest propensities of our nature, and gives an opportunity to the feeblest assassin to aim a successful blow at the fairest and most honourable fame. But I would not have you consider this the opinion of Americans. They are the warm advocates of this plan of licensed espionage and indefinite arraignment. They consider it essential to their republican institutions, and a valuable part of their liberties. When you make your objections, they point you to the courts of law, and tell you there is your redress; but how often have stale but constantly repeated inuendoes—how often have dastardly and dark suspicions, cautiously expressed, scathed the

heart and destroyed the best hopes, before a remedy—(if remedy indeed there be under the strict rules of law,)—could be drawn from the vivifying verdict of an honest jury. However, there are in truth great difficulties about this subject. The proper regulation of the press is one of the most interesting problems which a paternal government could resolve. Our *censure* could never enter into such a solution—that miserable attempt of an effete and corrupt government to defend and screen its own wickedness and fraud and imposition. Perhaps, after all, the liberty of the press, such as it exists in America and England, may be necessary to the vitality of free institutions. If it be so, no *honest* man will object to a temporary inconvenience which secures such invaluable blessings.

These newspapers are the receptacles of remarks of the most diversified merit, from every quarter and upon every topic which may be supposed to interest the community; whether it be to arraign an individual, or to prepare the public mind for any great change in the cardinal principles of the constitution. They may be compared to those dreaded lions at Venice, which received in their silent but open mouths the denunciations of private revenge, thus placed before a secret and infamous tribunal. But thanks be to God, the people of this country openly pronounce judgment on these accusations. The public press is in fact the great moral lever, which moves every thing in this community; from the influence of which no man, however insignificant or however great, is for a moment secure. I have sometimes trembled as I have heard its effects described, and listened to instances of individual power admirably organized and secured, suddenly prostrated by its energies—and then reflected, that the press was too often conducted by those instinctive critics and logicians—those ready-made statesmen and impudent pretenders to universal knowledge, whose existence is not confined to France—quacks, whose hearts have been seared in the trade of politics, and whose minds, such as they are, received no original direction from a liberal education and honourable associates. The security against these evils is in the virtue and intelligence of the people; and those guarantees of the public repose have rarely, I believe, been found unavailing. There is a large mass of virtue and talent to be found among those placed in the responsible situation of editors of newspapers: indeed, I have already been introduced to some of this description; but they themselves have admitted the existence of such men as I have portrayed, and have deeply lamented to me the occasional influence they possess over the minds of men, in every respect their superiors—an influence acquired and maintained by the wonderful magic of types and ink.

I will dwell no longer on the darker side of the picture. The benefits which the circulation of newspapers confers on the people of the United States, are immense and incalculable. The people here, of whatever class or character, are all readers. Education is, in the most populous portion of the United States, provided by law, and few there are who do not participate in the blessing. It is here a disgrace not to be able to read; and I have seen every eye directed to an unfortunate witness, who in the course of his examination in a court of justice, confessed his ignorance in this particular. His grey hairs, however, gave an ample explanation; he was of those times (now so popular with the enlightened and liberal Francis of Austria,) when a printing press was considered heretical, and knowledge dangerous to governments. The anecdote is worth more than all I can say, to show the astonishment with which any one is here regarded, who is destitute of elementary education. I trust that one day, (thanks to the public spirited patrons of our 'Ecoles de l'Enseignement mutuel,') the same honourable feelings may prevail, with equal justice, in our France.

These newspapers contain a vast variety of information on every topic; and they are perused by every individual, from the legislator down to the most ordinary ploughman: to the former they afford indications of public opinion; to the latter they give subjects of contemplation, and stimulate his curiosity to farther inquiry. They are to him what books are to the former, the nutriment of mind. Called upon at short intervals to declare their preference for individuals by their votes, the humble classes of the community seek in these convenient repositories, the arguments for the cause they support, and in their turn frame new ones in its defence. In one of my early walks, in the mercantile part of the town, I observed a porter, who had procured a newspaper from under the door of a warehouse not yet open, engaged in reading its contents to two of his fellows who were intently listening; these men were, doubtless, poor, but they were acquiring a moral and intellectual independence better than that of riches. I dwelt upon the sight with pleasure; for, perhaps with one exception, such an incident is only to be met with in this country.

The number of newspapers circulated among the people is enormous. It would be incredible to me, if I had not known my informant to be well acquainted with the fact which he related. Every county, even every town has its newspaper, published either daily, or two or three times a week. In this state, which possesses a population of about 1,300,000, there are, I am told, more than 100 public journals, constantly diffusing, with various

ability, and in different ways, a grand mass of information, which cannot fail to improve the taste, to enlighten the mind, to invigorate the intellect of the great body of society.\* What a contrast does this picture afford to that exhibited by some of the great capitals of Europe. Madrid, till lately, had only, I believe, one meagre miserable sheet published once a week—and Rome—‘*illa inclyta Roma*,’ contents itself with issuing a similar onetwice in the same period; while both are filled with uninteresting details of the rides taken by his Catholic Majesty, or masses and ceremonies performed by the Holy Father. The results must of consequence be equally as marked. There you have an ignorant, squalid, depraved population—here you have an intelligent, decent and honest one; and the effects are to be traced in both cases, plainly and palpably to their legitimate cause, the want of intellectual, and, of course, moral culture. The Americans may certainly be called a thinking, well-informed people. I speak of the lower classes. They are occasionally vain-glorious and flippant, and make a very brave show of their newspaper logic and learning. But the observer pardons all this folly, as he does the pedantry of a really erudite scholar, on account of the sterling materials which it so ungraciously masks.

To a person who has just left Europe—who finds himself freed from all that disagreeable restriction of passports, and *visés*, and reports—nothing can be more captivating or more delightful, than the perfect freedom with which you here regulate all your movements—than the consciousness that no person can interfere to disturb the excursions of pleasure or the calls of business. You land, and no police requires your name, your age, your object—in short, the brief history of your life; no passport is required to insure your uninterrupted journey through the country, and no confirmatory *visé* as you proceed; no *mouton* follows you in the crowded street, and tracks you to the most sacred and retired haunts of pleasure or affection; no hired servant here transmits an account of your conduct and casual conversations to a secret tribunal;—but, on the contrary, the hospitality of the nation meets you at the first step you take upon its soil:—with no guarantee for your good intentions or good character, it places you among her citizens; and, without inquiry, trusting to its own inherent strength, and the affections of the people, it invites you to par-

\* There are now about 126 newspapers of all descriptions printed in the state of New-York, being more than a fifth of the number printed in the United States. A fact, we believe, unparalleled in a community containing only about 1,300,000 souls.—*Trans.*

ticipate without restraint in all their immunities and privileges! I have been astonished at this fact. I have often thought that such a system must be dangerous to any government; but I begin to believe that no danger is to be apprehended from any foreigners whatever, while the political institutions of the United States are based in the merited affections of their authors and defenders—the people.

What should we think in France, if that part of our police which regards foreigners were abolished? I do believe it could not be done with safety at present; but still I consider it a degrading circumstance, that the practice of other states, and the condition of our own population, should have made so vexatious a system, so heavy a tax, necessary to the political quiet of the state; and I consider it one of the best proofs of the proud security and undisturbed happiness of this country, that it exists in perfect safety without it. New-York has no gates; nor has any other town that I have yet visited in the United States: the ingress and egress is absolutely free to all persons, and at all hours; and, fortunately for the market-men, the milkmen, and all those who visit the city every day to supply its wants, there is no office, where, after waiting for hours, they may receive permission to return. Feeling no longer the presence of a police which follows you on the road, and watches you in your bed—which extends its restless *surveillance* in some degree to other countries, and, by the medium of reports of consuls abroad, announces at least the period of your return home, and the addition of a new subject to its paternal and honourable vigilance. I cannot describe to you, my dear father, what animation, what *gaiété de cœur* I have experienced, as I have travelled rapidly along the public roads, surrounded by those who had no other thoughts than those of business, or others equally alive to the attractions of pleasure. A heavy weight seemed to have been removed from my spirits, and like a joyous and inconstant bird, which sails heedless through the genial air, I have often felt reckless what path I should pursue, or in what new scene I should seek new excitement.

There is something to me extremely beautiful and touching in this sentiment, in this reality of perfect freedom. It will lead me in another letter, (for I feel that I have been unreasonably tedious in this,) to a subject which has most forcibly arrested my attention, as well as that of all foreigners. I mean the ———. But to save my own reputation and your patience I will go no farther.

I have met M——. Need I tell you how happy he made me, with all the interesting accounts from home. He, too, in turn,

was glad to see an old friend in a land of strangers, and the night did not suffice for that communion of hearts to which an ancient friendship always gives birth. What a singular coincidence, that we should meet here after so long a separation. I rejoice very much at my good fortune, as I shall have a friend to whom I can communicate all that I think and feel without restraint.

I have received Estelle's letter ; and I am most thankful to her, for her little present. Already has it afforded me many a delightful recollection, and often spread over my heart a soft melancholy, as I remembered how distant I was from those old towers and verdant meadows—and what changes time might have worked upon those, who had so long been their joy and ornament. But let me leave this—it is painful to me. I will send, in return, two views of the harbour of New-York, which have been published by an artist of great merit. She may add them to the port folio over which we so often hung together. Adieu.

V. DU C——.

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#### COLOMBIA.

["From an unpublished History of the Revolution and Wars of the Republic of Colombia ; with characteristic Anecdotes, and Biographical Sketches of the principal Chiefs of the two parties, and their secret intrigues, from the year 1808, to the end of 1823. By General H. L. Villeneuve Ducoudray Holstein."\*]

#### CHAPTER V.—*Character of the Inhabitants of the different Provinces of the Republic of Colombia ; their Manners, Habits, Customs, Festivals, &c.*

It has been already observed, that it was part of the colonial system of Spain, to keep the Americans in ignorance ; and that the government, which always feared that they might become too clear-sighted as to their actual situation, restricted within certain limits the diffusion of knowledge among them. The King alone signed the passports of all persons going to the South American provinces ; and the European Spaniard could only obtain them, by proving that the necessities of business required his departure, and undergoing a strict and humiliating exami-

\* It is expected that a translation of this work will shortly be put to press in this city.

nation. It was extremely difficult for other Europeans to obtain this permission. The French alone, after the peace of Badajoz, were allowed to send certain agents or consuls, whose conduct was vigilantly observed. The Americans, who wished to visit Spain, were obliged to submit to the same formalities as the Spaniards ; so that the communication between the two countries was difficult and extremely limited.

It has also been said, that the clergy, and, in particular, the officers of the inquisition, powerfully seconded the views of the king, on whom they were entirely dependent ; and whose policy suited their interests, which were best maintained by the ignorance and superstition of the people.

In consequence of this system, the instruction of children was much neglected. At the age of four or five, boys were sent to the schools, and girls into convents. The manner in which females were educated will be spoken of hereafter ; we shall confine ourselves at present to that of the males. Education is as essential to the formation of character, as culture in the natural world ; and by the degree of care which is bestowed on children from their infancy, we may easily foretell their capacity, morality, and character in youth and manhood. It will be necessary to enter into some details, therefore, on the subject of education, in order to give a just idea of the character of the present generation of Colombians.

The schools, colleges, academies and universities were, and still are, for the most part, in the hands of the clergy and monks. These ecclesiastics stored the minds of children with wonderful and improbable tales of miracles, and extracts from the lives of the saints ; made them learn and recite by rote a multitude of Latin prayers, the meaning of which they did not understand ; taught them to sing litanies and masses ; and subjected them to external forms of devotion, which, by accustoming them so early to dissimulation and hypocrisy, left a void in the head and in the heart, which remained through after life.

On leaving school, they entered a college, where they were taught Latin and Greek, in an extremely superficial manner. Their memory was filled with abstruse and vague scholastic learning ; which made their course of study a mere formal observance, and their acquisitions trifling and unprofitable. Instead of being inspired with wholesome and pure moral principles, they were indoctrinated in the difference of ranks in society, in the advantages of being born of noble parents, or belonging to families in the service of the King or the church ; and thus filled with an idle self-love, and boundless vanity.

This course of instruction, if it may be so called, ordinarily terminated at the age of fifteen or sixteen years. Dr. Sanchez Caraquia, a man of great merit, makes the following remarks on the education of youth in Caraccas :

“This precipitancy in their studies proceeds from their ardour to acquire knowledge, and the want of method in its direction. Young persons who have commenced the study of the Latin tongue and of the liberal sciences, before they have been thoroughly taught their own language, or learnt the elements of arithmetic, return reluctantly, at a later age, to acquire what was neglected in their youth. They believe that all the sciences are contained in the Latin grammar of Nebrija, in the philosophy of Aristotle, the Institutes of Justinian, the *Curia Philippica*, and the theological treatises of Gonet and Larraga. When they are able to make extracts from these works, to read the mass, sport a doctor's diploma, or appear in the frock of a priest or a monk, they are sufficiently accomplished for any employment or profession. Their proper dignity, according to their ideas, forbids their following the pursuit of agriculture, and obliges them to hold all the mechanic arts in most sovereign contempt. When they assume the military costume, it is from pure ostentation. In making vile translations from the French language, they corrupt their own. Some devote themselves to the profession of the law, in order to gain a livelihood ; some enter into religious orders, to gain consideration and consequence ; and some make vows of poverty, precisely because they wish to escape from the actual poverty which pursues them. Every person, of any distinction, pretends to be an accomplished officer, capable of commanding regular troops ; without ever having thought of acquiring the knowledge which is necessary and indispensable in the profession of arms. There is not a man among the whites, whether such by origin, or by the effects of time and intermarriages, who does not ardently desire to become either a lawyer, a priest, or a monk. Those whose aspirations are more humble, wish at least to be notaries, secretaries or scriveners, or to be attached to some religious community, as lay brothers, &c. It is for these reasons our fields are deserted ; while their fertility reproaches us with our sluggishness. The father of a labouring family is, with these people, an object of contempt. The desire of all is to become men of importance, and to lead a life of idleness ; and of too many, to give themselves up to disgusting vices, sensuality, gaming, fraud, and calumny. Lawsuits, therefore, multiply ; rogues prosper ; good men are discouraged ; and every thing is inclining to utter ruin.”

It should be remarked, that the writer, whose language we have borrowed, was one of those rare and gifted men, who, in a great measure, are formed by themselves. If he formed such an opinion of his countrymen, will it be thought that my pictures are overdrawn ? They are, unhappily, too faithful delineations.

In Caraccas, the title of Marquis, Count, Viscount, or Baron, was the *ne plus ultra* of human happiness ; to purchase which from the Spanish monarch, many of the inhabitants have been known to expend immense sums : others purchased orders and ribands ; for in Spain all things can be had for gold.

This passion was not as universal in the province of New Grenada as in that of Venezuela. You found there no Creole nobility ; those who came from Europe alone bearing titles ; while, in Caraccas, there were the *Mantuanos* families, of whom we shall say more hereafter, and who were entirely unknown at Santa Fé de Bogota. Artisans, mechanics and tradesmen, in consequence of this fondness for rank, were of course despised ; and the cultivation of the earth was left to people of colour and to slaves. For this reason it was, and still is the case, at Caraccas, that men of colour or blacks, only, are tailors, shoemakers, joiners, masons, carpenters, &c. It would be beneath a *Caraquin*, of good family, to be engaged in such abject occupations. He would believe himself dishonoured by any labour, by which he might make himself useful. He would rather adorn himself with a showy uniform or sacerdotal robe ; chant, or assist at mass ; obtain the title of Doctor, in order to rank among the privileged classes of society ; lead a life of debauch and idleness ; and leave to others the care of working for his maintenance.

This extreme vanity, the baleful result of principles imbibed in youth, was the source of numberless family quarrels, and of an absurd and childish jealousy. These disputes were often produced by mere trifles ; as was natural, where every one wished to be greater than his neighbour, and to be distinguished for birth, rank, titles or riches.

The government and the clergy saw this state of things with much pleasure ; and, instead of using their authority to produce reconciliations and quell these dissensions, found it more to their interest to foment them ; their motto being *dividendo regnare*, divide and conquer. Another class of society powerfully seconded the two former, in promoting these differences ; to wit, the crowd of advocates and men of the law, who abounded in the two provinces, and encouraged the parties to continue their suits ; having a good understanding among one another, by which they profited by the rage for litigation, to their own emolument, and the ruin of many families. Before the revolution, it was computed that the expense of every kind, arising from law suits, amounted, in Venezuela, to the enormous sum of a million and a half of dollars, and in New Grenada, to more than two millions in a year. This, of course, created a swarm of advocates, attorneys, notaries, scriveners, clerks, &c.

From such an education and such an absolute want of knowledge, and the means of acquiring it ; from the influence of the priests, and of the ardent climate of this country ; from the ease with which the common necessities of life can be procured,

at little expense, it is not to be wondered at that the Creole is generally inert, effeminate, ignorant, vain, haughty, and a slave to superstition. He loves passionately gaming, pleasure of every kind, excess, festivals, show, pomp and expense.

The games they like best are *montis*, *crabs*, pharo, and lotteries ; but above all, roulette. To the latter they are addicted in such a degree, that they forget to eat, drink and sleep. They stake handfuls of gold on a card, with the greatest unconcern. I have seen them venture five hundred doubloons on a single card. The house in Carthagena where this game was played, paid, in 1814, the sum of two thousand dollars a month, merely for the privilege of being opened, besides paying the officers of the police a heavy rent, and its assistants and servants. On every Sunday a splendid dinner was set, gratuitously, for the patrons of the establishment. The rooms were magnificently lighted, and refreshments of every kind were freely afforded every night ; so that the expenses amounted to at least three thousand dollars a month ; notwithstanding which, the three enterprising proprietors netted, in the same time, a clear gain of five thousand dollars.

As soon as a bull fight was announced, the large population of the two capitals of Bogota and Caraccas, and their environs, rushed thither in crowds, forgetting their customary meals, and braving the sun and rain, to arrive in good season for the barbarous and cruel spectacle. This is exactly like those of Spain. The same formalities, ceremonies, and barbarities are practised ; upon which we shall not dwell.

I have mentioned in chapter second, the cockpits and their proprietors. The latter paid an enormous sum to the king, for the exclusive privilege of a town or village. This savage amusement attracted large crowds ; and wagers, as high as two thousand doubloons, were sometimes made on the combat.

There are, undoubtedly, exceptions to the general character which I have given of this people. Well educated men were to be found at Caraccas and Santa Fé de Bogota, devoted to the study of languages, law, medicine and botany. Most of the rich men, however, particularly in Venezuela, were addicted solely to pleasure, and the luxuries of the table ; regularly consuming in these their whole revenue, and often exceeding it. It was rare to find any who laid up money, and provided for the future. When their cash was exhausted, they had recourse to the Catalans and Biscayens, the courtiers and usurers of the country, whose whole knowledge was confined to the values of gold and silver, and who were always ready to assist

their friends in distress, by lending them money at an interest of from fifty to eighty per cent, if they would give security, mortgage, pledge, &c. and comply with all the other formalities of usury. The Creole, thoughtless and careless, and perfectly acquainted with these men, would sing while he was signing away, in addition to the enormous interest, perhaps his future resources, and annual revenue.

Hence, these Catalans and Biscayens, who commonly arrived with but a small capital, amassed, in a few years, a considerable fortune. Yet they always lived so wretchedly, that the lowest of the Creoles would not have changed situations with them ; and they were always lamenting their poverty and the dearness of the times, while their coffers were overflowing. Their complaints increased with their wealth ; and their avarice knew no limit.

The young Creole of good family, on leaving his form at school, found himself already provided with a wife. He *himself* was scarcely consulted by his relations, in the choice of his future bride, in the selection of whom they regarded only birth, family connexions with the Spanish court, or the local authorities, fortune, &c. The bargain being concluded with the friends of the young lady, she was taken from the convent, where she had been enclosed since she was four years old, and married, at the age of twelve, to a young man of sixteen. It was no rare thing to find a couple whose joint ages did not exceed thirty years. It was, indeed, an amusing sight, to behold a beardless husband lending his arm to a wife of twelve or thirteen years, who was gravely saluted by the title of Madam, when hardly entitled to that of Miss. I knew a young and very pretty woman, of the province of Cumana, who had seven children living, at the age of eighteen. Another lady at Caraccas had a daughter of sixteen, who looked like the younger sister of her mother, who was only twenty-seven.

A couple of this unripe age, utterly inexperienced, and who have never had an opportunity of learning any thing about domestic management, are placed suddenly at the head of a large establishment, and surrounded with servants and parasites without number, who profit by the good cheer and good wine of the young master of the house. The greater his wealth and influence, the larger is the number of his friends and dependants. Having never learnt how to govern themselves, when they wish to direct their children, they are compelled to abandon them to the care of strangers ; for which reason their education is generally so much neglected and so imperfect.

Their domestic economy is commonly miserable and irregular. Married so young, they at first believe that they love each other, because their parents have taught them to believe so. They give themselves up to the excitement of the senses, which they mistake for love; and when the novelty is over, their passion extinct, and their reason developed by time, they discover a frightful void of feeling, a dreadful ennui, and a thousand faults in each other. They become petulant, and begin to quarrel, and to hate each other cordially; and finally separate. The husband amuses himself abroad, and the wife consoles herself for his loss in some other manner. They would willingly be divorced, did they not fear to submit to formalities, humiliating to the parties, in which the evidence of their shame and dishonour must be publicly given by its witnesses. Pride, and not reason, prevents the legal dissolution of their union.

Either the difference of character and manners, or the influence of a more temperate and colder climate, may be assigned as the reason, that the young ladies of Bogota generally marry at a less early age than those of Caraccas, and that their union is happier, and more lasting. The rejoicings on such occasions, the balls and dinners, last generally eight days, according to the rank and wealth of the young couple. What may seem singular, is, that they scarcely ever make parties of pleasure to visit the country; because, as has been observed, they despise every thing connected with agriculture, as beneath their dignity.

Such marriages, in which children have before their eyes the father's irregularities, and the mother's intrigues, can only prove pernicious examples, and schools of iniquity for the members of the family. Vice descended from generation to generation; children wished to act as men, and assumed consequence as such, without either the moral or physical ability to support their pretensions; and men who had passed their youth in excess, found their vigour gone, and became exhausted and enervated, at a period when others are just commencing the active duties of life. A host of maladies attacked them at once; their pale and emaciated appearance told a tale of pain and suffering, in the midst of all the advantages afforded by rank, fortune, and a delicious climate; their decay was visible to the eyes of all; they became mere walking spectres, and descended to the grave, cursing the errors, and regretting the termination of a life cut short before the age of forty years.

The distinctions of society before the revolution, were well defined, and the different classes kept rigidly separated. The first consisted of members of the *real audiencia*, over which the

vice-roy or captain general presided—(See chapter 2d.)—of generals, sub-governors, the intendant, the treasurer, inspectors of different kinds of arms, of colonels, and the clergy of high rank. This first class consisted only of Spaniards. The second consisted of the native families of the country, distinguished for their wealth and illustrious birth. In New Grenada, there was no designation or specific name to distinguish them from the other inhabitants. Speaking of one of this class they would say, "he is of a very good family." But in Venezuela they were called *las familias Mantuanos*, a term implying that they were more elevated, more exalted than the others. This was a kind of American nobility, ordinarily mingled with European blood, either Spanish or French. The third class comprised judges, municipal officers, military officers, from a lieutenant colonel to an ensign, and those employed under the orders of government, among whom might be found many Creoles. The fourth was formed of merchants, all persons engaged in commerce, and proprietors who were not *Mantuanos*. All these were whites : the remaining classes were composed of Indians, coloured people &c.

[We have given as long an extract from the fifth chapter of this work, as our limits permit. The writer, it will be remembered, is here speaking of society in Colombia, prior to the revolution. The view is unfavourable; but for this we are not responsible. We merely publish the foregoing as a specimen of a work yet unpublished. In this same number we continue the remarks of a gentleman of this city, on the same subject, which were commenced in our first number.]

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### JOE COOK—A Legend.

JOE COOK was my uncle. Figure to yourself a little old man in a threadbare suit of gray, with a dull, sleepy visage, smoke-dried by the fumes of a stumpy pipe, which was forever in his mouth; a rubicund nose of goodly dimensions, which, unlike the rest of his features, seemed to be plumped up, and nourished by the warmth of the aforesaid pipe; and a pair of little gray eyes, which, on ordinary occasions, for vivacity and expression, much resembled a couple of buck shot; but which, it was said, now and then twinkled with something like emotion. Figure to yourself, I say, gentle reader, a personage of this description, and possessed of these characteristics, and you will have some faint idea of my uncle, Joe Cook.

Joe has been dead these fifteen years, but, methinks I still see him in my mind's eye, as if it had been but yesterday, seat-

ed in the arm chair, at the corner of my father's fire, with his lack-lustre eyes fixed intently on vacuity, and puffing whole volleys of vapour, with the devotedness of a Mussulman.

The predominant feature of Job's character was laziness. It was this which had caused him to squander away field after field, and acre after acre of his paternal estate, until it was all gone ; by which means he was now left a pauper in his old age, and compelled to sponge upon the charity of his friends and relations for support.

My uncle had served in the army, during the revolution, and had become impressed with the belief, very prevalent at the time, of there having been great treasures buried in different parts of the country, at the commencement of the war, and left by the owners, who had perished during the subsequent troubles. Captain Kidd, too, it is well known, for want of a better place of security, used to deposit his superfluous cash in holes and nooks alongshore, and on the banks of rivers ; (chartered banks not being as common in those days as they have since grown to be ; ) and many a bag of doubloons, keg of dollars, and barrel of pistareens, has been discovered, or supposed to have been so, by industrious farmers, and lucky fishermen, who have suddenly become rich, beyond the comprehension of their indolent neighbours.

It was in search of these spoils that Job spent that part of his time which was actively employed in doing any thing. Thoughts of these hidden treasures used to fill his waking moments, his sleeping hours, and his long days of deep, drowsy meditation, in which it were difficult to say whether sleep or watchfulness predominated. But oh ! what golden dreams, what visions of glory, used to roll over my uncle in these reveries ! Ingots of gold, bars of silver, guineas, doubloons, dollars, and sixpences, would float around him in brilliant confusion, like the fantastic combinations of the kaleidoscope, and seem to invite him to stretch forth his hand and clutch them. Then would come dreams of personal aggrandizement ; of his old rusty suit exchanged for a superfine broadcloth coat, with plush breeches and silk stockings ; and of his stumpy pipe metamorphosed into a genuine Holland *hookar*, with pouch and stopper complete. Then, too, would he seem to be surrounded by all the pleasant accompaniments of old age, as "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends ;" in which particulars it must be confessed my uncle Job, like Macbeth, was sadly deficient. But my uncle's premeditated bounty was not confined to himself alone : he had a kind and benevolent soul ; and his charity, though it began at home, as well it

might, did by no means end there. Not only my father's family, and Job's relations to the twentieth degree were to be made rich and comfortable, but every poor body and idle vagabond in the country was to be a recipient of his largesse, and have his heart made glad by the good things of this life. In short, the whole country was to be benefitted: villages were to be founded; churches and taverns were to be built; houses and barns, and blacksmiths' shops were to start into existence at his Promethean touch; and ragged individuals were to have their persons made clean and whole, their pockets filled with small change, and their stomachs lined with good cheer from his exhaustless funds.

Such were Job's sanguine expectations; and with such great confidence and complacency did he discourse on these pleasant topics, that there were few of the subjects of his intended liberality who did not listen with satisfaction to his Utopian plans. I myself was partially affected by these hallucinations. And though my father would incredulously shake his head, and advise Job to go and plough the earth, if he ever wished to get any thing out of it, my youthful fancy was excited by his enthusiasm, and I too had my day dreams. Many a ride on an ambling pony did I take in anticipation; many a bird did I shoot with a double-barrelled fowling-piece, and many a pleasant sail did I take in a gallant little boat; all which my uncle, in the plenitude of his bounty, had promised me.

In order to find the golden mine that was to realize these glorious expectations, my uncle, every now and then shaking off his usual listlessness and aversion to every kind of labour, would sally forth, no one knew whither, with a pick-ax, spade, and bag, to bring home his expected windfalls. Frequently he would be gone a week, and then return hungry and fatigued, his boots and clothes loaded with dirt, but with his sack just as empty as when he left home.

His usual companion on these excursions was an old negro, named Toby, who had grown gray in the family. He had driven a baggage wagon during the revolution, and was as deeply versed in the stories and superstition of the times as my uncle. His age and long services, domestic as well as public, had rendered him a privileged character in the family; and though nominally a slave, he was to the full as free in his actions as any citizen of this happy land of liberty. He used to work when he pleased, eat when he pleased, and get drunk when he pleased; and in truth, this latter amusement seemed to please him oftener than any other.

One morning, in particular, my uncle Job was observed to have an unusual air of intelligence in his countenance. His whole frame seemed big with something important, and he would frequently rise and walk about the room with unwonted alacrity. Then he would sit down, rub his hands, stroke his chin, and puff out volleys of smoke with increased vigour. This continued till night-fall, when in company with Toby, with whom he had held frequent conversations through the day, and whom, it was observed, he had treated to a small glass of gin, he sallied forth from the house. Toby, laden with a large sack and shovel, followed close at the heels of my uncle, who carried a small hazel wand in his hand, and walked on at a prodigious rate.

It was a clear, calm evening, in the month of October. The sun had just set, and his last glowing rays were reflected with softened lustre from a few broken clouds which slumbered upon the horizon. The burning splendour of the western hemisphere gradually faded away, like the decaying glories of some mighty conflagration, till, at last, only a narrow gleam of brightness marked the spot where the orb of day had disappeared.

Little attention, I ween, did our two pedestrians pay to the beauties of nature. And the majestic oaks, tinged with the rich and variegated hues of autumn, which stretched their giant arms across the road, were as little heeded as the humble rail-fence that crept at their feet. The path, which at first wound through a thick copse of wood, now emerged into an open plain, in a state of high cultivation, and studded here and there with farm-houses. At a distance, the Hudson rolled majestically along, sparkling in the rays of the full moon, which was just peeping over the eastern horizon.

My uncle Job now reached a high stone wall, which enclosed a spacious garden, appertaining to the farm-house of an old Dutchman, by the name of Van Dam. It was a rich and fertile spot; large patches of melons were interspersed with rows of luxuriant cabbages; the trees were laden with fruit; clusters of grapes hung in rich profusion from the vine; and the rose, the sweet briar, and the honey-suckle, wafted their perfumes to the air. But if this garden rivalled that of the Hesperides in beauty, it was guarded by a dragon as severe and terrible. The rib of the worthy Mynheer Van Dam was of that class of doubtful gender, denominated viragos. She was nearly six feet in height; of a most gorgon-like physiognomy; and as violent and furious in her temper as she was forbid-

ding in her person. She was usually accompanied by a huge dog, who had much of the crabbed temperament of his mistress : and such was the terror and aversion her appearance generally excited, that she was known far and near by the name of Dame Van Dam the damnable ; a cognomination which some wicked wight, with more wit than grace, had bestowed upon her. The mirth and noisy glee of many a troop of marauding urchins were awed into silence by the unexpected appearance of Dame Van Dam. And every inordinate affection towards the tempting fruits, which peered over the garden wall in provoking luxuriance, was speedily repressed by the sour visage of their mistress.

Some uneasy sensation seemed to cross the mind of black Toby, as he saw my uncle preparing to cross this stone boundary, which had hitherto been the *ultima thule* of their perigrinations. Gently plucking my uncle by the sleeve, he besought him to desist, with an earnest and significant gesture ; for it may be remarked, that the strictest silence was one of the rules observed by our adventurers on their excursions. My uncle seemed impatient at this interference, and, with a threatening aspect, motioned him to follow. Toby obeyed with fear and trembling ; but his knees smote each other beneath him, and he turned pale as his black face would permit, when he saw set forth on a board, in the full moonshine, the friendly caution of " spring guns and man traps set here ;" the import of which, though he had never gone to Sunday school, Toby knew full well.

When they had fairly gotten over, Job took from his pocket a small flask of whiskey, and taking a pull at it, handed it to Toby, who finished it in a twinkling. His courage seemed much augmented by the potation, and shouldering his spade and sack, he stood erect, awaiting his master's behest ; who now seemed a little in doubt which course to pursue. Twirling the hazel rod between his forefinger and thumb, he carefully noted the direction it assumed as it settled ; and then motioning Toby to be silent and follow him, with cautious steps he took the route it indicated. So on they marched, " thorough bush, thorough briar," over old Van Dam's melon beds, strawberry patches, gooseberry bushes, flowers and cabbages, until they reached a small plot of grass in the very centre of the garden, surrounded by a thick hedge of sweet briar.

Under a wide-spreading cherry tree, which stood in the middle of this enclosure, had old Van Dam erected a small arbour, and here, on a summer's afternoon, might he be seen smoking his pipe, amidst the flowers, after the similitude of his ancient pro-

totype, Toby Philpot. This was the *sanctum sanctorum* of the family, and wo betide the unlucky urchin who was so unfortunate as to be detected straying here by Dame Van Dam.

When he reached this spot, my uncle again seemed puzzled in his mind. He examined with great attention the site and appearances of several trees, then rubbed his forehead, as if to assist his memory ; consulted an old scrap of mouldy parchment which he drew from his pocket ; and had recourse several times to his divining rod. At length he paced off about a dozen paces from the central cherry tree, and drawing forth a bible, and tracing round it a circle with his rod, he seized the pick ax, and motioning Toby to follow his example, began to dig with might and main. The moon by this time had ascended high in the heavens ; and by its light soon had our adventurers gotten several feet into the bowels of the earth. At the depth of about six feet, they came to a large flat stone ; at sight of which my uncle could scarcely contain his raptures. He made signs to Toby to jump down into the pit, and assist in its removal. But just as the worthy domestic was preparing to obey, he felt a sudden gripe at his throat, and turning round, to his utter terror and confusion, beheld the furious visage of Dame Van Dam. Her face was inflamed to its highest expression of wrath and indignation, and her eyes fairly shot fire as she addressed the trembling son of Africa. I shall not attempt to write the huge Dutch mis-shapen oaths and epithets with which she loaded poor Toby. " You black rascal," concluded she ; " you satan's baby—you copper-coloured villain ; why, what the devil do you mean, by coming here into my garden—here, into the very retreat of my husband, and digging that great hole, you vagabond, rascally dog you ?" Each of these interrogatories she enforced by a vigorous kick, and a renewed squeeze of his windpipe, until the poor fellow actually grew several shades darker in the face. Toby, who, at the best of times, was remarkably shy of this lady's acquaintance, and who, at this precise moment, would almost as soon have met old Nick himself in *propria persona*, was completely dumb founded : his lower jaw fell, his limbs shook beneath him in the ecstasy of fear ; and falling on his knees, he remained speechless with terror. " Speak, you ink-pot—what do you mean ?" reiterated the dame—" but I'll teach you the way into people's gardens." Then relaxing her hold for an instant, she looked over the hedge, and with a halloo and whistle, called to her dog Swartzcope, who came bounding and barking at her summons. Toby, at this crisis, seemed on a sudden to recover his bewildered intellect : with a quick and unexpected movement, he

sprang from the ground, cleared the pit at a single leap, and, with the swiftness of desperation, ran towards the road. Just at this moment, my uncle putting his head forth from the pit to see what was the matter, caught the eye, and diverted the attention of the lady. "Donner and Blitzen," exclaimed she, "another!—but I'll teach him to dig:—Heigh, Swartzcope, seize him, boy." Job now saw that he had no time to spend in vain parlance; so, scrambling from the hole, he made signs of hurrying off as fast as possible.

What farther took place during the *tête-à-tête* of my uncle with Dame Van Dam the damnable, after the retreat of Toby, from whom I gathered the foregoing particulars, I have never been able to ascertain. All that was known is, that early the next morning, Job was seen to limp home, much bruised and soiled in his person, but apparently still more hurt in mind. His nose was bloody, and swelled to a great size; his cheeks exhibited many deep and dismal scratches, and one eye was completely closed; his pantaloons were torn, as if by the fangs of some ravenous beast, and he exhibited altogether a most piteous and deplorable spectacle.

He crawled away to his chamber, and betook himself to bed, with a fixed expression of despondency, from which he never recovered. He was now and then heard to mutter in a melancholy tone, like the elfin page of Lord Cranstown, "Lost! lost! lost!"—but all attempts to get him to explain where he had been, and by whom he had been ill-treated, were ineffectual. He obstinately refused all food; and in a short time pined away, drooped and died, evidently of a broken heart. And the green sod, which, when living, he never permitted to be at rest, now covers all that remains of my uncle, Job Cook.

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#### PUBLIC SPIRIT.

*To the Editor of the Atlantic Magazine.*

———— Populus me silibat; at mihi plaudo  
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arca.—HOR.

AT this time, when the attention of the public has been called to the necessity of cultivating a taste for the Fine Arts, I have thought it not unseasonable to offer a few observations upon the subject of *public spirit*, which have been suggested by the able and well-written Address of Mr. Verplanck, before

the American Academy of Fine Arts. An inquiry into the causes which operate in producing that apathy and total want of interest, which are ever attendant upon plans proposed for the improvement and honour of our city, may not be without its advantages ; but, to be so, it is necessary to bring them fairly and impartially into view, that we may plainly discern our defects, and hasten to apply to them the proper remedies. Truth is always offensive to our vanity ; it unmasks our faults, and our mortification is increased, in proportion as we are unable to deny their existence : but it sometimes has a happy effect, by awakening a proper pride, and thus correcting what we have been unfortunately reconciled to by time. These remarks, I think, can be shown to be directly applicable to our city. We speak with pride of our great natural advantages, and exultingly boast that no city in the union can assert a superiority over us in this respect. While this feeling is by no means to be condemned, it behoves us, however, to be alive to the conviction, that it imposes upon us the necessity of a bright example. Our commercial prosperity is indeed unrivalled. Our extent is not easily marked ; for, like the plants of nature, it shoots forward with a yearly impulse, till it becomes nearly impossible to point to the place from whence it last began to grow. Other cities have nobly striven to keep pace with us ; but nature can never be out-done.

“ Verum hæc tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes,  
Quantum lenta solent inter viburra cupressi.”

We not only enjoy the means of acquiring great wealth, but we are actually in the possession of it ; and, of course, our power of usefulness is increased far beyond that of other cities of more limited advantages. And yet, where is the evidence of it to be found ? What exhibits the consciousness of the blessing, or of the necessity of devoting any portion of it in promoting the good of the public ? What public institution have we to point to, that has been founded in private donations, and cherished and supported by the example ? The answer is, alas ! too close at hand :—we have none. Not one among the many men of wealth, throughout this extensive city, has ever considered it incumbent upon him, to become a liberal contributor to erect a public edifice, sacred to the purposes of science and literature ; nay, the entire absence of every thing approaching to public spirit, is still more obvious. In the bosom of our city we have an institution, that might, if there was even a degree of latent pride existing among us, enlist the attention and good feelings of some of our opulent citizens towards it. Highly respectable for the talent, learning and

piety of its professors, together with the excellent system of discipline established in it, it affords advantages that are not surpassed, if equalled, by any College in our country. Yet Columbia College is permitted to suffer under the burthen of debt; and sufficient generosity can no where be found among our efficient men, urging them to bestow that assistance which would be so honourable and useful to our city. Year after year do strangers visit our College, and, walking through its library, look with astonishment upon the empty shelves; and though frequent opportunities have presented themselves, not a single name, from the crowd of affluent men, stands recorded as a benefactor upon the archives of this institution.\* This argues a want of proper moral sentiment in this community,—a deadness to the finer and nobler feelings of our nature; it evinces a selfish love of accumulation, and an absorption in the mean and sordid views of avarice. Well may we say, in disgust, with the poet,

“ Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.”

It certainly cannot be urged, that the habits of business are incompatible with the cultivation of taste and the refinement of feeling; it is not true;—and a complete refutation is furnished to every absurd supposition of this sort, in the well-known character of Roscoe. He has been distinguished for his constant attention to business; and conspicuous, too, as a polished scholar, as an ardent lover of letters, and the anxious and zealous promoter of every plan that conduced to the honour or advantage of the public. Here, then, is an illustrious example; and if it has ever enkindled a glow of generous feeling, we may not despair of beholding its benign effects. If it has ever warmed a single bosom, let the feeling be cherished. “*Macte nova virtute,*” may it not perish in the land. But how is it to be accounted for, that among our sister cities the “*amor patriæ*” is so much more a distinguished trait in the character of their citizens? It can be explained in no other way, than by admitting that the tendency of successful commercial enterprise is to enrich the man, but to impoverish his soul. Public edifices, to promote literary and charitable purposes, spring up among them, and are supported by individual munificence; nor is this spirit confined to a few; it is the subject of honourable emulation; and every citizen may justly boast of its exist-

\* Our public spirited citizen, Dr. Hosack, is the only donor, we believe, who has filled an alcove with books. This, while it is a lasting evidence of his generosity, most abundantly proves the prevalent poverty of spirit that cannot be influenced by so laudable an example.

ence and encouragement. Even the humblest participates in the general feeling, as he enjoys the advantages which generous wealth confers. The eloquent remark of Mr. Verplanck, is here fully realized—"A noble hall for the purposes of legislation or justice, or a grand pile of buildings for the uses of learning, is the immediate property of the people, and forms a portion of the inheritance of the humblest citizen." Nor is this the only superiority that they claim, and are indisputably entitled to over us. They have a keener and more fixed relish for the fine arts, and a more substantial literary taste. They feel a deep interest in the success, and consider their characters concerned in the advancement and prosperity of their periodical publications. But among us the reverse of the picture is the melancholy truth. We may regret it, but cannot deny that a literary journal has in vain been attempted among us. It droops, languishes and decays, from the withholding of public patronage; and after a short and sickly career, it "exhales its odours, blazes, and expires." Such has been the gloom of the past. If brighter days have succeeded, we stand ready to hail their approach; and their coming can be tested by the experiment that is now renewed.

This listlessness may be, in some slight degree, accounted for, in those who have remained entirely at home, (saving and reserving to them the benefit of every excuse;) but what shall we say for those who have been abroad? What public evidence do they put forth of their improvement? Travelling is important and very useful; it is essential, however, that certain preparations be made beforehand, in order to realize its benefits. He who crosses the Atlantic, leaving his country behind him, in ignorance of its geography and its institutions, to be landed on the opposite side of the ocean in equal darkness as to the country through which he came to travel, can learn but little. He meets with curiosities unexpectedly, and without being ready for them; and a great variety of subjects for his information so rapidly succeed one another, that his mind (if it may so be called) is thrown into the most absolute confusion.

This species of improvable travellers place the fullest reliance upon their instinct; and some one, who is thus bold in his originality, being early freed from the trammels of a grammar school, and rejoicing in his escape from such useless expenditure of time, resolves, having

Drop't the dull lumber of the Latin store,  
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more,—

to commence his travels. This worthy representative of his country returns to admire things he never saw, and to speak

of others that he could not comprehend ; thus, at every word he utters, we perceive, with sorrow and contempt, "how fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue." We do not mean to be understood to include in this class all our citizens who visit distant climes. The charge would be unfounded ; for there are gentlemen, who go abroad, fitted to embrace the advantages that offer ; but it is fair to inquire how far their native city is benefitted by these visits. Transatlantic liberality, it is reasonable to suppose, would impress them agreeably, and awaken a desire to see our country emulating it as far as our means will permit. Who could visit the Liverpool Institution, and behold it flourishing in the full vigour of its usefulness by voluntary subscriptions, and not feel that it was a proud monument of the liberality of the place, and of its love of literature and science ? Where are the useful effects of these impressions ? They must have been felt at the moment, but seem to have passed away and been forgotten. When an American visits the Royal Academy of Paintings, in London, he there beholds the finest works of art to improve his taste, and must be forcibly struck with the happy effect of encouragement, in nourishing and bringing to perfection the genius of the artist. If he visits the Louvre at Paris, he is again reminded that genius is the gift of Heaven to a nation, worthy to be fostered by private taste and public spirit. In reading the very entertaining travels in Europe of Professor Griscom, an observation of the author upon visiting a gallery of paintings at Milan, ought to be promulgated, to call the attention, if possible, of our wealthy citizens, whose enlightened curiosity may hereafter lead them in that direction, to the opportunity there given them to encourage the Fine Arts in their city. "There was a variety of elegant paintings in this room, at the time of our visit, for sale. From the prices attached to them, I could not but think, that an American Academy might be supplied on very moderate terms." Notwithstanding they enjoy the means, and see the chance within their reach, they bring home with them no decided evidence of an improved taste ; nor is a single specimen of the Fine Arts, in painting or in sculpture, presented to our Academy to assist and improve the genius, zeal and industry of the artists of their country, who are struggling with difficulties almost insurmountable.\* The classic taste and patriotic spirit of Chancellor Livingston did much to improve

\* We must here do justice to the patriotism of our citizen, Mr. Weeks, who, on his return from Europe, brought with him several busts for the Academy. These instances are too rare ; and we are not without our hopes that so creditable an example may produce its proper effect.

and aid native taste and talent. His loss may not only be lamented by his state and city, but we may safely add, it was one to be deplored by the country at large. When he travelled, he did not seek the splendid works of cultivated genius, only to boast of the delightful sensations he had felt in viewing them ; but selected, under the guidance of his pure taste, the best models of the most distinguished sculptors, and had casts taken of them which he freely gave to the Academy in the ardent hope of awakening that taste, the purifying influence of which he had so happily and amply experienced. Such a man is a public benefactor, and an illustrious example, that should produce higher and better results than mere cold and costless praise.

“ *Semper honos, nomenque suum, laudesque manebunt.* ”

Far more advantageous would it be to the public, while it would be infinitely more honourable to the few who bring over busts and casts, if they were presented to the Academy. The room and situation are well adapted to exhibit their beauties in a proper light ; while, in a private room, from its limited size, they are hidden, and the whole effect lost. But the truth is, it savours of affectation ; the owners have no collection, and it is a feeble effort that goes rather to establish the want, than the existence of true taste : besides, these added to the number already in the Academy, would assist our artists ; while, if misplaced in a dark corner of a room, or elevated on a pedestal in the form of a large and cumbrous table, they serve only to bring ridicule upon conceited blunders. The fame of West can never be forgotten ; every bosom thrills with pride in speaking the praises of his countryman ;—shall cold and chilling indifference continue then to blast the hopes of every native artist, and be the means of disseminating the seeds of future greatness to adorn and dignify a foreign land ? Let us not think so, but indulge the longing desire that public spirit may spring up among us, and spread itself, like the other blessings of freedom, over our city. Then may the Goddess of Commerce, with her benignant smile, cheer the labours of the artist, and crown his works with golden rewards ; and then may stately public edifices, magnificent and tasteful, be reared amidst us, proudly attesting the blessings of wealth.

## NOTES ON A VOYAGE TO CARACCAS.

No. II.—*Road to Caraccas.*

Quitting La Guyra, we proceeded, for the first mile, along the narrow slip of land that forms the shore, with the wall of mountain on the left, and the ocean on the right. We then reached the village of Maycatia. This place was formerly the seat of a thriving population, and contained some neat dwelling houses, and a large and handsome church. It is now mostly in ruins; the earthquake of 1812 having, here as well as elsewhere in this devoted province, laid low almost every vestige of human art and industry; and the long continued civil war having prevented any attempts at rebuilding. Ten years had now elapsed since the rude shock was felt, and still the ruin strews the ground, lending to the scene its mournful contrast with the every-where revived freshness of nature.

Leaving Maycatia to the right, we pierced into the cleft of the mountain through which the road is cut. The ascent at first is gentle—the mountain still barren, with here and there a solitary tree to break in upon the monotony of the scene. The road, however, soon becomes more precipitous and winding, forming a perfect zig-zag. The ledges of rock, which rise on every side, bound the prospect for a considerable distance, and keep the mind of the traveller who has never before ascended the mountain, in constant anxiety to reach some vista, and some resting place withal, for his jaded limbs. A change is now evident in the appearance of the soil; the aridity gradually giving place to spots of verdure, and to shrubbery shooting out from the crevices of the rock.

Emerging, at length, from the pass, we came to a part of the road which, being open to the left, overlooks a deep valley below, and commands a prospect beyond, which, for sublimity and beauty combined, I have never seen equalled. On the opposite side of the valley, high mountains throw up their summits into the sky, shrouded in a veil of clouds, their sides feathered over with thick forests, and their bases terminating, or rather lost in profound abysses which the eye cannot penetrate. Far beneath, between the sides of the mountains enclosing the valley, is caught a glimpse of Maycatia, lying with its verdant groves, like an emerald, on the bosom of the ocean, whose waves, crested with foam, are seen pursuing each other in endless succession, though their roar "cannot be heard so high." Farther on, in the direction of La Guyra, is dis-

cerned the fleet of vessels, at anchor, "diminished to their cocks."

The bottom of the valley beneath, is occupied at intervals by lesser hills, whose terraced tops, enriched with the freshest verdure of spring, form the sites of extensive coffee plantations. In one of my excursions up the mountain, I was induced, by the solicitations of a planter, to visit his *hacienda*, or plantation. Striking into a narrow and wild dell, we followed a path at first descending, but which afterwards ascended the hill on which the place was situated. The house was a commodious and spacious one. It was supplied with a chapel, in which mass was about being performed in the presence of the collected family, including the slaves. During service the priest delivered a sermon, or exhortation, the greater part of which, by way of illustration, consisted of long Latin quotations from the fathers and saints, and which to render intelligible to his audience, the good priest was fain to translate into the vernacular, thus getting rid of no little portion of his time. After mass we adjourned to a well-supplied breakfast table, and thence to the plantation ground. The coffee trees are planted in separate rows, and present a beautiful and rich appearance. This tree, originally a native of Arabia, was first transplanted to Batavia, and thence to the Spanish colonies in the western hemisphere. The natural height of this tree is twelve feet; but the planter, in order to facilitate the gathering of the fruit, arrests its growth as soon as it reaches five feet. The flowers very much resemble those of the jasmine, of which they are a species, and, as they fade, give way to a berry; which is at first green, but afterwards turns to a bright red. It is not generally known, nor easy to conceive the numerous manipulations which these berries must undergo, before they are in a condition fit to be delivered to the venders. First, the external pellicle that encloses the seed containing two berries, which are united by their flat sides, and a ligament, the groove for which it is easy to recognize, is removed by the action of a mill, and the two berries separated. They are then placed in an inclined sieve, through which the pellicle drops, while the berries glide down the plane, and are received into baskets. They are then washed and steeped in water, and after they have been carefully dried, they are subjected to the action of a second and a third mill—the one for removing a pellicle which scales off as the berries dry, and the other for winnowing them thoroughly. Placed then on a table, they are farther cleaned by negroes, who remove all external matters, and se-

parate the broken from the whole berries.\* Such labour does it require to prepare for our domestic use this grateful luxury, whose reviving effects from stupor and inertia many a gourmand has experienced after a full meal, and to whose inspiring influence the future historian will find himself indebted for many an illustrious achievement, with the record of which to grace the chronicles of heroism and genius.†

To return to the road : The higher we ascended, the more wild and romantic became the scene, the more variegated and unbounded the prospect. The temperature sensibly lowered, and reminded me of " cool mornings and evenings " at home in September. We were now occasionally enveloped in mists and clouds, which, in broken fragments, occupied the sides of the mountain ; the darkened atmosphere being finely contrasted by the bright spots of sunshine, that intervened between their masses.

It was most gratifying to me, who had been for several months pent up in a barren island, on which neither dew nor rain had fallen for years, and in which scarce a vestige of vegetation was to be discovered, to find myself once more among scenes, resembling, in their general character, those I had left at home. The lofty precipice overhung with wood ; the blossomed branch perfuming the air with its delicious sweets ; the lowly flowret at the foot of the majestic tree ; the lichen and the fern, and the swarded mould ; all reminded me of more beloved scenes. My companions, some of whom were enraptured at once more beholding the scenes from which misfortune had so long exiled them, others, intent on the difficulties and fatigues of the journey, understood not the nature of my feelings ; neither had they those feelings intruded on their sympathies.

After two hours' ride, we reached the *venta*, or inn, where we refreshed ourselves, and then continued our ascent for another half hour. We then came to a level plain, winding round the mountain, and extending some distance, till a sudden angle in the road showed us that we had gained the side of the mountain, opposite to the one we had ascended, and gave us the view of a fine and fertile valley, several thousand feet beneath us and enclosed by mountains. Our road was now very fine ; on the left was the natural rampart, formed by the mountain : and on the right, towards the valley, thick shrubbery divided us from the frequently precipitous and dangerous descents. Between the foliage of this shrubbery was at length pointed

\* For farther particulars, see " *Historie Philosophique et Politique* &c. &c. par l'Abbé Raynal, Livre XI."

† See the St. Helena Memorial, particularly O'Meara's book.

out the city of St. Leon de Caraccas, famous for its situation, its former riches, its wars and its earthquakes. It lay in a fertile valley to the south of the Silla de Caraccas, about two thousand nine hundred feet above the level of the sea. Rich plantations surround it on all sides, and at this height they appeared like so many gardens. Language would fail to express the emotions which the sight excited in my Colombian companions. They cried, embraced each other, and tearing with transport the wild flowers of their native soil from the shrubbery, decorated their hats with them, and shouted "Colombia, Bolivar, and Liberty." They had reason to be proud of the sublime and beautiful features, which, in its bounty, Providence has bestowed on this favoured region. Yet, the sigh of regret could not be withheld from the melancholy reflection, that this fine portion of land had been the theatre of the most calamitous events, the most heart-rending scenes. It was not enough that nature had, by a convulsion of the earth, such as history rarely parallels, shaken the prosperity of the people to its very foundation—ruining thousands—deforming the face of the country—destroying the labour of two centuries, and making chasms in society that were irreparable;—man, unnatural man, must lift his arm against his brother, and whatever was distinguished in science or art, or aspiring in genius, had here been barbarously sacrificed at the bloody and never-saturated shrine of civil discord, by the hand of an unrelenting and exterminating tyranny. We now descended rapidly; and at 11 A. M. passed the powder magazine, a plain white building, inclosed in a large square, neatly fenced.

At 12, we entered the city by the Porta de Pastoras, or Shepherd's Gate, and were immediately shown the way to the Hotel of Independence, sign of the American and Colombian flags, stiffly pendent over a roast duck or fowl.

### No. III.—*Caraccas.*

Soon after the discovery of the coast of Venezuela, by Columbus, the Spaniards began to cast wishful glances towards the fertile valleys which abound in the interior of the province. They were for a long time, however, successfully opposed by the resolute natives. Expedition followed expedition, each sharing the same defeat. But civilized, or rather skilful warfare, must prevail in the end over wild and irregular opposition. After many spirited contests, and almost desperate efforts, Diego de Losada made a permanent settlement in the valley of Caraccas; and in 1567 he founded the present city, to which he gave the name of Santiago de Leon de Caraccas.

When we consider the heroic resistance which the native owners of this province generally offered to the encroachments of their European foes, we cannot fail to admire the valour they displayed, and lament the misfortunes to which they were compelled to succumb. If we reflect farther on the mode of warfare practised\* against this innocent race, who sinned in defending their hearths and altars, and the cruel barbarities to which they were exposed, where shall we find language to vent our indignation against the oppressors? In the words of an able writer of our own country, "Great God! to reflect that the authors of all these wrongs were professors of the meek and benevolent religion of Jesus, it was unmanly, it was impious—poor and pitiful! Gracious Heaven! what had these people done? The simple inhabitants of these beautiful plains, what wrong, what injury had they offered? My soul melts with pity and shame."†

Policy and interest may indeed reconcile the present generation to the spirit of conquest: the "*auri sacra fames*," which led the early settlers to overlook the claims of justice and humanity; and which induced them, not content with usurpation, to aim, with a too successful ferocity, at the total extermination of the obnoxious aborigines; or, as they have been contemptuously styled, *savages*. But the generous mind and feeling heart will ever revolt from the horrid and blood-dyed pictures with which faithful history must stain the columns devoted to Spanish America.

Yet the vengeance of Heaven has not altogether slept; and the ghost of the Indian warrior smiles with grim satisfaction, as he broods over the victims which earthquakes and intestine war have offered to his injured manes.

A city founded in so fertile a region, could not but flourish. Emigrants soon flocked thither; and in spite of the restrictions imposed on every branch of industry and science, by a tyrannical and jealous government, in the form of monopolies, in spite of religious intolerance, and superstitious slavery to the priests, many individuals enriched themselves; and the government itself reaped a rich harvest of revenue from the products of the soil. The city became extensive: numerous public buildings were erected; and in 1750, a college was instituted.

The city extends from the gate of Pastoras, on the north, to

\* "See Depons' Voyage to the Spanish Main for particulars."

† "The British Spy."

near the river Guayra, which bounds it on the south, a distance of near two miles. Its breadth, from east to west, is unequal. The space thus occupied is the more extensive, on account of the numerous and extensive gardens which surround the houses of the principal inhabitants. Four rivulets run through the city : the Arauco, Catacho, Canaguatu, and Guayra. From these the inhabitants are supplied with water, by means of conduits and reservoirs, constructed and maintained at the public expense. The water thus supplied is very good, although some have reproached it with possessing noxious particles. This is contradicted by general experience.

The streets are tolerably wide, say forty feet, and laid out at right angles to each other. They are paved, but in an indifferent manner, and have side-walks. The preposterous method of numbering the houses successively, on one side, is the source of much inconvenience to strangers, particularly in the longer streets.

There are several public squares. The principal is the *Plaza*, or market place, which is very spacious, and presents every morning an interesting concourse of loiterers, both male and female, strolling idly about ; and of heads of families, with their slaves in attendance, providing the necessaries of the day. The market is well supplied with meat and vegetables. Fruits, too, are in plenty : some of higher latitudes are here unexpectedly met with, as peaches, apples, &c. ; but then they are of an inferior quality, owing, very probably, to want of proper cultivation. It may, indeed, be observed, that every article of growth is susceptible of improvement, owing to the gross negligence of agriculture, which has every where characterized Spanish colonization. The square is surrounded by little shops, in which groceries and dry goods are retailed. Here, too, parrots of the most beautiful species, and monkeys, playing their antick tricks, are to be had, and for moderate prices.

In this square, military parades and public exhibitions take place. Among the latter, bull-baits must be reckoned, though the necessities of the war have rendered the poor objects of this cruel diversion, too precious to be thrown away upon idle amusements. Upon great public days, they are, however, still allowed ; and, during my stay in Caraccas, I saw one of these exhibitions : the poor animal was, however, saved, after being for some hours fretted, to the great delight, and amidst the rapturous exclamations of a large concourse of both sexes. Let it be hoped, that a more liberal policy, and new institutions, will forbid the continuance of a sport, that has, by no

means, tended to elevate the character of the ancient tyrants of Colombia.

“ Such the ungentle sport that oft invites  
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain ;  
Nurtered in blood betimes, his heart delights  
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.”

There are several other squares, the principal of which are those of Candelaria, and of San Felipe ; the latter of which has a fountain, with a jet d'eau in the centre.

To the east of the Plaza stands the Cathedral : it is two hundred and fifty-five feet in length, by seventy in breadth. The exterior is very plain, without the least pretensions to beauty, or even neatness ; the steeple a very ordinary one, but remarkable, as it contains the only clock in Caraccas. The interior is far from corresponding with the expectations naturally to be formed of the first church in the province. The high altar is against the wall, and overloaded with gilding. So are the other altars, of which there are three on each side of the building. In the centre of the nave, there is an image of Christ, in bronze, large as life, hanging on the cross. It is well executed, and stands on a large pedestal. There are also more paintings hung round the walls, but they are not worth any notice. Depons, in his voyage to the Spanish Main, assigns the following cause for the humble architecture, of the principal place of worship in Caraccas :

“ The Episcopal seal having been transferred from Coro to Caraccas, in 1636, there was, necessarily, before that time no cathedral in this town ; and when they began to execute the plan of a superb church, a severe earthquake coming on upon the 11th of June, 1641, at three quarters past eight in the morning, and which caused infinite desolation, was regarded as the advice of Providence, to render the edifice better calculated to resist these sort of catastrophes, than to captivate the admiration of virtuosi. They, from that time, no more thought of, or rather totally renounced magnificence, in order to bestow on it solidity alone. But, nature having made no other aberration of this kind at Caraccas, they have resumed the project of building an elegant cathedral.”\*

This statement, it will at once be perceived, was written before the terrible earthquake which took place in 1812, several years after Depons left the Spanish Main, and which, of course, frustrated the project referred to.

The parochial church of Alta Gracia is far superior in point of architecture, to the Cathedral. It has a very handsome front, and the proportions observed throughout the building reflect no slight degree of credit on the founders of this church.

\* Depons' Voyage to the Spanish Main, vol. 3. p. 69.

These were the free men of colour, residing in the vicinity, aided by slight contributions from the whites. It struck me as somewhat singular, that the finest building in this city should owe its existence to the most degraded part of the community.

The church of Candelavia, situated in the square of the same name, was built by the natives of the Canaries, of whom many are naturalized in this country. They are distinguished by the name of *Isleños*, or Islanders. Besides these three, there are two other parish churches—those of St. Paul and St. Rosalie, neither of them remarkable for beauty. In all these, service is regularly performed every day; and on Sundays and festivals, sermons are delivered by the priests. The style of pulpit eloquence among the Spaniards resembles closely that of the French: it is animated, declamatory, and directed to the passions, more than to the understanding of the hearers. Their sermons are, in fact, rather persuasive exhortations, than expositions of doctrines. Their manner of delivery is very much in unison with their style: impassioned, bold, and full of action; and to this, the richness and melody of their language are happily adapted. It may, however, be questioned, whether their eloquence, popular and captivating as it is, has greater, or as much effect in subduing the minds of the people, and in bringing them over to a life of piety and virtue, as the cold and, frequently, abstract manner practised in the English pulpit.

The convents early attracted my regard. That of St. Francis is the largest; and this I first visited. Its church, which has before its door a court yard surrounded by a wall, is splendid in the interior, and surpasses in appearance the cathedral and the other churches. The high altar is not placed against the wall; but is in the midst of a lofty and deep recess opposite the principal entrance, and hung round with damask curtains. It is apparently very rich; and around it, on the walls, are some fine paintings, descriptive of scenes in sacred history. A side door leads from the church to the cloisters of the convent. On these open the doors of the monks' apartments; and the spaces on the walls, between these doors, are ornamented with large portraits of the different bishops, &c. who have presided over the province from the earliest periods of its settlement. A short biographical notice is underwrit, and is probably the only memorial the fathers of the Caraqueñian church have left behind them. Over the landing places, on the stairs leading to the cloisters, are suspended larger paintings of the Virgin Mary and the saints, and on a tablet fixed under these is inscribed the promise of so many

indulgences to a sinner, who will fall down, and repeat on his knees, a proportionate number of ave marias before the holy picture, and so many more, according to the number of ave marias he will utter. The scene of tranquillity which the silence of the now almost depopulated cloisters presented, was peculiarly fitted to call up recollections of the departing power of their former tenants. Their numbers diminished, their influence lost,—they had either been exiled, or had exiled themselves, from the land over which they might almost have been said to reign. For above two hundred years, they exercised a power over the inhabitants, amounting to tyranny; and the oppressions of the government they ever approved and supported, as the best security of their own mastery. When, at length, the cries of the people, overburdened and sore-galled with the yoke of servitude, reached to Heaven, and independence first alighted upon the land, the abettors of the crimes of their oppressors were not forgotten, and dearly were they made to pay for their former abuses. Deprived of their benefices, expelled with ignominy; in some instances, sacrificed to the indignant fury of the outraged populace, they have dwindled away into almost a nonentity. Those only are allowed to remain, whose unsuspected attachment to the liberties of their countrymen, and whose open hostility to the ancient order of things, have secured to them the confidence of the government, and the respect of their brethren. Even these, however, must mourn over the diminished influence they possess over the minds of their flocks. A respectable and shrewd friar confessed to me, that he found the difficulties with which he had to contend, on account of the spread and increase of knowledge and more liberal opinions, daily increasing. Young girls, he told me, were now grown so bold, as to doubt the propriety of many of those customs and institutions which age and the authority of the church had rendered sacred, but which common sense disavowed, as repugnant to nature. He confessed that he was often put to his shifts, how to make replies to questions, from quarters the most unexpected: and in which the answer he did make, no longer carried with it its usual weight and decision. Alas! the poor father would say—but this is as it should be. The energies of a whole people, whom the right of possession has enriched with the finest country on the earth, and whose natural talents only want development to evince their lustre, should no longer be repressed, nor kept under the sway of a blind superstition and an unsocial bigotry, which has cramped their industry, fettered their enterprize, and even dared to arrest the pro-

gress of their intellect, on its march to improvement. It is mournful to reflect that these causes should have so long been permitted to operate ; and more mournful still, that in the attempt to remove them, such sacrifices of blood, treasure and worth should have been required of the unfortunate Colombians, by a mysterious, but wise and just Providence. May they thereby be taught to appreciate the blessings they enjoy under a free government of their own making ; and to extend them to the oppressed of every country, unalloyed by the commercial impositions, political restrictions, or religious intolerance, which disgraced the former administration.

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#### A VISION OF THE PAST, AND THE FUTURE.

MAN is the victim of discontent. He either looks for happiness in his recollections of the past ; or seeks it in the brilliant visions which his fancy has created of futurity. The present only is his ; the past is not,—and never can return ; and of the future he may be deprived by the intervention of fate ; still, it is in his recollections or anticipations alone, that he lives to enjoyment ; while the present time passes unheeded and unimproved. Happy is he, who finds in the past the lessons of experience ; in the present, the moment of enjoyment and preparation for the future ; and who looks upon the future as the season in which the Deity will bring his inscrutable designs to a wise result.

Impressed with these sentiments, I, Jonathan Van Blarcom,\* retired to an arbour behind my dwelling, on the right bank of the Hudson, one fine afternoon in the month of August, to devise, if possible, some solution of this discontent of the human race, and some remedy for this universal impatience at the present.

The heavens were clear, and the warmth of the atmosphere had predisposed me to that state of contemplation, when imagination takes the reins into her own hands, and follows the unmarked course of thought, unaccompanied by scepticism, and unchecked by criticism. The Catskill mountains rose in solemn grandeur before me, bounding the extensive landscape on which I listlessly gazed, admiring the industry that covered it with cultivated fields, and the habita-

\* I get my christian name from a maternal ancestor, who lived on the banks of the Connecticut.

tions of civilized men. The lordly Hudson rolled through this rich, though romantic country, and the villages and towns that were scattered along its banks, completed a picture, which forcibly reminded me of the condition of the human race, assembled, as it were, in a vast plain, for the instruction or amusement of superior intellects.

While still gazing upon this scene, and musing upon our destinies and our capabilities, my vision began to grow indistinct: the mountains alternately bowed to the valley, and rose to the clouds, until they at last sunk from my view; the landscape extended itself indefinitely; and after a short struggle between reality and the suggestions of fancy, my eyes opened upon a new world.

The plain before me was apparently without limits, and crowded with human figures. Over the left a dense cloud was hanging, and hid every thing beneath it from my sight; but on the right the view was uninterrupted. Directly in front, a figure was seen advancing from the right to the left, or from the east. As he advanced, the cloud gradually receded, shrinking from his approaching footsteps, and enveloping the objects beneath it, which were stationary, and became more distinct as the figure passed them. In his left hand he held an instrument similar to an horology, but which he used as a mirror; and turning its rays that were shed from it profusely upon the cloud and the objects on either side of him, dispelled the mists, and brought out the figures in their proper proportions.

It, however, often happened, that upon their first appearance they assumed different forms from those really belonging to them. Objects, that on the edge of the mist seemed sufficiently alluring, and, indeed, fascinated the beholder, at last appeared in their own colours, and putting off their shadowy substance,

“If substance ’t might be called that shadow seemed,  
“For each seemed either,”

dwindled into some insignificant or disgusting shape. Thus, several figures, which, upon their emerging, promised to prove the benefactors of mankind, after a short exposure to the rays of the mirror proved to be arrant impostors, who covered their selfishness and meanness with the cloak of pretended philanthropy. The smooth fair garb of sanctity was changed into the more accommodating suit of worldly gratification; and many a saint found his cloak too thin to resist the heat of the horology, or to longer veil his true character from the eyes of the world.

The mere professor of patriotism fared equally ill, with the professor of religion. Reformers degenerated into defaulters, and noisy demagogues into office hunters; and by the help of this new light, I saw the same hand that was always ostentatiously interposed to guard the public treasury, pilfering from the widow and orphan of the soldier, the price of a husband's or a father's blood. Those who had no claim, except to orthodox principles, soon appeared to be unsound in practice. The test proved too severe for resistance or evasion to avail any thing; and after many attempts at both, all were obliged to submit to a public and impartial scrutiny. This was, indeed, often postponed, until the object had become insensible to the opinion of the crowd; but it finally arrived, and was often accelerated by a class of persons, who, with pencils and pallets in their hands, were busily employed in going about and painting the objects in various parts of the fields, according to their notion of the true colours in which they should appear.

By their assiduous labours, the stains and blots which prejudice had affixed to a character were effaced; the injuries of party violence were repaired, and features, which had been rendered harsh and repulsive to contemporaries, by these means were softened and mellowed, so as to present an agreeable portrait. When these efforts were made as auxiliaries to truth, I thought that they met with the approbation of the chief personage in the landscape,—for the colours were durable; the rays of the mirror were directed, as if to aid them in their task, and when they had succeeded in rescuing a person from unmerited reproach, and displaying his character as it was, the tints became richer, every favourable feature more strongly marked, and the whole expression better defined under the magical influence of the horology; until, catching illumination from its rays, the countenance beamed with a supernatural expression, and cast its radiance upon all surrounding objects.

It seemed as if time had resolved to recompense them for the neglect or ingratitude of their own age, by presenting them in bolder relief, and with a more mellowed colouring to posterity.

Some personages, on the other hand, had been decorated by these painters in tawdry colours, neither warranted by taste or truth. Upon these an opposite effect was produced. After being exposed to the rays of the horology, the colours faded; the arts, by which the defects of the head or heart had been concealed, became apparent; the flaws were exposed to view; and the whole figure tottered with weakness, and seemed on the point of dwindling into that airy nothing, to which so many in the verge of the field were constantly tending.

Other figures stood before me unaided by these artists. Their actions became part of the public history ; and, disdaining any intrigue or arts, but manly arts, they defied their calumniators ; and by giving to the age the impress of their characters, secured that immortality which results from true greatness.

While I gazed with delighted wonder upon these things, I was startled to see a company emerging from the cloud, apparently full of confidence and hope, whom, upon a nearer examination, I recognized as most of my own acquaintance. Their gait and mien proclaimed their high pretensions and desert. Scarcely one aimed to be less than chief of all. Some of them, at their first appearance, earnestly cultivated the acquaintance of that industrious class of painters, for the purpose of having their portraits perpetuated by some affectionate hand ; but though they sometimes procured a passing notice, they were quickly overwhelmed by the rubbish which accumulated on every side, and soon hid them from my solicitous sight. I cannot express the pain that I felt, when I saw the present generation pass from the stage, and leave no trace behind. One after another, they occupied my attention for a time ; and then, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, went their way, and I saw them no more. Physicians, lawyers, statesmen or divines, they shared the same fate ;—governors, mayors, senates, and Common Councils, and even the magnanimous Assembly, with all its honours :

“ There went the speaker—O, illustrious spark !  
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clark.”

“ *Geminos duo fulmina belli Scipiados.*”

Taught by that glimpse into futurity, I could describe the destinies of most of those ambitious juvenals among us, whose hearts swell high with the hope of immortality ; but I am unwilling to discourage their well-meant exertions to perpetuate their names, by dwelling too minutely upon the effects of the horology. Let them toil in their turn like their predecessors—like them, too, they will full soon find, that they have pursued a phantom instead of the substance ; that their deceitful hopes have led them from the paths of professional usefulness and domestic enjoyments, in which they might have fulfilled their destiny, to attempt a task too mighty for their faculties ; and that disappointment and oblivion await their toilsome labours.

Among the superintending figures of the scene was one, that, unlike that of the possessor of the horology, (who only moved in a direct line from the east,) wandered over the whole field,

except that enveloped in the cloud. She was chiefly employed about those objects upon which the rays of the mirror were immediately directed ; and seemed equally delighted with the exposure of hypocrisy, and the vindication of abused worth. Sometimes, indeed, she would linger behind, to alter the colours, in which some prominent characters were portrayed, and to aid the efforts of the painters ; but her assistance was often rendered ineffectual by other figures, which, although they shrunk from her frown, often succeeded in preventing her success. With one painter, the enchantress Adulation was always present, and placed in his hands, none but the most brilliant colours. Another constantly dipped his pencil in a dye, presented to him by the fiend of party spirit. A third listened only to the suggestions of interest ; and I observed that none showed a sincere and single devotion to their guides, excepting those who were employed in the most remote parts of the field, which were inaccessible to these mirror spirits.

By the enticing and benign smile which played in the countenance of this figure ; by the directness of her movements, and the constant and universal power she was exerting upon all the objects before me, I recognized the form of Truth ; and drawing near, I thus addressed her :—O Goddess, thou that ever deignest to hearken to mortals, answer the prayer of one, who has listened fearlessly to thy instructions ; who admires thee, and thee only, as devoid of the deceit of thy sex ; and who adopts thy maxims without caring for the result, and explain to him the wonders which he gazes upon. Young man, said she, this plain is the field of history : the cloud in the west is the veil of futurity : the figure, before whose footsteps it retires, is Time ;—behind him he leaves the events that have transpired, and the personages who have existed in past ages ; and those laborious persons employed in restoring their colours, and preventing their decay, are antiquarians and historians. They assist Time in developing the true springs of human actions, and in displaying the characters of the principal agents, separated from that false lustre, with which temporal power or party favour may have infested them.

By their joint efforts, a sort of moral justice is performed upon their reputations ; and they are stripped of their borrowed or stolen ornaments, without any aid from their panegyrists, who, during their lives assured them of unfading renown. Such flattery affords no protection from the consuming test of the horology, or the rigid scrutiny of the historian, who solicits my assistance. Saints become fanatic madmen ; conquerors

degenerate into robbers, and seem quite as insane ; scholars prove pedants, and wits turn into buffoons ; while the mass of mankind sink into the original nothingness from which they sprung.

Sometimes portions of a character, worthy preservation, become so interwoven with doubtful qualities, that they cannot be separated, but must be all preserved together. Then is it, that the painful efforts of the historian are devoted to impart a false gloss to the worse features, so as to heighten the effect of the whole portrait. These, however, are seldom successful, but generally produce a contrariety of opinion, which, in time, results in the exposure of what is deserving of reprobation.

Thus, James of England soon lost his reputation for learning, and was universally condemned as a weak and despicable monarch, in whose character the pedant and dastard alternately predominated. Louis the Great has changed his warlike character for that of a sensualist and a bigot. Transformations of this kind are constantly taking place around you. I looked at those that she pointed out, but the development of their motives and character so shocked my moral feeling, that I dare not reveal to this generation the secret springs of those actions which they admire in the leaders of the people, and the rulers of the state. Let time disclose them, and posterity judge.

My attention to the field, and to my instructress had hitherto been so great, that I had not observed several of her attendants, who each bore a large telescope. Upon expressing my curiosity at this sight, I was informed, that to these attendants were committed the various departments of ancient history ; and that their telescopes possessed the peculiar faculty of presenting events exactly as they transpired, without any of the false colouring of human prejudice. The incorrect statements of historians, the adulation of pensioned orators and poets, were wholly overlooked ; and characters were seen stripped of all artificial covering, and actions separated from their ostensible motives.

From one of these attendants, who was caressing an eagle, that she wore upon her wrist, as falcons were formerly worn, I took a telescope, which was habitually directed towards the seven hilled city ; and eagerly looking through it to see those godlike forms that presided over her councils and armies, was humbled to find that so much of our veneration for that republic was owing to our imperfect knowledge of their actions and motives. The most prominent feeling that I could disco-

ver, and indeed that which exclusively controlled their public councils; was a desire to extend the limits of the Roman empire.

To this passion every thing was rendered subservient. The énergies of all its citizens were directed to this end; and, upon its attainment, the senate depended for its treasure, the commanders for their reward, and the populace for subsistence. Its whole history, in the eye of truth, presented but an unvaried series of military usurpation and unjust domination. Independent nations were invaded, and their unoffending citizens massacred, to render the Roman name pre-eminent. Patriotic leaders and monarchs, who, with surpassing skill and courage, had contended against this fury of universal sway, were exiled from their country, and pursued with inveterate rage through every clime, until they found a refuge from the power of the republic, in a voluntary death.

From the Tarpeian mount rose a temple, on which was inscribed, "To the Power of Rome." Here were employed some of the most distinguished painters, all striving to array it in false colours. The horology itself seemed to assist, by shedding its rays profusely upon the military courage, the unbending fortitude, and political wisdom, of those by whom it was erected; that their tyranny, rapacity, cruelty and injustice were thrown into the shade, and rendered scarcely visible. It, however, presented a very different appearance, when viewed through the telescope. Every thing that was based upon injustice, military usurpation, or violence, proved unable to withstand the scrutiny of the glass.

Pillars, which appeared to be its chief supporters, tottered and fell; here a wing severed itself from the building; and at last, the whole front was prostrated, with a horrible crash, to the earth, and displayed the inmost recesses of the temple.

The brilliant picture was reversed;—corruption presided in their halls of justice; sensuality at their banquets; and violence in their political assemblies. No projects were there entertained to enlighten the public mind, or to develop the resources of the empire; to make their citizens industrious, or their subjects happy: but all were striving to extend the bounds of the republic, and to extort from the impoverished provinces the fruits of their labour, to lavish upon the unhallowed sports of the imperial city. The chambers were filled with debauchery and cruelty; while in the outer courts were presented the tragedies, performed by their consuls and prefects in the provinces. The ruins of Carthage were scattered at the very foundation of the temple, and the flames of Saguntum,

Xanthus and Jerusalem, rose from the feet of the presiding genius, and filled the rooms with smoke and pollution.

Disgusted with the horrible sight, I hastily relinquished the telescope, and taking up another, marked Church History, I applied myself to the examination of a department, in which I felt conscious of finding truth and certainty. There, said I, I may surely trust to the representations of history; for, on this important subject, nothing can be left to doubt, especially where errors in opinion are visited with inevitable punishment. But scarcely had I applied my eye to the glass, ere I witnessed a scene so entirely different from what I had been taught to expect, that the glass dropt from my hand, and I exclaimed, "I have mistaken the instrument, and unwittingly blundered upon the history of civil wars, and successful impostures." "Young man, said my instructress, judge not too rashly—you are looking upon the history of human religion: when it was given by Providence to man, it was intended to mend his life, to soften his heart, and to fit him to perform his duties here and hereafter: but men have used it as an excuse for their cruelty and pride; and have arrogantly invaded the province of Heaven, by condemning the faith of their fellows, and punishing any deviation from their own."

Unwilling to continue an investigation so pregnant with mistakes and disappointments, I turned to her and exclaimed, "The past is but the record of follies and crimes: show me the future, that I may find something on which my eyes can rest with pleasure; remove the veil of futurity, and give me to look upon the events beneath it." "Thy wish shall be gratified," said she, "now look."

I turned to the left, and the cloud was rapidly retiring, while Time seemed to be sinking to the ground, as if annihilated by some superior power.

Character and events innumerable thronged upon my vision. As soon as I recovered from my surprise, I cast my eyes upon a portion of the field, which, from the dense population, the fortified towns, and the manners of its inhabitants, I knew to be Europe.

Here extraordinary changes were taking place: kings and nobles were standing in silent dismay, and watching the progress and power of public opinion. A detestation of existing establishments, founded upon a consciousness of oppression, and their unfitness for a more advanced state of society, than that in which they were adopted, prevailed among the mass of the people. The public burdens, necessary for their support, had become too heavy to be borne, and actually crush-

ed the lower classes into the earth. In this state of suffering, the ordinary affairs of life were neglected, and the political regeneration of society became the business of all conditions of men.

While the party interested in the continuance of these abuses was employed in justifying its right to peculiar privileges, the multitude were convinced of the injustice of the claim, by actual endurance of the intolerable burdens to which it subjected them. At length their eyes were opened upon the chains by which their energies had been restrained. Reason had demolished the priestcraft and lawcraft which had misled them; and they rose, en masse, to vindicate their natural privileges. The conflict between power and right, between the machinery of government, and the freedom of the people, was not long confined to argument—it soon assumed a more serious character, and resulted in an appeal to arms.

In some countries, the subjects, enlightened by civilization, and irritated by the injustice of their rulers, expelled them, without difficulty, from their thrones. In other kingdoms, newer in history, and where time had not so fully evinced the incompatibility of barbarous institutions, with a civilized state, the people, still submissive to their prejudices, were led by their nobles to crush the liberal party. Long was the conflict, and for a time victory seemed doubtful; but when the aristocratic party triumphed, they found no security in success, and were obliged carefully to guard against the progress of these contagious opinions, which constantly reduced the number of their supporters. One rebellion was suppressed, only to give birth to a more extensive conspiracy; for the people would be content with nothing less than freedom. On the other side, the friends of liberal opinions lost no courage in defeat. Driven from various kingdoms, they sought refuge in obscurity, where they rallied their forces for a more desperate conflict. Neither were they without extraneous support. They vindicated their cause by appealing to the glory and happiness of a new world, governed upon the principles of freedom and equality. They showed that the people might be free, and the government steadfast and strong in the affections of its citizens, and in the principles by which it was administered.

In the foremost rank of these glorious illustrations of a new and more perfect system, I saw my own country: to her, the persecuted and oppressed of all nations looked for encouragement in their afflictions, and for an asylum from their enemies. Her existence as a republic, and the happiness and prosperity

of her citizens, disproved the calumnies of those who declaimed against democratic frenzy, and the inability of the people to govern themselves.

Occasionally, combinations of leading men would be formed against the popular principle, and symptoms of disorder would appear; but the independent spirit of the people resisted every attempt at usurpation, and their returning good sense checked all tendencies to anarchy.

Upon my first casting my eyes upon this quarter, I discovered a number of individuals erecting a bridge over a ditch, to a building, upon which was written, "the Citadel of Power." Its incongruous arches rested upon party prejudices; and, from the slips of paper which were fluttering on every side of it, I ascertained that its materials were chiefly composed of private correspondence, and intercepted letters. Over the principal arch were written these letters, in an unknown tongue. ΚΑΡΚΟΤΣΥΣΤΗΜ. It finally was completed, and the builders, preceded by a goodly personage, began, in solemn procession, to march to the goal of their desires; but hardly had they reached the key stone of the bridge, when it sunk beneath their weight; they fell with its ruins; the torrent of public indignation swept over them, and they appeared no more. After this manifestation of the power of the people, their triumph was complete. Demagogues, who had abused their favour, were gradually exposed; and experience of their want of fidelity had begotten suspicion and distrust of all boastful pretenders. A just confidence in those who had always performed their public duties with talent and honesty, succeeded to an ephemeral affection, excited by the often reiterated, and always deceitful professions of respect for the people, by those who made political power their sole aim, and party machinery the sole means of exciting and guiding public opinion.

Talent and industry triumphed over impudence and intrigue; and the government was administered with purity, and upon its original principles. Public opinion, rightly informed, became the guide and support of all public measures, and the people, governed by the rulers of their own choice, were prosperous and contented.

At this sight, the oppressed and enslaved in every quarter gained new courage; and casting off their shackles, they turned upon their tyrants with irresistible fury. The shouts of freedom yet ring in my ears, which they gave as they advanced to each successive triumph, and as the hosts of despotism scattered before them, and the structures of feudalism and superstition fell in ruins beneath their efforts. While I yet gazed,

my eyes fell upon the servile population of the American Archipelago. There were sown the seeds of a more extensive and total revolution ; but while the fermentation was going on, and just on the point of exploding, I called to mind the southern section of my own country, and started from my seat to warn my countrymen of their danger. In an instant, the cloud reappeared and covered the left of the field. I heard the rustling of the wings of time, and on turning, discovered that he stood with his scythe (which I had not before observed) raised in the act of cutting me off. My efforts to escape the impending blow disturbed my slumbers, and I found myself still sitting in my summer-house. The field of history, and the veil of futurity, had disappeared, and I saw nothing but the majestic Hudson placidly flowing through the fertile valley above the Highlands. Time, however, had been busy, for upon entering the house, I found that the family had gone to bed, and left me, supperless, to follow their example.

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## HORACE, BOOK III. CARM. 6.

O Rome ! for faults ancestral, not our own,  
In tears and blood thy children must atone !  
For many a desolate temple, mouldering fane,  
And dedicated shrine, black with unseemly smoke :  
When thou didst bear thine honours vast, less vain,  
As holden from the gods, began thy reign,  
With their neglected rites, behold thy sceptre broke.

Behold, on sad Hesperia, at their will,  
Descends the accumulated weight of ill !  
Our legions twice the Parthian hath o'ercome,  
And back repelled the assault, with no good omens made ;  
Proud of his trophies, haste the victors home,  
Hung with the spoils of once imperial Rome,  
On their barbaric rings, glittering with new parade.

Fierce on the state, torn with intestine feud,  
The Dacian urges, and the Æthiop rude ;  
This with huge navies scours the groaning main ;  
And this obscures the sky, hurtling his arrowy cloud ;  
Ages, in crimes prolific, with the stain  
Of unchaste nuptials, first defiled the vein  
Of ancient blood and race, and names once high and proud.

From this base fountain, ruin, like a flood,  
O'erwhelms our country and her sons with blood,  
And luxury o'er the manners rules supreme ;  
The girl must learn to tread the soft Ionian measure,  
And wind to wanton sounds the pliant limb,  
In each voluptuous poise ; and the first dream,  
Of her most tender years, roves to unlicensed pleasure.

A matron now, her young gallants she seeks,  
 What time her lord with drunken wassail reeks;  
 Nor choice of suitors, will her gifts withhold  
 Till night, but even before her conscious spouse will rise,—  
 Called by the factor, or the captain bold  
 Of Spanish ship,—to whom her charms are sold  
 Dearly ;—at any price, her shame the witling buys.

Not from such parents sprung the youthful brave,  
 Who dyed with Afric's reddest blood the wave,  
 Pyrrhus and great Antiochus overthrew,  
 And the dread Hannibal, whom not the Alps could stay;  
 But men, to rustic soldiers born, who grew  
 From labour strong, and well obedience knew,  
 Taught by the matron stern of undisputed sway;

Who, when the livelong day, they'd plied their toil,  
 Turning with Sabine spades, the cumbrous soil,  
 Bade them huge billets hew and faggots bind,  
 Though then the mountains cast their lengthening shadows far,  
 While the sun set their burnished steeps behind,  
 And the tired steer the weary yoke resigned,  
 And the sweet hour of rest came with the sinking ear.

O Time! destroying with each passing hour!  
 What good escapes thy slow consuming power?  
 Each age beholds a more degenerate race ;---  
 Worse than our grandsires' proved our father's darkening day;  
 They left a generation yet more base,  
 And we, to swell the annals of disgrace,  
 Beget a progeny, of every vice the prey.

#### BOOK III. CARM. 13.

Blandusian font! whose glassy stream  
 Still gushes ever bright and clear!  
 To thee the mantling bowl, I deem,  
 With flowers, the fairest of the year,  
 Crowned gayly, often should be poured,  
 And with due rites thy nymph adored.

And on the morn, to thee shall fall  
 A kid, whose horns are budding newly;  
 Who dreams of many a love, and all  
 Maintained in noble conflict duly;  
 But with thy basin's mirror bright,  
 Shall his red-flowing blood unite.

The raging dogstar's sultry heat  
 Can pierce not in thy loved recess,  
 When oft the herds delighted meet,  
 And thy refreshing coolness bless.  
 The steer forgets his cumbrous share,  
 And still the wandering sheep come there.

With classic fountains shall thou vie;  
 If not in vain thy poet sings;

Nor be the oak forgot, that high  
Above the rocks o'er-arching springs;  
From whence thy sparkling waters fall,  
Welling with murmurs musical.

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## TO THE EVENING STAR.

Pale melancholy star ! who shed'st thy beams  
So mildly on my brow, pure as the tear  
A pitying angel sheds o'er earthly sorrow.  
I love to sit by thy sweet light, and yield  
My heart to its strange musings, wayward dreams  
Of things inscrutable, and soaring thoughts,  
That would aspire to dwell in yon high sphere.  
I love to think that thou art a bright world  
Where bliss and beauty dwell—where never sin  
Has entered, to destroy the brightest joys  
Of its pure holy habitants. 'Tis sweet  
To fancy such a quiet, peaceful home,  
All innocence and purity, and love.  
There the first sire still dwells, with all his race ;  
From his loved eldest born, to the sweet babe  
Of yesterday. There gentle maids are seen,  
Fair as the sun, with all that tenderness,  
So sweet in woman, and soft eyes that beam  
Pure ardent love, but free from passion's stain.  
There all have high communion with their God,  
And tho' the fruit of knowledge is not pluck'd,  
Yet doth its fragrance breathe on all around.  
Oh ! what can knowledge give to recompense  
The happy ignorance it cost ? Man lost  
His Heaven to gain it. What was his reward ?

Sweet Star ! can those in thy bright sphere behold  
Our fallen world ?—do they not weep to see  
Our blighting sorrow ? and do they not veil  
Their brows in shame, to see Heaven's choicest gifts  
Profaned by maddening passions ?  
Surely this world is now as beautiful  
As 'twas in earliest prime ;—the earth still blooms  
With flowers and brilliant verdure,—the dark trees  
Are thick with foliage, and the mountains tower  
In proud sublimity : the waters glide  
All smoothly o'er the flower-enamelled mead,  
Or dash o'er broken cliffs, flinging their spray  
In high fantastic whirls. Surely 'tis fair  
As it could before the wasting flood  
Had whelmed it. Go ye forth and gaze upon  
The face of nature : all is peaceful there ;  
And yet a strange, sad feeling strikes the heart.  
Soon man will tread these too—cities will rise  
Where now the wild bird sings : thousands will dwell  
Where all is loneliness ; but will it be  
More beautiful ? No ! where the wild flowers spring ;  
Where nought but the bird's note is heard, we may

Find friends in every leaf. Each simple flower  
 Speaks to the heart, and fills it with the sweet,  
 Soft tenderness of childhood ; but vain man  
 Makes it a peopled wilderness. The blight  
 Of disappointment and distrust is found,  
 Wherever man has made his troubled home ;  
 And the most fearful desert is the spot  
 Where he best loves to dwell.  
 Oh ! let me hope while gazing on thy light,  
 Sweet Star ! that yet a peaceful home is left,  
 For those sad spirits who have found this world  
 All sin and sorrow—haply in thy sphere  
 I yet may dwell, when cleansed from all the stains  
 Of passions that too darkly dwell within  
 This throbbing heart. Oh ! had I early died,  
 I might have been a pure and sinless child  
 In some sweet planet ; and my only toil  
 To light my censer by the sun's bright rays,  
 And fling its fire forever towards the throne  
 Of the Eternal One ! Now I am doomed  
 To painful suffering. All my hours of joy  
 Were long since spent, and nought is left me now  
 But a wild waste of sorrow ! Be it so !

K.

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 SPRING.

Hail fairest of the circling year !  
 Oh ! lend sweet spring a list'ning ear !  
 From the winds thy healthful throne,  
 Breathe o'er the lyre a cheering tone ;  
 Now briskly swelling from the west,  
 Let the soft breeze the harp invest ;  
 The gentle south wind lend its aid,  
 And musick soft the strings pervade ;  
 The ruthless north and eastern quire,  
 Forbid to strike the feeble lyre :  
 For milder gales demands the spring,  
 And winter's not the theme I sing.

Now melt the ice and frozen chains  
 Of winter, by the vernal rains.  
 The swelling streamlets o'er the steep  
 Bounding, in sparkling torrents leap ;  
 The seas with ships and navies groan,  
 By breezes borne to either zone ;  
 The city from the rising sun,  
 'Till evening twilight has begun,  
 Echoes with sound of artizan,  
 And all the busy hum of man.

O'er arid plains with hopeful toil,  
 The farmer irrigates the soil :  
 The gentle ox, with patient load,  
 Advances, 'neath the ploughman's goad ;

While o'er the fields, and gay parterre,  
The flowrets sweet perfume the air ;  
The cypress shoots its flowers above,  
And reigns the empress of the grove ;  
The fair magnolia decks the glade  
In richest livery arrayed ;  
The sweet briar scents the breath of night,

And every plant inspires delight.  
No more old winter's iron sway,  
Will nature or the year obey ;  
The gentle spring ascends her throne,  
And liberty is heard alone !—  
In dark and pensive solitude,  
By winding streams, or lonely wood ;  
Or near men's quiet still retreats,  
The robin's note the morning greets ;  
The lark and blue-bird with him vie,  
In plaintive notes and melody ;  
While in the silent, shady grove,  
The thresher tunes his song of love ;  
And when his middle course the sun,  
With fiery steeds and wheels, has run,  
The bunting, in his upward flight,  
Pours out his music of delight.

When evening steals with silent tread,  
And hastes her mantle round to spread ;  
When Luna rules the pensive hour,  
And Phœbus abdicates his power,  
The night-hawk mounts his car on high,  
And soars sublimely to the sky ;  
Then in his rapid course descends,  
And with his wings the whirlwind rends ;  
Ascending next with gentler flight,  
He claims the empire of the night.

Now o'er the flowery meads of May,  
The fire-fly trims his watch-light gay ;  
While every herb with falling dew  
At evening tide is bathed anew.

Oh ! nature, here the muse would rest !  
Thy beauties are alone expressed  
In these thy scenes, where summer gales,  
With waving corn and blooming vales,  
And autumn with her golden horn,  
Pouring fruits and ripened corn,  
And winter with her tyrant king,  
Yield the palm to gentle spring !

## THE DOCTOR M'HENRY SCHOOL OF ROMANCE.

We were much puzzled to decide upon the school of novel writers, to which the prolific author of the "Wilderness" belongs ; but, upon due consideration, have come to the conclusion, that he is not to be disposed of in this way. He is a little unknown himself ; a great original ; and a critic to boot. His tub stands on its own bottom ; and he stands in it alone. His school is his own ; and his works are unsusceptible of being classified under the banner of any living novelist. They are not to be judged by comparison with those of others, but by their own actual and unique merits. "None but themselves can be their parallels."

With a view of illustrating the character of the Doctor's school, we shall give an account, so far forth as we are able, of his recently published novel, *O'Halloran*,\* which we have actually read all through, and suppose to be a fair specimen of the Doctor's powers. It is proper to mention, that we have noticed an imitation of the manner of Scott ; to wit, that he has garnished the heads of his chapters with sundry scraps of poetry, manufactured by himself. As the Doctor is original in every thing else, he should not condescend to copy in this particular.

The leading characteristic of the style of his school, is, that it is off-hand and extemporaneous. Possibly, some of this book may have never been in manuscript, but have been composed, like Mr. Wooler's paragraphs, at the type fount. The plot seems to be made as it goes along ; which is, indeed, the most natural way ; and the same in which events usually turn up in the world we live in. The only objection we can perceive to this mode of doing business, is, that it may sometimes give rise to inconsistencies in character or incident. For instance, Mr. O'Halloran, the principal character of this novel, who, at the commencement, is a very good natured sort of an old gentleman, in the middle of it becomes savage and *ugly* and tyrannical. In fact, he behaves very improperly indeed. He afterwards reforms. We may, however, be mistaken as to the alleged inconsistency in this character. Perhaps the author intended to describe a well-meaning old fellow, with no extraordinary complement of brains ; in which case, his improper conduct might be ascribed to the potatoe part of his numskull : a chraniological feature, which all the characters in the novel possess.

\* *O'Halloran, or the Insurgent Chief. An Irish Historical Tale of 1798.* 2 vols. Philadelphia.. H. C. Carey and I. Lea.

But to proceed to business. We shall give a rapid account of this story, and a few specimens of the author's manner. Mr. Edward Barrymore, in his twenty-second year, A. D. 1797, having quitted Trinity College, where, says the author, he had "finished his education," got permission from his father to take a ride to the northern part of Ireland, to look at the scenery and things in that quarter. "It was in the afternoon of a very fine day, in the month of May, 1797, when he arrived at the promontory of Bally-gally." Here he was going to fetch a walk along the beach, when he saw an old gentleman and a young lady, with whom he fell immediately in love, advancing towards him. He heard a great noise, and they suddenly disappeared. This non-plussed him, and he determined to see the end of this business : so he sat down on a stone, and, pulling out of his pocket Dryden's Virgil, (which he preferred to the original, on account of its being easier to read, than the crabbed and outlandish heathen Latin in which that is written,) he began to read about Dido and Æneas, and their incorrect behaviour during a thunder storm, until he forgot where he was. It grew dark, and the tide began to leak into his pumps ; and there he was sitting up against a tall rock, with the ocean roaring up to him, in a very unpleasant manner. He jumped into the water, in order to swim back to the place where he first descended. This, however, was no such easy matter, and he was going to be drowned, when the old gentleman, whom he had before seen, called out to him in good Irish, "Swim a little more to the right, and out to sea ; I *shall* help you."

On coming to his senses, he finds himself in the cottage of one of Mr. O'Halloran's tenants, (the gentleman who *should* help him ;) and that he has been nursed, during his insensibility, by Miss Ellen O'Halloran, the grand-daughter of the chieftain. Her father, Mr. Hamilton, having killed a gentleman in a duel, had been outlawed ; and her mother having died, she bore her grandfather's name, by particular desire. The hero, (Mr. Barrymore,) being of a high tory family, and finding that his politics would not suit his new acquaintances, becomes domesticated in their castle, under the name of Middleton. He soon makes an acquaintance with Ellen's father, who was living incognito in the neighbourhood, under the name of old Saunders ; and was unknown even to his father-in-law and daughter. He went about very ragged and dirty, with a pouch hanging at his girdle, to receive "such small donations as were forced upon him by the country people." He was also a very "sensible man, and somewhat of a *literary* disposition." Mr. Barrymore

soon adds to the number of his associates a crazy poet, also in love with Miss Helen, and a beggar woman ; gets in love, over head and ears ; and finds that his proposed father-in-law is at the head of the malcontents in that part of the country, and bids fair to be hanged very soon. The hero, however, is determined, at all events, not to be hanged in his company ; and rejects all overtures made to him, to become a " United Irishman." He is, nevertheless, near getting into a scrape very soon, by being with Mr. O'Halloran at a fair. George M'Claverty, Esq., a justice of the peace, tells him it is " a damned suspicious acquaintance." He still, notwithstanding such broad hints, and a plot to murder him, haunts Mr. O'Halloran's house, and that of his sister, Mrs. Brown, until he becomes an object of suspicion to the insurgent party ; and old Saunders advises him seriously to make himself scarce. This he resolves to do ; but when it is too late. His person is seized, and he is locked up in the hole in the rocks, where O'Halloran and his grand-daughter had disappeared, on his first seeing them. Here he enjoys the society of a French emissary, also in love with Miss Ellen, and two newspaper editors, who kept a private office there. They asked him to take some tea and punch ; lent him a magazine to read ; read him lectures on agriculture and manufactures ; and treated him with great politeness. Edward being thus in limbo, the Frenchman takes occasion to make love to Miss Ellen, in such a way, that old Saunders is obliged to knock him down, and hurt him very badly, to make him let her go. Six months now pass on ; during which time the printing office belonging to the concern is broken up, the plot against the government ripens, and the hero is still held in custody. But the more they kept him there, the more he would not be a United Irishman ; and Mr. O'Halloran consents that he shall be sent to France, by a private conveyance, as suggested by the Frenchman, who intends to cut his throat on the passage. Ellen has intimation of this project, and being unwilling that her lover should be thus " floored by that ere bloody Frenchman,"\* contrives to get into the cave, and present him with " an exact duplicate of the clothes she then wore ;" and thus he effects his escape. He goes back to his friends ; and Ellen, after a little tiff with her grandfather about her conduct in the escape, gets fallen in love with by another gentleman, Sir Geoffrey Carebrow. This was very ridiculous in Sir Geoffrey ; for, as the elegant and amiable Miss Maria Agnew, Ellen's friend, observed, page 222,

\* " O, Jack ! I'm floored by that ere bloody Frenchman."—*Byron*.

"What had an old half-rotten fellow of fifty to do with a fresh blooming damsel of nineteen? It was truly abominable." Notwithstanding his half-rotteness, however, Sir Geoffrey became most devouringly enamoured of this cruel fair one, who would have nothing to say to him. He, therefore, has recourse to the grandfather, to whom he pretends ardent patriotism, and lends 60,000 pounds on mortgage, at ten per cent., by way of giving him a proof of his disinterestedness; which was so effectual, that Mr. O'Halloran determines to give him his granddaughter, with or without her own consent, and allows her only a week to make up her mind to submission. Old Saunders now thinks it high time to interfere; and, by disclosing himself, as the father of Ellen, to O'Halloran, forbids the bans. Upon this, Sir Geoffrey threatens to jockey the grandfather out of 20,000 pounds, not yet advanced on the mortgaged premises, and also "to discover on the United Irishmen." (p. 228.) Neither would he give up his pursuit of Ellen; but, after an ineffectual attempt to carry her off, which was of course prevented by her lover in disguise, he succeeds in capturing her, and is on the point of accomplishing his diabolical object, when she is again rescued by Mr. Barrymore, alias Middleton. Sir Geoffrey is now put in the cave, in his turn, and treated very scurvily, until he gives up the 20,000 pounds; and Mr. Barrymore again returns to his friends.

The insurrection now breaks out in all its horrors. But our limits do not permit us to dwell on the historical part of this romance; neither are we disposed to speak with levity of any thing relating to the times, when so many brave men perished on the field and on the scaffold, for a conscientious resistance to arbitrary oppression. To wind up, therefore, the tangled skein of Dr. M'Henry's narration: Mr. O'Halloran is released at the foot of the gallows, and the pardon is brought by Ellen's lover. Her father is restored to his freedom, and gains a title and estate, by his brother's being found dead in a ditch. "The coroner's jury returned a verdict of 'death by drunkenness.'" (vol. ii. p. 147.) The manner of this gentleman's demise might seem to be a gratuitous embellishment by the Doctor; if there were any accounting for the expedients of your imaginative novelists. Sir Geoffrey is shot by some of the straggling insurgents; and dies very penitent, bequeathing a large part of his fortune to Ellen, and giving up his mortgage, principal and interest. The hero's father is mortally wounded in battle; and all difficulties being removed, the tale might be expected to close. But the second volume not yet having its requisite complement of pages, we are regaled with several pleasing in-

cidents, by way of dessert. Edward's uncle, who is dying of grief for his brother's loss, wishes to see his nephew's intended bride. "You may," (says he to him, page 208.) "deem such a desire as this whimsical; and, perhaps, with regard to the lady, not altogether delicate. But it is surely rational that I should be desirous to see the mother of the future Barmy-mores. From the lady my desire may be kept concealed; consequently, no wound will be given to her delicacy." Ellen is accordingly produced, and shown to the uncle; who was satisfied with her appearance, and shortly after expires. Edward takes occasion (page 182.) to give Ellen a kiss, which nearly blew up his hopes; and he was only forgiven on faithfully promising never to repeat the experiment. "'To please my grandfather,' said she, (page 183.) 'I will overlook this piece of folly. But you must remember never again to treat me with such disrespect.' 'Never, never, my beloved,' he exclaimed." We have also a short courtship between the elegant Miss Maria Agnew, and a friend of the hero; and with a circumstantial account of the wedding of the latter, this great moral tale is brought to a conclusion.

We advise all such readers as are fond of amusement, to read this book; for there are really some very curious things to be found in it. We have no room to make extracts; and, indeed, should be afraid so to do; for the parts that have struck us as most entertaining, are the love scenes; and the Doctor's fancy sometimes gets quite too warm in describing them. Take, for example, page 144, vol. i., page 142, vol. ii., &c. Neither shall we make any comments on the grammatical peculiarities of the language; as the Doctor, no doubt, intended to preserve the keeping of his romance, and support its Irish character. If he continues to write at the same rapid rate in which he has hitherto gone on, he will soon rival, in the number of his works, the Scottish novelist; and if he does not equal him in other respects, it will not be 'his fault, but his misfortune.'

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*To the Editor of the Atlantic Magazine.*

SIR,

Permit me, through the medium of your journal, to make an inquiry of some interest, as relates to the progress of the Fine Arts in this country; and one, at the same time, not wholly unconnected with the public and political history of our nation.

Who was Cerachi, and where is any authentic account of his life and works to be found?

All that I can learn concerning him is, that he was a distinguished Italian sculptor, (from what part of Italy I do not know,) who was in this country, about the period of the adoption of the federal constitution, and during the first presidency of General Washington, when he executed a noble bust of Washington, which, after having been purchased by the then Spanish minister, and carried to Spain, in the late convulsions of that country fell into the hands of an American gentleman, was restored to this country, and is now in Philadelphia. This, independently of its merits as a work of art, is said to be among the very best historical likenesses of Washington. Though, by the way, it is becoming a curious subject of doubt, which for the benefit of posterity ought to be settled before the cotemporaries of Washington leave the stage, which among the differing likenesses that Stuart, Trumbull, Peale and Pine, have given in portrait, and Cerachi and Houdon, in marble, is the true resemblance of that great-looking, as well as great man.

Cerachi also executed the fine bust of General Hamilton, from which the common plaster casts in our houses are taken.

There are also, in the academy of this city, good busts by him, of Governor Jay and Vice-President Clinton; and I believe there are to be found elsewhere, in this country, other busts of distinguished public characters. These were, doubtless, the first works in statuary ever executed in the United States. He seems to have returned to Europe, in 1794 or 5, and I have been told, went to Paris, where he entered warmly into the party politics of the revolution, and died under the guillotine. He appears at some period of his life to have followed his profession in England, and is spoken of with respect in Malone's *Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds*. Sir Joshua, if I recollect, sat to him. The excellence of his busts, and the truly classical character he gave to them, without losing the resemblance, or running into any affectation, make it evident that he could not always have confined himself to that department of his profession, which, in those countries where statuary is cultivated, is justly regarded as being but a humbler department of the art; in fact, it bears the same relation to such works of fancy, taste and skill, as those of Canova, as mere portrait does to historical composition in painting. It is therefore probable that Cerachi must have left, somewhere in Europe, greater works than are to be found here, unless he died young.

There is probably somewhere to be found an authentic account of his life and works; if there is not, perhaps some of our elder artists or amateurs may be able to supply the deficiency.

## Linnaean Celebration

AT FLUSHING,

MAY 24th, MDCCCXXIV.

The relative rank and value of the different branches of human knowledge are subject to continual fluctuations. At one time polemical divinity engrossed the attention of all Europe. This was succeeded by polemics of another sort; and none could hope to rise to honours and riches, without an intimate acquaintance with the military art. In later times, the connexion of the natural sciences with the wants and the comforts of mankind, has assigned them a more elevated rank; and the most powerful minds of Europe are now occupied with these sciences. It is not contended that every department of natural history is equally valuable or interesting. But it is plainly impossible to determine, a priori, the utility of any given inquiry. The uses of chemistry and mineralogy are obvious to the most obtuse intellect. The value of other branches is not so evident; and the philologist, who has spent many a weary hour in determining the value of a Greek particle, or the merchant who has been struggling through life between par and premium, will turn up a very lordly nose at the dissector of a snake, or the impaler of a butterfly. It would not be difficult, however, to show that the investigation of even the humblest class of created beings, will add as much to the stock of information, with as definite and beneficial results, as perhaps any other branch of human knowledge.

Of late years, the progress of the natural sciences has been rapid, beyond a parallel. The correction of nomenclature, the improved modes of analysis, the scrupulous accuracy of description, and the gradual reform in classification, have all contributed to this happy change. The superficial and the superannuated, those who, from habit, are averse to studying new systems, and those who are too indolent to examine them, are the only remaining obstacles to check the progress of science. *Tricornetism*, a significant word, which we shall take the liberty of transplanting into our *Fredish* vocabulary, we apprehend, is likely to be revived in this country. The old gentlemen of the cocked hat school are rousing from their slumbers; and, finding themselves neglected or overlooked by their younger and more active brethren, are determined to raise a dust, and recover their former notoriety. This we humbly

conceive to have been the origin of the Linnæan Society of Paris. According to their creed, genera are natural, and science has not advanced a single step since the days of Linnæus. A genuine *Tricornerist* will twaddle about the unnecessary multiplication of genera, and shrug up his shoulders at the mention of Cuvier or Humboldt.

To make a noise in the world, no plan is easier, (as we know in Gotham,) than to form a Society—but like simpletons, we are contented with a score of members, an equal number of officers, and a due proportion of honoraries and correspondents. They certainly order these things better in France; for no American ever yet conceived a gigantic scheme like that of the Parisian Linnæan Society, which is no less than to establish colonies in every part of the civilized world, all dependent on the great (grand) mother, at Paris. Even our magnificent Atheneum sinks into insignificance, when compared with this brilliant creation of Gallic intellect.

The members of the parent branch meet annually on the birth day of Linnæus, and communications from all their colonies are paraded in endless succession. Count Lacepede, the president, delivers an eulogium on all the mighty unknown, who have died during the year preceding. Ladies offer bouquets, and are elected by acclamation “*associés libres*.” Poets recite their verses, and songs are sung, the whole “*corps scientifique*” joining in full chorus.

*Aedificare casas, plustello adjungere mures,  
Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longa,  
Si quem delectet barbatum; amentia verset.*

We know of nothing more ridiculous than these exhibitions. In the retirement of their cabinets, the eccentricities of men of genius escape observation, and their little oddities, the result of enthusiasm in any pursuit, are passed over in silence. But when they step from the closet to the rostrum, and play fantastic tricks before high heaven and the public, they must be viewed as public performers, and, of course, are fair subjects for criticism. With these few explanatory remarks, we proceed to give a hasty sketch of the last grand flourish, the nine days' wonder, the Linnæan celebration at Flushing.

We had been induced to assist at this scientific *fête champêtre*, by divers alluring paragraphs in the daily papers. Rumour had been busy with her hundred tongues, and we were led to believe that all the beauty, wit, and fashion of New-York, would grace the festival. For weeks previous, it was currently reported, that the Major General had issued a GENERAL ORDER,

inviting his troops to assist at the Celebration. Every steam-boat in port, (so the story ran,) was engaged to carry select and particularly genteel parties, who wished to avoid the inconveniences of a *mixed* assembly. The great steam frigate was chartered to convey the three liberal professions; and a strong detachment of marines would be stationed in different parts of the vessel, to preserve harmony and order. The honourable board of brokers had chartered a vessel just from the *stocks*, and offered to accommodate the gentlemen of the banks for a small premium. The most taking part of the company, however, it was asserted, would be the whole corps of CONTRIBUTORS to the ATLANTIC, with appropriate banners, dresses and decorations. This last report particularly determined us to assist at the grand annual Linnæan celebration at Flushing.

Busy rumour, however, had, as usual, prodigiously magnified. We are confident of speaking within bounds, when we assert, that there were less than fifty thousand persons present; and the brilliant assemblage of ladies, brokers, soldiers and physicians, had dwindled down to—but we anticipate.

At eight o'clock, on the memorable twenty-fourth of May, we arrived at the Fulton Market, and elbowing our way through a greasy assemblage of watermen and boys, we were safely deposited on board the steam-boat Linnæus. The quarter deck was literally swarming with pretty faces; and the members of the New-York Linnæan Branch, with a sprig of the *Linnæa borealis* stuck gracefully in their hats, acted as masters of the ceremonies. In a few minutes, the boat left the wharf, the band striking up the appropriate air of Yankee Doodle, in honour of the Swedish naturalist. The ladies beat excellent time, and even the wheels of the steam-boat seemed to strike in unison. It was, in fact, as a member of the *Lunch* observed, a moving spectacle! Nothing occurred to destroy the pleasure of the voyage, except that several of the ladies were marvelously frightened by the appearance of a school of porpoises, gracefully disporting in the vicinity of Hell Gate. Upon being assured, however, that they were the harmless dolphins\* of the poet, their fears were allayed; and, in the course of a few moments after, we arrived safely at our port of destination.

The company, under the superintendence of the Linnæan members, were marshalled in Indian file, and marched to the "neat and airy hall"† of Mr Peck, which was tastefully deco-

\* It may be worth mentioning that a question arose as to what genus and species these porpoises belonged. A Linnæan member, who was applied to for information, answered, that "upon honour he was not sufficiently acquainted with *Botany* to decide."

† See the "Statesman," May 27th.

rated for the occasion. The two presidents of the branch walked into the hall, arm in arm, like the two redoubtable kings of Brentford; and were scarcely seated, when a third president, who had been appointed to preside for this particular occasion, declared the society in session. The secretary opened a large trunk, and produced a huge package of letters; which, as he informed us, were answers from different august personages, to invitations to attend the celebration. Owing to the low voice of the secretary, we could only catch at intervals a few of the answers. *Ira Hill* thanked the society for their politeness, but was too much occupied with the centre of the earth, to care about what was transacting on its surface. *Captain Symmes* apologized for non-attendance, by stating, that the convexity of the earth, between Vandalia and Flushing, increased the distance so much, that he could not think of honouring them with his presence, unless they would pay his travelling expenses. He concluded by hinting, that should he find a shorter cut through the interior, (of which he was very sanguine,) he would certainly make it a point to be with them. *Rachel Baker*, in a very short letter, thanked the BRANCH for their polite invitation; and in three postscripts, (true woman!) gave thirty reasons why she could not attend. An additional P. P. S. stated, that she had given over dreaming, but she was pleased to find that the society had taken it up. They would go far, she had no doubt, to illustrate scientific, if not devotional somnium. *Miss Caraboo* was studying the Ricaraw tongue with an eminent Aricaree professor, in the University which, some time ago, sent a diploma to one of the Presidents. *Charles the Tenth* of France could not come for want of funds; but promised to do something handsome for the Branch, when he should be restored to the throne of his ancestors. A great man regretted his inability to be present at the celebration, but promised to carry the society's compliments, shortly, to Linnæus himself. Some of the members expressed their doubts, whether it might not be dangerous to go in his company; but all agreed, that the undertaking was magnanimous.

The president now announced, that, as the hour that gave birth to Linnæus was at hand, he should request the company to walk into the garden, where the "*prescribed ritual*"\* would be celebrated. The ladies, accordingly, formed into a hollow square, and led by the Linnæan members, marched into the garden, which, in spite even of newspaper puffing, is really worth going fifty miles to visit.

\* Statesman, May 27th.

We now learned that the exercises of the day were actually to commence. The business at the "neat and airy hall," was merely a preliminary flourish—an anchovy for the delicate repast that was to follow. Accordingly, a member arose, and delivered, in good Miltonic blank verse, an eulogy on the life and writings of Linnæus, of which the following lines afford but a faint and imperfect specimen.

WHY, some may ask, are we assembled here,\*  
On this particular twenty-fourth of May,  
In preference to any other time?  
I'll tell you why, ladies and gentlemen!  
Because, upon this day, about this hour,  
There was a great man born upon the earth.

GREATNESS means different things; and when applied  
To things inanimate, has reference  
To size; and thus we say, a louse is little,  
And a rhinoceros is very great;  
But, to the mind, when we apply the term,  
It means a very different sort of thing.

HOMER was great: he wrote the Iliad,  
Also the Odyssey: he is very dead.  
O what a pity! VIRGIL too was great;  
He flourished when Augustus reigned in Rome,  
And wrote the Æneid. He too has gone dead;  
But when the weeds, of which some specimens,  
Will shortly be presented, have choaked up,†  
With their rank growth, his tomb, his name will live.

DEMOSTHENES and CICERO were great;  
And,—tho' you'd scarce expect one of my age,  
To know the fact—fine pleaders in their day.  
CÆSAR and ALEXANDER were great captains;  
And I am great at making eulogies.

FRANKLIN was great: he brought the lightning down  
Even from the clouds, and caught it on a spike,  
Gliding down which, into a water trough,  
He laughed to see the hissing thunderbolt,  
Quenched and put out, like hot shot in a tub.‡

\* See this poetry, done into prose, page 9th of the *procès verbal*, of the "celebration at Flushing."

† See page 13th, of the "celebration." Much valuable information, on subjects connected with natural history, may be found in the address, contained in that and the preceding pages; e. g. "William Tell, with an arrow, is reported to have shot from the top of his son's head, the apple placed there by Governor Grisler, and by that means saved his life," &c.

‡ This idea is sublimely conveyed, in very elegant Latin, in a poem by M. Derrailly, which gained the prize at the ancient University of Paris.

Summaque sulphureus jam turbo in tecta ruebat;  
Excipit illum auro præfulgens ferrea cuspis.

FULTON was great: he made his steamboats go  
 Up the North River; and the Chancellor  
 Is great, who lets the others go along.  
 And great was SOLOMON; not so much because  
 He ruled in Jewry, as because he was  
 A gentleman particularly wise.  
 So was LINNÆUS great. This is his birth-day;  
 And here I stand to speak his eulogy, &c.

The recitation of this poem was succeeded by rather a prosing account of a method of preserving hams, by immersing them in a concentrated solution of corrosive sublimate. The author assured us that bacon, preserved in this manner, will never be touched by any insect. He did not state whether he had tasted it himself: but as the design was rather to preserve the meat, than to prepare it for eating, perhaps he was right in not making the experiment. An elaborate disputation on that rare and beautiful plant, the *Tripolium paradoxicum*, or four-leaved clover, illustrated by a splendid transparency, sixty feet high, was received with immense applause. The fair artist, Miss —— was elected *Asocié libre* by acclamation; and Misses —— and ——, who furnished the colours and varnish, were placed on the list of honorary members.

During the excitement produced at this period, a young lady unfortunately fell among a parcel of raspberry and gooseberry bushes; whence she was extricated by the prompt and chivalrous exertions of the same gentleman who formerly jumped into the Chesapeake bay, and rescued Miss —— from a watery grave, in a high sea, when the steamboat was going at the rate of ten knots an hour.

An awful pause ensued. Another member arose, and after stating that he was totally unprepared, owing to his extensive correspondence, and his numerous avocations, he drew from his pocket a curious manuscript, (something like Pope's autograph of the Iliad,) and commenced in a clear and manly tone the following

### Discourse.

*Ladies and Gentlemen*—At the earnest solicitation of the distinguished personage who this day presides over our festival, I have reluctantly consented to deliver an address, explanatory of the objects of the society.

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Detrudit rutilos vis imperiosa paratam  
 In foveam tractus; flammasque haud sponte sequaces  
 Subjectis sepelivit aquis—  
 Franklinius placido securus suspicit ore.

The birthday of Linnæus is a day of no ordinary moment. My enlightened audience will, doubtless, be gratified to learn, that the parent society at Paris have, at length, determined the true etymon of the name of the immortal Swede. His original name was Lin or Linn ; but, as it is customary among the Scandinavians, to annex a Latin termination to the vernacular appellative, he is known to the learned world chiefly under the name of Linnæus. Memorable instances of this kind are not wanting in our own highly favoured city, (excuse my partiality ; I ought to be a citizen of the world.) Thus we have Bogardus, Arcularius, &c. &c. altered from their primitives. —(*applause*). But not to exhaust the patience of my Fredonian brethren, I beg leave to refer them, for a more ample elucidation of this subject, to the 4th vol. second hexade of the Medical Repository ; a work conducted for more than twenty years, by the person who now addresses you : a work, allow me to add, which is characterized by that ornament of science, the illustrious Carl Bang of Dusseldorf, as an “opus mirabile, gaza magna Naturæ,” and other equally flattering, and perhaps not undeserved compliments. This recalls to my mind an elegant Latin epistle, addressed to me, on the same work, by the venerable and immortal Wepferius, of Breda :

Noscitur Ungue Leo : sed tu clarissim' MITCHELLI

Evadis docto, nobilis ingenio.

Ingenium doctum monstrarunt edita scripta,

Porro Hoc, ingenium nobile, laudat OPUS.

Laudat opus quivis Physeos scrutans bona Piscibus,

Quod de monstrosis, ut scribere perplacuit.

Sic pergens scriptis famam amplificare, citato,

Non tardo, scandes culmina celsa, gradu.\*

(*Three cheers from the ladies.*)

\* For the benefit of the country gentlemen, we subjoin a *free* translation of the above. Of course it is the only species of translation that should be tolerated in our free republic.

We know the lion by his claw ;

— by lectures upon law,

John Edwards by his scales ;

John Randolph by his cap and quieu ;

The Chancellor by his bird's-eye view

Of steamboats, per last mails ;

Clinton, through speeches and canals ;

Yates and Niagra by their falls,

And Scoresby by his whales.

But M — that delightful being,

The only man on earth worth seeing ;—

The illustrious autocrat of all the Russias, in return for a copy of this work, has done me the honour of transmitting through the distinguished Count Nesselrode, and our highly respected minister, Mr. Pinckney, a splendid diamond ring, which was brought to this port by that experienced navigator Captain Josiah Barker, of the good ship Lady Gallatin.

*(Bravo ! from all parts of the Garden.)*

With regard to diamond, it is now supposed, from the experiments of the profound and accurate Silliman, that it may be obtained from the combustion of carbon. Some very ingenious and felicitous remarks, from the acute and distinguished Van Uxen, of Georgia, would, however, seem to render this doubtful. Science expects much from the future labours of these celebrated chemists of Fredonia.—*(Applause.)*

As an item of intelligence, I state, that our great and learned citizen, Captain Obed Peabody, of the smack "Ten Sisters," with a liberality worthy of his enlarged mind, has presented to the Cabinet, a most singular, and odd-shaped creature.\* It is the siren of Carolina, respecting which, there is, at this moment, going on a memorable controversy, between the elaborate Cuvier of France, the erudite Rusconi, of Italy, and the highly gifted Scribe, of Vienna. The animal is a batracian reptile, or frog-formed crawler, and certainly possesses both the lungs of the mammalia, and the gills of the piscatory tribe. Of this, I satisfied myself by actual dissection, in the presence of those worthy and indefatigable anatomists, Doctors Trocar and Probang ; and that accomplished fisherman, Mr. Sam Jones, of the Washington, late Bear market.—*(Repeated acclamations.)*

In connection with this subject, I may mention, that a new edition of our National Pharmacopeia, is now in the press of those modern Elzivirs, the Messrs. Collins. My fellow-citizens may be assured, that its prosodial and posological merits will only be excelled by its typographical accuracy.—*(Tumultuous approbation.)*

\* *Lege—creator.*

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A solemn fact 'tis ;  
Lives in that work of gain and glory—  
His Medical Repository,  
A noble fund of song and story ;  
Precept and Practice ;  
His volumes now may smile at fate,  
Like Dwight's and Marshall's (church and state,)  
For books are valued by their weight,  
Since Tod's new taxes.

As I belong to the matter-of-fact men, I may mention, that the existence of tides in the great lakes of our continent, which has hitherto been overlooked or denied, is now clearly proved, through the industry of the honourable B. Stickney, of Ohio. The learned communication of that excellent citizen, to me, on the subject, may be found in that widely circulated, and valuable paper, the Commercial Advertiser, which reflects so much honour on the industry and talent of its accomplished editor, Mr. W. L. Stone."

The voice of the speaker was now so completely lost in the wild shouts of applause, that arose from every part of the garden, that it was impossible to hear a single syllable. Recollecting, very opportunely, a previous engagement to dinner in town, we forced our way through the excited multitude, and happily arrived at the steam-boat, just as she was on the point of returning to the city.

P. S. A gentleman, decorated with a cordon bleu and rosette, (a foreign nobleman, doubtless,)\* informed us last evening, that we lost every thing by not remaining to the Symposium or dinner. We persuaded him to draw up an account for your next number. One joke, however, was so good, that he must excuse us for the plagiarism. The first toast given, was, "The health of *Dr. S. L. M. the Lincepede of America.*" The Vice-President, in repeating it, made the following judicious variation. "The health of *Dr. S. L. M. the Velocipede of America.*" It is needless to add, that it was received with a thundering burst of applause. F.

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#### SONGS BY THE WAY.

The fact that classical education, in almost all the seminaries of the United States, is exceedingly imperfect, and that a young man, to have even a respectable acquaintance with the works of the ancients, must be self-taught, is too obvious to require illustration. One result, however, and a very striking one, is, that in the published poetical effusions of the young, of which so many have heretofore appeared, and been immediately forgotten, although indications of imagination, talent and study, have frequently been exhibited, the want of correct and precise ideas about the poor old Greeks and Romans, their mythology, his-

\* Our friend, F. has, doubtless, confounded a member of the Philharmonick, with a peer of the realm.—Ed.

tory, and localities, has eternally betrayed itself. The quantity of proper names, of more than two syllables, has been wrong in three instances out of four; and time, place, and circumstance, have been confounded, in a manner at once ludicrous and distressing. It would be an invidious and useless task, though it might afford some amusement, to exemplify the enormity of the trespasses committed upon classic ground, by quotations from works which now slumber in oblivion. It is not very long since we saw an ode on Greece, said in the newspapers to be superior to Lord Byron's verses on the same subject, (from which it was, in fact, adumbrated,) in which the writer continued to plant Mount Ida, (whether the Cretan or Mysian we know not,) in the middle of the Peloponnesus; and to bring the straits of Thermopylæ in loving conjunction with the Dardanelles.

When an utterly ignorant person undertakes to meddle with classical names, we would think the chances even as to his being right or wrong. The fact is, however, otherwise. He is almost *invariably* wrong. Whoever, for example, will take the trouble to examine the rejected addresses for the New-York Theatre, will find every one of the muses called by a wrong name; and the tragic writers so bemaused in uncouth metre, that no classical ear has any association with the sound of their names as they must be pronounced. When we find, however, those who have had the benefit of education, falling into the same errors, in so many instances, the fault must be ascribed to the imperfections of the system, or to the ignorance or carelessness of the instructors.

It is not, however, with a view of entering upon this subject, that we have made these remarks. Nothing can, at present, have a more immediate tendency to correct the evils of which we complain, to throw ignorance into the shade, and to inspire modest talent, than the success of genuine and classical poetry. As well with this hope, as for its intrinsic excellence, we hail with satisfaction the appearance of the volume of poems, just published, by the Rev. Mr. Doane.\* The promise held forth by the typographical beauty of this work, is amply realized in its contents; and the head and the heart may both be benefitted by its perusal. It is obviously the production of an unaffected christian, and an accomplished scholar.

The first part of the volume consists of devotional pieces, which are written with great simplicity and purity, and breathe

\* *Songs by the Way*, chiefly devotional, with translations and imitations, by the Rev. George W. Doane, A. M. New-York. E. Bliss & E. White. 1824.

a spirit of unaffected piety. Among those which follow, "Thermopylæ," "Lines on a very old Wedding Ring," and the spirited apostrophe to the "Sons of the Greeks," have most claim to high poetical merit. The latter we have seen stated in the newspapers to be a better translation of Riga's song than that by Lord Byron. It is not a translation of that song, excepting the first line, and never was intended as such. We extract part of the second piece mentioned. The others have, we believe, already appeared in the public prints.

I like that ring—that ancient ring,  
 Of massive form, and virgin gold,  
 As firm, as free from base alloy,  
 As were the sterling hearts of old.  
 I like it—for it wafts me back,  
 Far, far along the stream of time,  
 To other men, and other days,  
 The men and days of deeds sublime.  
 But most I like it, as it tells  
 The tale of well-requited love;  
 How youthful fondness persever'd,  
 And youthful faith disdain'd to rove—  
 How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,  
 Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,  
 Till, soften'd and subdu'd, at last,  
 He won his "fair and blooming bride."  
 How, till the appointed day arriv'd,  
 They blam'd the lazy-footed hours—  
 How then, the white-rob'd maiden train,  
 Strew'd their glad way with freshest flow'rs—  
 And how, before the holy man,  
 They stood, in all their youthful pride,  
 And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows,  
 Which bind the husband to his bride:  
 All this it tells;—the plighted troth—  
 The gift of ev'ry earthly thing—  
 The hand in hand—the heart in heart—  
 For this I like that ancient ring. \* \* \*  
 Remnant of days departed long,  
 Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,  
 Pledge of devoted faithfulness,  
 Of heartfelt, holy love, the token:  
 What varied feelings round it cling!—  
 For these I like that ancient ring.

P. 73, 74, 75.

The second part consists of Hymns, translated from the Latin; some of which, we should think, would form a valuable addition to the collection now sanctioned by the church. The third part, containing versions and imitations of Greek, Latin, and Italian odes, sonnets, &c., is, in our opinion, decidedly the best. They possess a spirit and ease, which translators rarely find compatible with a strict adherence to the meaning of their

original. The free translations from Horace unite these qualities in an eminent degree. For the same reason before assigned, we deem it unnecessary to make extracts from them. The beautiful soliloquy in the Demofonte of Metastasio, with the exception of a slight error, is very elegantly rendered.

*"Perchè bramar la vita."*

Why wish for life? has this vain world  
 One source of pure delight,  
 Whose ev'ry fortune has its pang,  
 And ev'ry age its blight?  
 Trembling in childhood at a look,  
 In youth, with love's vain fears,  
 Man walks awhile, the sport of fate,  
 Then sinks, oppress'd with years.  
 'Tis now the strife to win that racks  
 His inmost soul with pain;  
 And now, far worse, the fear to lose  
 What cost so much to gain.  
 Thrones have their thorns—eternal war  
 Must gain them, and must guard;  
 And envy still and scorn are found  
 Fair virtue's best reward.  
 Vain world! whose dreams and shadows mock,  
 Whose follies cheat the eye,  
 Till age the base delusion shows,  
 Just time enough—to die!

P. 146, 147.

In the fourth verse, the translator has inadvertently taken *i rei* for *i re*, and destroyed the meaning and the antithesis of the passage.

Eterna guerra  
 Hanno i rei con se stessi; i giusti l'hanno  
 Con l'invidia e la frode.

'The guilty hold eternal war with themselves; the just, with envy and deceit.'

The Idyl of Meleager, "On the Spring," is rendered with nearly as much faithfulness to the original as the blank verse translation of Elton; and possesses infinitely more smoothness and freedom.

See, wak'd by stormy Winter's parting wing,  
 Smiling, 'mid flow'rs, comes on the purple Spring,  
 While verdant herbage crowns the dusky earth,  
 And new-leav'd plants are joying in their birth;  
 While fertilizing dews refresh the ground,  
 And early roses bloom and blush around.

Glad, o'er the hills, the shepherd's pipe we hear,  
 Where snow-white flocks in frolic mirth career—  
 Cheerly his ocean-path the seaman hails,  
 While fav'ring zephyrs fill his swelling sails—  
 The Bacchants now, with clust'ring ivy crown'd,  
 Invoke the genial god with jocund sound—

Their cells of purest wax, prepar'd with skill,  
 The careful bees with dripping nectar fill—  
 Now wak'd the feather'd tribes their tuneful notes;—  
 The queen-like swan, as down the stream she floats;  
 The halcyon, hunter of old Ocean's coves;  
 The swallow, twitt'ring from the roof he loves;  
 And, Philomela, thou enchantress of the groves!

And say, while leaves, and buds, and flow'rs rejoice,  
 And teeming earth lifts up her glorious voice;  
 While shepherds warble their delighted lay,  
 And well-fleec'd flocks their sportive gambols play;  
 While seamen shout, and Bacchants, joyous, throng,  
 And bees their labour ply, and birds their song—  
 Shall I no strain to earth's glad chorus bring?  
 Shame to the Son of Song, that hails not thee, O SPRING!

P. 153, 154.

It is to be remembered that the contents of this volume have been, in the words of the author, “‘Songs by the Way,’ ‘loose numbers,’ framed in the interval of an arduous avocation, and of severe study.” In the present state of literature among us, the amusements of such minds as our author's, in their hours of relaxation, may be of great benefit to the reading community. This must afford them a proud source of satisfaction, in addition to the solitary and secret pleasure, with which those who have acquired in youth the keys of learning, can unlock its choicest stores in the vacant intervals of after life; and, in the cessation of business or study, commune with those bright intelligences, whose embodied thoughts have survived the lapse of ages, and still breathe and burn in all the freshness and brightness of their original conception.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,  
 The poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

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REMARKS ON THE PUBLIC CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY  
 OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

ALL nations, whether ancient or modern, that have been characterized by even the slightest advances in civilization, have been found to have established national festivals and celebrations. Not satisfied with the expression of that private feeling, in which each individual might indulge, when reflecting on such events, as might have occurred in the history of the community, tending either directly to promote

its interests, or to protect it against threatening danger, mankind seem ever to have thought, that, for a national blessing, there should be an expression of national joy ; that on the recurrence of the day, which, in former times, had been signalized, by events peculiarly promoting the public good, the public voice should be raised as evidence from each member of the community to the other, and to the world, that their recollection of such events had not been impaired, nor their gratitude for them extinguished.

It may be doubted, whether, in the long range of human annals, there can be found a single exception to this observation ; and if there be none, it argues strongly in favour of such a practice, since, whatever has been found uniform and universal, should seem to be in consonance with the soundest dictates of our nature.

In truth, there are but few, who, in so many words, would deny their propriety : and yet it certainly is a source of sincere regret to many, to observe the apathy and indifference, if not, indeed, the contemptuousness of tone and manner, with which the mention of the celebration of the anniversary of American Independence is sometimes received. There are those among us who appear to believe, and we fear many who do really believe, that the day should be passed over in dignified silence ; and the reflections and business, and occupations of our sober and industrious citizens, be undisturbed and uninterrupted by the noise, parade, dissipation, and useless expense, so commonly attendant on its celebration. " Where," they argue, " is the propriety of seducing the mechanic from his workshop, the labourer from his business, the school-boy from the restraints and discipline of his school—of turning out a whole people, men, matrons, maids and children, just to spend one day in idleness, profusion and waste ; where no earthly good is to be gained, and much loss must inevitably accrue. Why excite the feelings of the multitude, so liable to run into excess and phrenzy, when all the purposes had in view from a public celebration, might be gained by each man's private reflections ; or, at any rate, by some solemn, but more quiet announcement of it, by the public authority." " Let Americans," they continue, " cherish, indeed, the remembrance of the day, when their rights and liberties were proclaimed, but let them do it with that seriousness and silent dignity, that becomes a people at once free and enlightened." Such sentiments are more common than is sometimes imagined, and their prevalence and influence is at times observable ; not merely in those general reflections which are to

he found afloat in society, but in that deadness and want of spirit, which is sometimes witnessed among certain classes on the day of the celebration.

As to "the madness of the people," when powerfully roused, either by military, political or religious excitement, we have evidence enough of its effects to be on our guard against it. And it is curious to the philosopher, as well as to the unlettered man, to trace the wild mazes in which human nature has been involved, when led astray by imagination, under the guidance of folly, fear or superstition. At one time man is to be seen turning reptiles into gods, or gods into reptiles; at another, casting his offspring to the flames, or sacrificing decency, sobriety and manhood, on the altar of Bacchanalian fury. Here we behold him offering himself at the faggot, an atonement to divine displeasure—there stoning and razing to their foundations the temples of those deities who, he imagines, have neglected his prayers. In one country he is found driving virtue from the republic, by universal acclamation; in another, dragging the car of despotism, and planting it directly in the capitol. In this age, he is beheld receiving with open arms, an enthusiast as his prophet and his king: in that, regardless of virtues and of miracles, shouting "crucify—crucify;" and even in our day, when circumstances would seem to insure a more manly and becoming spirit, the heart sickens at the sight of those degrading and disgusting rites and practices, which, in many places, the Carnival is made to sanction.

But, although these things have been, and are so still, nevertheless, the world is getting pretty well through its days of childhood. There certainly was a time when wild fancy and imagination marched in the van of society, even in its better forms, and when severe reason and the more manly intellectual virtues were less in demand than at present; or, at least, when the exercise of them was left, almost exclusively, to those who had rendered themselves lords over the noble heritage of man.

Times and circumstances, however, have materially changed; and individuals at large have begun to think more for themselves,—to reflect before they act, and to indulge in doubts, however authoritatively dogmas may be announced. The more dangerous and combustible materials of society have been pretty much burnt out. The consequence of all this is, that we live in an age, and more particularly, in a country, (for it is to this country that these remarks are intended specially to be applied,) which has with some accuracy, been denominated one of matter-of-fact. There can be no doubt, that, on the

whole, mankind are to be benefitted by this change ; and that, indeed, this peculiar genius of the times, is the first fruit and offspring of an advancement towards a higher state of maturity. But, perhaps, it may still be apprehended, whether this over-nice matter-of-fact spirit may not be carried to an injudicious extreme ; and whether, in the attempt to appear very wise and philosophical, we may not be sacrificing many of those delights and enjoyments, which were kindly intended to smooth the ruggedness of life ; whether, in truth, with all our good sense and practical wisdom, we may not be led to conceive man too much a creature of business ; and, forgetting the compound nature of his constitution, philosophize away half that makes him a happy one.

That, on the celebration of the anniversary of the declaration of our Independence, as on all other occasions, when men set themselves about their pleasures, as contra-distinguished from their business, excesses may be committed, and follies displayed by individuals ; that they may occasionally overshoot the mark which good sense and strict propriety may point, is certainly not to be denied ; but that, therefore, any justification or apology is to be found therein, for that overweening conceit of dignity, that affected elevation above vulgar excitement, that pretty show of fatigue at crowds and bustle, or that cold, calculating spirit of profit and loss, which would put down, or even tend to enfeeble an universal and hearty burst of national enthusiasm and joy on this day of pride, is by no means to be admitted.

All objections of this kind, when advanced against matters founded in sound principle, and supported by all those feelings in which the virtuous bosom must delight, although accompanied by incidental evils, should be met fairly, and at once, by that good sense and enlarged observation, that innate sense of propriety, which at once founds a firm and sufficient basis for our judgment in all the occupations and decisions of life, and spurns that minuteness of detail and calculation, which belongs only to the cold arithmetic of the miser or the ascetic. Every thing is subject to objection, and nothing without its evils. The most rational enjoyments of men must be forsaken, if weighed in such a balance ; and we shall be convinced, upon reflection, that there is an extreme in this system as well as in the other. To avoid the dangers arising from heterogeneous collections of men, political and religious meetings of all kinds, nay, the very system of society itself must be abandoned ; to escape the loss which may result from occasional cessation from labour, not only must all the agreeable and interesting

socialities of life, but even the very institution of the Sabbath be relinquished. And by tracing this notion in all its bearings, we shall find that whilst we are aiming to grasp too much, we are, in truth, in danger of losing what we have. Such general objections as are found sometimes started on this subject, are far too mean and insignificant to command much attention, and therefore are not worthy of being hunted down in detail. If the heart does not at first feel their feebleness, the head never can be convinced of it. We can trace the operation of the same principle in the proposal to reduce the salary of our Presidents to that of a half-pay drummer in the British army, and to make honour, and not a yearly stipend, the reward of our judges.

If the society in which we live, cannot bear up under the loss resulting from an occasional relaxation from the store or the workshop, it must, indeed, be reduced to a most pitiable condition; and if it cannot find in itself sufficient command of principle, information, good sense and virtue, far to outweigh the inducements to, or even the consequences of, the mere temporary extra excitement of a day, it is hardly worth while to waste much time in attempts to prop its decaying pillars. Without enthusiasm, nothing great was ever accomplished: and although, unless under proper guards and restrictions, it may be a dangerous power, yet the engine of state in this country is quite strong enough to bear a pretty high pressure. In this, as in many other cases of vital importance, we must trust to the good sense of the community, and look to the sterling mass of national virtue as the safety-valve of the state. If outrages against the laws are committed, let the law raise its own powerful arm: in this country, thank God, it is strong enough for the putting down of any thing engaged against it. And if individuals here and there are to be found weak or wicked enough to be hurried into excesses, why let them pay the costs attendant on such actions, in the broken or the aching head, the empty purse, or the reflections and sensations of a day or two of sobriety. Besides such things on public occasions are more particularly noticed, only because they are somewhat more aggregately and openly exhibited. For our own part, notwithstanding all the cant and affected lamentations which we have been accustomed to hear on the riots and dissipations attending our national festival, we freely declare our conviction that very little, if any more is witnessed on that day, than by a slight investigation might be traced out every day, and more especially on some esteemed rather more holy. We can bear honourable testimony to the good order, good

humour and decorum, which characterize the celebration, and which, we think, equally creditable to our feelings and our laws. In fact, it may be doubted, whether, if examined with a liberal eye, any serious inconvenience whatever, could be fairly traced to this source. If these remarks are at all founded in justice, why should we hesitate to hail with joy the celebration of a festival, the origin of which we all admit to be equally happy and glorious. The whole thing at last resolves itself into the broad question, whether, for a few speculative, or even admitted evils, we are unwilling to relinquish the custom of our only national celebration.

It hardly can be denied that we have *much reason* to rejoice. The fourth of July, to the patriot, the philosopher and the philanthropist, comes clad every year with new charms. On the fourth day of this present month will have elapsed forty-eight years since America became a nation, and Americans free—forty-eight years, since republicanism burst upon the world, commanding in its simplicity and glorious in its strength—forty-eight years, since the foundations were laid of a free government, which combines, in its form and structure, every thing that can be gathered from the political experience of man—a government, which is, indeed, the rectified spirit of all past reflection and experiment—forty-eight years, since the moral, religious and political energies of man began to develop themselves, in a geometrical ratio, and to give to future generations the promise of a harvest, rich in all that is valuable to society, or dear to the heart. What may not be expected from the example which this great people set at that trying moment, when forgetting all private interests, and sacrificing all selfish considerations, they joined in that holy compact, which pledged “their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour,” to the attainment of civil and religious freedom.

If not only the original chain of our union has been growing stronger and brighter, but new links and new rivets have been almost yearly added to its measure—if not only so, but if in less than half a century, the same spirit which animated our forefathers, has penetrated from one end to the other of the southern continent; if the example then given has served as a light and an encouragement to every part of Europe, as has been emphatically manifested in Spain; if it has gone farther, and roused and reanimated the long enslaved sons of those Grecian heroes, who were our bright exemplars, what may not be expected from our future course?—Surely we *have reason* to rejoice on the recurrence of the day that originally rose with so much splendour.

It is certainly to be hoped, that we shall hear no more about

the loss, the folly, or the danger of celebrating the anniversary of our national birth. If we do not rejoice for ourselves, we may at least rejoice for our children and for mankind : and, if we look with apathy or indifference on this sublime occasion, we have enemies enough in the world to turn it to their purposes, and to proclaim, that the pretended freemen of this hemisphere, but for their pride, would confess themselves deceived in their expectations from their principles.

We are fully persuaded, after all, that the great mass of the people think with us on this question ; and we do most sincerely cherish the hope, that every succeeding anniversary will be hailed with greater gratitude to Heaven, and more lively demonstrations of triumph. It is delightful to traverse, in imagination, the face of this vast continent, at this interesting time : to hear the shouts of freemen breaking from its boundless forest, rolling through its winding vales, and bursting from its lofty mountains ; to see those plains which, not fifty years ago, witnessed those feats of valour and the outpouring of that blood, which were the price and the purchase of our privileges, now covered with peaceful cottages and sending out our yeomanry, animated with recollections of the past : to watch the thousand streamers waving in graceful pride from those mast-tops, which now cover those streams, rivers and bays, where once floated a royal and insulting navy : to listen to the roar of the cannon and the peal of the drums and the sound of the trumpets, which usher in the fourth of July in America. It is cheering to the heart, to hear the bells proclaiming the tidings from every steeple, and to witness the immense multitudes of light hearts and laughing countenances, which welcome its return. We wish to all our orators on the approaching anniversary, the applauses of their audience ; to our soldiers, the rewarding smiles of the fair ; to our worthy magistrates, rich turtles and fat surloins : and to all classes of our community a merry day. For our part, we shall fill a brimming bumper to the health and the happiness of the people of these United States, "*by the grace of God, free and Independent.*"

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REDWOOD.

SINCE writing our remarks on domestic literature, in the last number of this journal, two works have appeared, illustrating, each in a different manner, the capabilities of our own country for the purposes of the novelist. We mean "*Hobomok,*"

and "Redwood."\* We speak of them together, as being both experiments in a good cause; not that they are by any means equal in merit. The former, to which we can devote but a few words, is a tale, formed on the early events in the history of New-England; and the author, as he informed us in his preface, was induced to write it, by reading the eloquent article by Mr. Palfrey, in the *North American Review*, referred to in our last number. That his book is interesting, proves the interest which attaches to all the historical incidents with which it is connected; for, although it is written with much spirit, and the descriptions are generally graphic and poetical, the plot is bad in its conception, and very inartificially managed. The daughter of one of the settlers, supposing her lover to be drowned, and meeting with unkind treatment from her father, a stern Puritan, is ready to offer herself as a wife to Hobomok, an Indian, and to marry him, out of mere despair, as it should seem, at being forsaken by all her other friends. After living with him for a few years, and bearing him a son, her lover unexpectedly returns, and meets, accidentally, her Indian husband. The latter has the magnanimity to form, instantly, a resolution to abandon his wife; who, as he well knew, still cherished her early affection for him, whom she had long since believed buried in the ocean. He, accordingly, causes his divorce to be immediately proclaimed, after the Indian manner, and flies to the western wilderness. The lady is soon after united to her European lover; and the young Hobomok is carefully educated by them. Of his father nothing more is heard. All this is unnatural, or, if the author pleases, improbable and unsatisfactory. But the traditions and historical facts connected with the narrative, the description of men and manners, the contrast of individual characters, and the romantic features of the times, of which the author has availed himself, redeem this little volume from the censure and the oblivion which the defects of the mere fable would, we fear, insure. There is, also, much pathos in many passages of the story; and in relating the sickness and death of the heroine's mother, and her friend the Lady Arabella Johnson, the deep but subdued sorrow of the surviving husbands, the desertion and agony of the heroine herself, and her reception in the cabin of Hobomok, by his kind, but uncivilized relations, the author has appealed frequently, and not in vain, to the 'sacred source of sympathetic tears.' We regret that, with the same materials, he did not extend his work to the dimensions of the modern novel; and by a little more labour, with the abilities he seems

\* *Hobomok*, a tale of early times, by an American. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard & Co.

*Redwood*, a tale, in two volumes. New-York. E. Bliss & E. White. 1824.

to possess, take a fair stand in the ranks of those who are creating for our country a literature of its own.

"Redwood" is a novel of a different order. The authoress, while she obviously, indeed avowedly, makes Miss Edgeworth her model, is neither a servile nor an unequal imitator. She has chosen ground hitherto unoccupied, as the scene of her narratives; and while the moral of her story,—the inculcation of the necessity and excellence of strong and rational religious feeling,—is obviously her chief aim, her materials are purely domestic; and in the delineation of her characters, and the incidents into which the personages she describes are thrown, we recognize what we have all seen and heard and observed, but what no one yet has so faithfully depicted. It is in the affairs of common life, and its every day actors, that she finds resources for her genius; and they furnish materials, which, of all others, require a peculiar nicety of observation, and felicity of management, in the author who employs them. The interest of the narrative must be preserved, without the violation of probability; for every reader is a competent critic on such a production. The promise held forth by the 'New England Tale,' has been more than abundantly realised in 'Redwood;' and, without any extravagant, or indeed extraordinary incidents, or any overstrained exhibitions of passion, we are insensibly carried through two highly entertaining volumes, acknowledging the fidelity of every scene to nature; and we rise from their perusal, impressed with the force of the truth, which it was the object of the writer to inculcate, that an intellectual faith in the truth of revelation, is the only true basis of moral rectitude; and that a practical adherence to its precepts, unconnected with mysticism or superstition, is the most beautiful and instructive commentary on the lessons evangelized by its divine founder.

We offer no adulation at the feet of successful talent; and, while simply expressing our own feelings after reading this work, have no scruples in stating that we are dissatisfied with some of the conversations, where *smartness* and vivacity are intended to be exhibited: and also with the manner in which we are called back so often, in the first volume, to a detail of antecedent events, while the progress of the action is suspended.

Having mentioned the faults, as we humbly conceive them to be, of this novel, we shall give a brief sketch of the story, and the principal characters; which is all that time and our limits will allow. Henry Redwood is described as having been born, with the seeds of every generous virtue in his heart; but his father, devoted to dissipation, and his mother, resigned

to the indolence so often characteristic of our southern countrywomen, took no pains in their development. With no early and strong religious impressions, he becomes an infidel at college, under the influence of an unprincipled fellow-student. The volume of inspiration became to him in reality a sealed book; he opened it only to find matter for irreverent mirth, or ignorant criticism. A natural purity of taste, however, and an instructive preference of what was good, survived the wreck, (if it may be so called,) of principle; and though confirmed in cold-blooded skepticism, he, often, in the contemplation of a virtuous action, sighed like the philosopher in the story of La Roche, and 'wished that he had never doubted.'

He marries, without the knowledge of his friends, (who had destined him as the husband of a rich relation,) a young lady in humble circumstances, but of great acquirements and virtues. His infidel friend prevails on him to accompany him to Europe; and he leaves his wife without informing her of his intended departure. By an accident, she discovers his sentiments on the subject of religion, and is induced to believe,—what was not, in fact true,—that his regard for her had been a mere transient caprice, and that he longed to be delivered from his engagement. She leaves the family, with whom he left her, and finds a refuge in a distant part of the country, with a friend, in whose house she dies, soon after having given birth to a daughter. The latter circumstance, though soon suspected by every reader, is not disclosed, until the story draws near its end. While immersed in the dissipations of Paris, the image of his deserted wife rarely crossed his recollection.

"But after he had left Paris, in the farther prosecution of his travels, there were times when she was remembered; the powers of conscience, spell bound by the noise and glare of society, were awakened by the voice of the Divinity issuing from the eloquent places of nature. The pure streams, the placid lakes, the green hills, and the 'fixed mountains looking tranquillity,' seemed to reproach him with his desertion of nature's fairer work; for all the works of nature are linked together by an invisible, an 'electric chain.' Redwood hurried from place to place; he tried the power of novelty, of activity; he gazed on those objects that have been the marvel, and the delight of the world; and when the first excitement was over, he felt that he could not resist the great moral law, which has indissolubly joined virtue and happiness." Vol. I. P. 72.

On arriving at Rome, he receives a letter from the clergyman who had married him, informing him of his wife's death, and inclosing a letter to him, written two days before that event, in which she forgives him, and takes a cold farewell, in language sufficiently intimating that her former love had departed.

After the first paroxysm of his grief was over, an indifference for all mankind succeeded in the feelings of Redwood : he returned to his native country, and consented to the marriage with his rich cousin. She bore him a daughter, and a few years afterwards died. The education of this child was entirely neglected : her father took no concern about it himself ; and she was spoiled by a foolish grandmother. We find her at the commencement of the narrative, beautiful, but heartless ; accomplished, but ignorant, vain and overbearing. Having made the ' northern tour,' with her father, their carriage is overturned near the borders of Lake Champlain, by which the latter is so much injured, that they are detained for some weeks in the house of a worthy farmer. In this same house, Ellen, the unknown daughter of Redwood, is, at the same time, on a visit to its mistress, one of her earliest friends. The contrast between the sisters, is finely preserved ; and the character of Ellen, who, having attracted, very early, the attention of a well-educated lady, with whom she had eventually become domesticated, had enjoyed the double advantage of learning what was practically useful, and cultivating highly her intellectual powers, is drawn by the author in a manner which evinces the pleasure she took in its description. We are introduced also to two females, from the society of the shakers ; the elder, a rigid devotee of their sect ; the younger, restrained from leaving it, only by her affection and respect for her aunt. The account of the manners and habits of this society, and the narrative of the young Emily's deliverance from the confinement in which she had been placed, by a villain, who had deserted the sect, form a highly interesting episode in the work.

Redwood had always intended to unite his daughter to the son of a deceased friend, who joins him during the confinement occasioned by his accident, but soon discovers too many unamiable points in the character of his proposed bride, and falls deeply in love with Ellen, her innocent and artless rival. The slighted lady, who had conceived an antipathy for Ellen, on first seeing her, begins now to hate her cordially. The latter had in her keeping, a box, left by her mother, with a dying injunction that it should not be opened until her daughter should arrive at the age of twenty-one, or be married. Miss Redwood having ascertained where this precious relic was deposited, in the wantonness of malignant curiosity, violated the lock, and discovered within the box the picture of her father, and the sad narrative of Ellen's mother. Abstracting them from their receptacle, she returned it again locked to its place. After many minor incidents, which we must pass over, Redwood is supposed to be dying, at Lebanon Springs. His daughter has found an old admirer, in a British officer, and Ellen is per-

suaded to accept the hand of her lover, and open the mysterious casket, which was supposed to contain a clue to the secret of her birth. She finds in it only the frame of a miniature. By a probable circumstance, however, the rifled packet is found on the dressing table of Miss Redwood, who had eloped with her admirer. She is recalled by the active pursuit of Ellen's lover, and overwhelmed with the detection of her frailties, sues for pardon from her injured sister. They are both married, and their father is restored to health. In his sickness, he had perused for the first time, with a candid and inquiring spirit, the volume of inspiration, presented to him by Ellen, and his reason and heart had assented to its truths.

There is a character not mentioned, that cannot be passed over, being the most original in the work. It is that of Deborah, a Yankee maiden of a certain age, who was one of the inmates of the farm-house, where Redwood was received; after his accident in the commencement of the story. Her decided, though not coarse vulgarity, is more than redeemed by the shrewdness of her judgment, and goodness of her heart. The peculiarities of her dialect are well preserved throughout; and the account of her conducting Ellen to the Shaker settlement and the springs, in her one horse chaise, with the detail of her carriage and conversation in the different companies into which she fell, is highly delightful and entertaining.

As a mere novel, the correctness of style, the interest of the fiction, and the excellence of the descriptions, would entitle this work to high praise. But the vein of pure moral feeling which runs through it, and the instructive lesson it is designed to teach, demand for the authoress no common place among writers of this class. It has been said that America has never produced a female writer of eminence. If the writer of 'Redwood' is not the only exception, she is certainly the brightest; and we trust, that a long career is before her, of still increasing utility and fame.

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[The following ode to *La Fayette*, is from the pen of Dr. Isaac Snowden, of Philadelphia.]

AD

### FAVETIUM

Nobilissimum ac Illustrissimum,  
Galliae decus, nec non humani generis;  
DEFENSOREM STRENUUM  
Libertatis Americane Septentrionalis,  
Ad visendas Civitates Foederatas venturum

---

Cæruleum aether celeres et auræ  
Sint tibi, navis, mare trans serenum  
Quæ ferat jamjam caput, O FAVETI,  
Tam mihi carum.

Quando et Europæ, gladiis et igni,  
Imperatores populum, gerentes  
Vincula, invadunt dare servituti,  
Vindice nullo;

Tuque visurus tibi semper æquas  
Pectorum gentes, animi triumphans,  
Quasque juvisti fieri solutas  
Vincula solvens.

Spiritus Romæ veterisque Graiæ  
Cor tuum gentis capit atque mentem,  
Fidus oppressis columenque rerum  
Auxiliator.

Dignitas vera est tua, quem perennis  
Evehit Virtus strepitu furentis  
Plebis, et fato, pariterque torvo  
Ore tyranni.

PARTHENON stat sic hodiè superbum  
Inter immanes stolidos et hostes,  
Inter annorum spoliatores,  
Semper et ipsum.

Tempora illi non minuire curam  
Sensa servavit sua qui fidemque  
Gentis humanæ studium in periclis,  
Tempore iniquo.

Gratias summas, age, sume nostras  
Hesperî terrâ tibi sit domusque  
Ultima, Europæ procul à tumultu,  
Martis et armis.

Omnia hîc cernes variata præter  
Corda, communis studium imperique;  
Horridas sylvas populo frequentes,  
Nomine vestro.

Ecoe jam pagos pariterque in urbes,  
Pacis inventas varias et artes,  
Literas fotas, simul arma contra  
Perfida bella.

Martia et vises loca fabulosa,  
In quibus virtus juvenilis orta, et  
Eboracenses ubi bella campos  
Fausta peracta.

Immemor nunquam tribues amicam  
Lachrymam CLAR tumuloque roatis,  
Qui tuus primo socius in armis  
Littore nostro.

Te juvet cingi studio peritis  
(Quàm manent pauci!) indomitæ bonisque,  
Quos amavisti juvenisque nostræ  
Gentis honores.

Te salutabit patriæ Columbi  
Omnis orabit populus senectam  
Teque felicem, placidam quietem,  
CLARE FAVETI!

[The manuscript from which the following letter and notes have been printed, was brought into this city in 1813, in a letter bag, taken from an English vessel by one of our privateers. It is addressed to Sir Joseph Banks, by the celebrated traveller, Burckhardt, alias Ibrahim. We have not been able, immediately, to procure a copy of his works; and are unable to say whether a duplicate of this second supplement of Notes to his treatise on the Bedouin Arabs, ever reached England, and was there published, or not. As, however, the writings of this traveller are known to us, in this country, only through the reviews, we have thought that these notes must be interesting to our readers. We shall continue their publication in the next number, with an account of the author.]

The manuscript having been, in some places, slightly defaced, the conjectural insertions are marked by brackets.]

*To the Right Honourable Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B., President of the Royal Society, Soho Square, London.*

Cairo, the 18th Dec. 1812.

DEAR SIR—I had the honour of writing to you from here on the 12th of September and 18th of November. My last was accompanied by the journal of my journey through Arabia Petræa. I enclose at present some additional notes and comments concerning the description of the Bedouin nation, and their various tribes in the vicinity of Syria.

In want of a conveyance to the westward, I have so long tarried at Cairo, in order to wait for the decrease of the Nile. I have already mentioned to you, in my last, the project of penetrating along the Nile, into Nubia, in the direction of [Dongola.] For I am led to think that the exploring of the country beyond [Dongola,] which is the most southern point on the Nile's banks, north of Senaar, which European travellers have reached, would be a valuable increase to African geography. The wish of getting acquainted with the inhabitants of Upper Egypt and the Berebra, as well as with the African Bedouins, makes me prefer the mode of travelling by land to that by water, which latter is generally adopted, in visiting the Nile valley, up to the first cataract, as being the less fatiguing, and the more secure; although it is subjected to great disadvantages, and to very considerable expenses. I hope to be able to start upon this journey next week. The inland canals of Egypt are now dried up, and therefore passable. I am accompanied by a faithful servant. We are both armed, and mounted upon asses, which is the most common vehicle of Egypt. The Pasha, who is more liberal a man than any Turkish governor I ever knew, has furnished me with the necessary letters of recommendation, in the manner I desired them to be written out; and I have credits for several merchants of Upper Egypt, as

far as Ibrim, the chief town of the Berebra, south of the cataract. As far as I can judge at present, I hope to be back towards the month of June ; for I may probably find it expedient to abridge my journey, by returning by water. A caravan from the westward is expected to arrive before July. The merchants generally remain for a couple of months in Cairo. I shall, therefore, have sufficient time, after my return, to prepare for my journey to Fezzan.

I have visited the neighbourhood of this town, the pyramids, &c. ; but shall not intrude upon your patience, in attempting to give you a description of what has been for years the subject of so many accurate inquiries, as well as learned tales. An Egyptian traveller, indeed, finds at present little work left to do, except for the pencil, if it is not to describe the state and customs of the lower [class,] which have been too much neglected. The peasant's cottage and the Bedouin's hut are generally overlooked, when a magnificent ruin of Osiris' Temple is in view.

Some individuals belonging to the caravan of the Twatees, which was here at my arrival, gave the following account of Mr. Horneman. Two Englishmen, they said, who had lately turned Turks, had joined their caravan in Cairo in the time of the French invasion, to proceed with them to Fezzan. They were ill treated on the road by the people of Sirvah. Arrived at Fezzan, one of them died ; the other went to Tripoli, in order to take up money from the English consul, and again returned to Fezzan, from whence he proceeded towards Burnu, and has since never been heard of. This well agrees with Horneman's account, and the death of his companion, as mentioned in his last letters to the association. It shows that he was known to be an European. The knowledge of his origin might probably not affect his security, during his residence at Fezzan, whose inhabitants are, in some measure, dependent upon Tripoli, and cannot be strangers to the reputation the Frank name enjoys in the Levant. But if the report of his being an Englishman followed him into Soudan, the news of Mr. M. Park's expedition may probably have endangered the success of his own enterprize. I understand, that some hopes are entertained in England, of Mr. Horneman's having reached Abyssinia, by the report that a white man had been seen in that country. Besides that the appearance of a white man is not so great a curiosity in Abyssinia, as to make it an object of public news, the report, if traced to its source, might perhaps be found to relate to another traveller, whom I have lately seen here. Mr. Boenike, a Hanoverian, or, as he called himself, Frank, had gone

over from Portugal to Barbary, four years ago, in order to put his project in execution, of visiting the interior of Africa. After having staid half a year at Fez, he reached Tafilez and Sedjelmessa, on the east side of Mount Atlas, both of which towns stand in direct intercourse with Tombuctoo; but it seems that the principal trade of that town is in the hands of the inhabitants of Tuat, an independent Oasis, fourteen days journey S. E. of Tafilez. Finding himself in total want of cash, he was unable to proceed to Tuat and Tombuctoo, and returned afterwards to the coast. He departed from thence for the Nubia, and arrived last year in Egypt, a country which he had already visited eight years ago, when he had likewise seen Syria. An English gentleman, Mr. Boughton, was then preparing for a journey into Upper Egypt. Mr. Boenike accompanied him as interpreter; and left him, on his return from Assonan, at Kenne; for he had now conceived the plan of entering Africa by the Abyssinian side. He proceeded to Koss \* \* \* from thence to Djidda and Massuah. But the same cause which had already once put a stop to his pursuits, again prevented him, from succeeding. After having entered the mountainous country called Hamzeen, north of Axum, in a western direction from Massuah, and pushed on as far as nine days journey from the coast, he unfortunately saw that it was impossible to proceed, without having money sufficient to pay a guide; and he had already spent down to the last farthing of his cash. The depression of his spirits operated upon his health. He fell seriously ill, and would probably have fallen a victim to his bold enterprize, had it not been for the charity of a common prostitute, who spoke Arabic, and nursed him in her miserable hut for several weeks. The country he had passed through was perfectly quiet; the people, throughout, hospitable, and the roads safe. With a hundred dollars in his pocket, he would have thought himself capable of visiting Gondar, and the whole kingdom; provided he had a gun to defend himself against the wild beasts, which he represents as innumerable in the woods through which his road lay. Alone, without any companion, he traced his way back to the coast, was lucky enough to find his way back for Djidda, and from thence to Yambo, where Tonsoun Pasha, the commander of the expedition against the Wahabees, then resided. He found here a protector in the person of Tonsoun Pasha's first household officer and treasurer, an Englishman, taken prisoner in the Rosetta affair, who had afterwards turned Turk, and is now his master's favourite. He equipped him in clothes, and sent him, passage free, to Suez, from whence Mr. Boenike returned in

August last to Cairo. He proceeded in September to Alexandria, with the intention of returning home to Hanover. Mr. B. speaks but little Arabic, and is of a weak constitution. All his acquaintances give him a very high character. It is a pity that he despises money too much, although experience has taught him, that a little of it is every where necessary. He has thus neglected all means of getting a livelihood, which he might easily have got, (having long ago publicly embraced the Turkish faith,) and which might have enabled him to spare a sum sufficient for his travelling plans. But it is still more to be regretted that he is without any literary education. He never kept a journal during the whole time of his travels. An invincible desire of seeing, rather than of examining, foreign unknown countries, hurried him on. If his foresight were equal to his ardour, he would, ere now, have succeeded in Africa.

At the time of my arrival in Aleppo, I had taken once the opportunity of mentioning to you the name of Aly Bey el Abassy, a European, travelling as a Turk, who had passed through Syria, coming from Egypt. I suggested then my belief of his being *Badia*, the Spaniard, whose portrait I had seen in your library room. I was not mistaken. This mysterious person that had set all the consuls and Europeans in the Levant in motion, is known to nobody but to the Spanish consul in Egypt, who had furnished him with funds for his travelling expenses, against his bills upon the Prince of Peace. These bills, to the amount of 48,000 piastres, were not honoured, because they reached Madrid at the breaking out of the Spanish revolution. *Badia's* papers, containing the account of his travels to Mekka and Medina, and of his meeting with the Wahabee chief, were deposited at the consul's, and were now sequestered by him, together with many other effects belonging to *Badia*, until that sum should be repaid. But ever since *Badia's* arrival in Constantinople, in 1807, nothing has been heard of him any more. A belief was entertained at Aleppo of his being still with the Prince of Peace, from the report of a person who thought to have recognized him in the retinue of king Charles IV. at Marseilles. The Spanish vice consuls of Aleppo and Acre have deposits of other papers and effects belonging to the same traveller, who did not wish to expose them to the chances of a journey over land to Constantinople.

*Badia* arrived in Egypt, by sea, from Tunis, having been obliged to quit the kingdom of Fez, after having been in great favour with the emperor. The summer-houses in the European style, which were built under his direction for the em-

peror, were seen by the before-mentioned Mr. Boenike, during his residence at Fez. Badia made in Egypt a very great figure. He had a large retinue, and lived splendidly, without hardly ever stirring out of doors. The Turks, who seemed to disbelieve the story of his origin being derived from the Abasides, and to doubt of his singular fortunes through life, were hushed to silence by the valuable presents he distributed to every one who approached him. He permitted himself to be visited by all the Europeans, although he was lodged in the house of a Sheik of the great Molgue el Azhar. His retinue followed him to Mekka; but he discharged the greater part of his servants at his departure from Syria. It seems that his journey was undertaken against the wish of the Spanish ministers, especially Cevallos, under the exclusive patronage of the Prince of Peace. If Spanish independence is once settled, the Cortez might be called upon to own Badia's papers as national property; although their author may be known in Spain as a creature of the Prince of Peace. As an enterprising traveller he certainly belonged to no party, but to his nation at large.

Mr. Boenike mentioned to me, that he had heard the Abyssinians talk of a country on their southern frontiers, where the coffee tree grows wild in the forests. He had likewise been informed that there was one Englishman, (probably Pierce,) and two Frenchmen, at the court of the king at Gondar.

There are no news from Mr. Seetzan at Cairo. There had been a report of his death contained in a letter from Mekka, but it has afterwards been contradicted. It appears that he has entered the continent of Africa, south of Cape Gardafui.

Last week, the official news arrived here of the taking of Medineh, in the month of November, by the army under the command of Tousoun Pasha, the son of Mohammed Aly. About four thousand Wahabees were killed, and several hundred of them taken prisoners; which latter are daily expected here, and are to be sent to Constantinople, in order to afford the capital a curious and probably a bloody show. The progresses of the Turkish army are less due to the valour of the troops employed on that occasion, than to fortunate circumstances. The Bedouins of the borders of the Red Sea, had been in the habit of drawing their supplies of corn and barley from Egypt, by way of Suez and Cosseyt.\* Finding these supplies cut off, they had no other alternative than to leave

\* The ships necessary for the transport of the army from Suez to Yambo, twenty-six in number, were all built at Boulak, the port of Cairo, and transported from thence upon camels across the desert to Suez.

the party of the Wahabees, and to join the expedition, or to starve. Other Bedouins were bought over by large presents and promises; several of the principal army chiefs married into the families of the most powerful Sheiks, and thus the tribes who inhabit the space between the sea and Medineh, were engaged to make common cause with the Pasha, although they had last year fought under the Wahabees' banners, and been the principal instruments in defeating the first corps of troops that was sent towards Medineh. The Shereef who commands at Mekka and Djidda, under the controul of Ibn Saoud, has been constantly wavering in his conduct. He, at one time, made some secret overtures to Mohammed Aly, and afterwards again supported the Wahabees' interests. There is but little doubt that Mekka will soon share the same fate with Medineh, nor is it supposed that Djidda will offer any serious resistance. If Mohammed Aly succeeds in accomplishing his conquest of the Hedjaz, and in keeping possession of that country, his ambition may probably lead him on to farther projects. His speculative genius will find a rich field in planning commercial schemes. Being, as he is now, the chief merchant of Egypt, he will in the same manner become the head trader of the Red Sea, and extend his commerce towards the Indian Ocean. It is to be apprehended that the possession of Djidda will prove detrimental to the interests of the East India Company. India produce will be smuggled by his ships into the Red Sea, as it is by the Arabs of Meskah into the Persian gulf, and may thus again find its old way by Alexandria into the Mediterranean. These suppositions acquire a great deal of probability, from the eager desire the Pasha shows, on every occasion, to extend his commerce; and the French mission in Egypt does its utmost to engage him to revive the ancient trade of the Red Sea.

In order to add a stimulus to Mohammed Aly's vigorous preparations for the Arabian campaign, the Porte has repeatedly promised him to add to his government the Pashaliks of Acre, Damascus and Aleppo, in case he should succeed in opening a free passage to the Mohammedan pilgrims. It is not probable that the grand Signor should really have the intention of giving up these provinces, to increase the power of a rascal, who is even now beyond the reach of his jurisdiction. But Mohammed Aly has already begun to quarrel with the Pasha of Acre. He certainly has his eyes upon Syria; and knowing, as I do, the state of that country, I am convinced that he would find much less resistance in invading it, than Abou Dahab experienced thirty years ago. His name, as deliverer of the faith and the holy city, which stands now as high as that of the Sul-

tan, will operate powerfully in his favour. He has the interest of the clergy, and all the religious people. If he lives to pursue his plans, there is little doubt that he will succeed in creating a power in the east, which will divide the empire, and counterbalance the authority of the Grand Signor.

The conquest of the Hedjaz, however, may be found more easy than the keeping possession of that country, and of its communications with the harbours on the Red Sea; although Tonsoun Pasha has ordered forts to be constructed at every five or six hours march distance between Medinah and Gambo, the harbours of the Red Sea, where the army stores are kept. The Bedouins may again find it expedient to rejoin the Wahabees; the Pasha may become tired of feeding them with presents, as he does at present; the income of the custom house at Djidda, that is the principal revenue of the Hedjaz, may not be found sufficient to keep an army, of at least six thousand men, garrisoned in the holy cities, and as many more in the open country; the allegiance of the nations of the Hedjaz is doubtful, because they are much attached to the family of the Shereefs who govern them; the Pasha's son himself may take it into his head to declare himself independent of his father. In general, the conquests of Turkish Pashas are seldom of any duration; because, instead of endeavouring to establish their power in the conquered province, upon firm principles, they employ their authority merely to extort money, and thus soon exasperate the country people. It must, however, be said, in justice to Mohammed Aly, that he has given proofs in Egypt of great skill and first rate talents, in securing to himself the peaceful possession of the whole country, which, for centuries past, had ever been accustomed to a rapid change of its masters. He does not extort money from any individual, and is very rigid in the execution of justice; but the people suffer by the monopolists. Every article of trade, as far as relates to home produce, is farmed from the Pasha, whose income thus increases together with the price of every thing. These farms, together with the corn trade, are the principal branches of the Pasha's revenue. Last year, corn to the amount of £600,000 sterling was sold at Alexandria to English merchants, and part of it shipped, for the Pasha's own account, to the ports of Spain. The principal farms of the revenue are: coining of money, (the person who is at the head of the mint, pays 15,000 purses per annum, to the Pasha, or about £360.000) soap, tobacco, silk, salt, natron, wood, \* \*, cotton, wine, sugar, and many others. Even the camels' dung, which, in the East, is used instead of firewood, principally in the public bagnios, has been lately

farmed out. This mode of obtaining the revenue,—although it may be a very eligible one for a Turkish state, and is certainly preferable to the system of *avenizing* individuals, which is generally adopted over the East,—this mode, I say, of course, pleases the rich people; but the poorer class, who, in other parts of Turkey, pay little or nothing to government, suffer a great deal, from the high price of the articles, even of the first necessity.

*(The writer then speaks of his pecuniary circumstances and arrangements.)*

In finishing this letter, I cannot but express to you, my dear sir, once more, the great sorrow I feel, at the total silence of the Association, in answer to the numerous letters I have addressed to you, during the course of the three last years. If I have incurred the committee's displeasure, (for I can hardly explain its silence otherwise,) I might, at least, be allowed to know how to re-[pair] my errors or my false steps. God knows that I never had before my eyes but my duty, and my engagements to the Association. My despatches, I am but too confident, may be found devoid of that literary information, which might have been expected from a learned traveller: but it will also be recollected that, in offering my services, I pleaded no literary acquirements to qualify myself for the committee's confidence. A certain degree of prudence, a good deal of patience, some enterprising spirit, and stout legs; these were the qualifications to which I pledged myself, and of which I wished to give you some proofs before I should enter upon my ultimate expedition. If the different journals which I have had the honour to transmit to you, have been perused in this point of view, they will certainly not be found prejudicial to the travelling character of a missionary into Africa, although they may be of comparatively trifling literary interest. The only paper which I conceive to be worthy the notice of a man of letters, is my description of the Bedouin nation. It contains many new facts, which few European travellers have ever had any opportunity to collect. If I may hazard a wish, it is, that this treatise of Bedouin manners may be put into the hands of an Oriental scholar, and be published as a pa-[mphlet,] or in the Asiatick Researches. The journals of my travels in Syria are certainly not fit to be ever published separately; but if ever any Englishman, of known talents, is about to publish his own travels in Syria, I wish he might be permitted to make extracts of these journals, and to publish a map of the country

south of Damascus, \* \* \* in conformity to my geographical observations.

I repeat my demands for a letter of recommendation to Col. Missilt, at Alexandria. Nothing can equal that gentleman's kindnesses and attentions : but what is he to think of me, if I return from my present journey, in June, without having received any letters for him, which I had already announced to him from Syria ?

I have the honour to be, with great truth and respect,  
Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

J. L. BURCKHARDT,  
*alias* IBRAHIM.

P. S. I shall set off in three days.

## SECOND SUPPLEMENT OF NOTES TO THE TREATISE ON THE BEDOUINS.

### *Mode of Encamping.*

To the south of the Zerka, down to the borders of the Red Sea, the writer never saw any other encampments but Dowars, in which the tents are pitched in a circle. This mode is chosen, because it unites the tribe better in one mass, than a square, or otherwise shaped camp would do; and it secures more effectually the cattle, which is driven, after sun set, into the circle, every Arab having his herd before his tent. The tent ropes are tied in such a manner to the posts on the ground, that they cross those of their neighbour's tent; by this means a kind of rope wall is conducted all round the Dowar, which renders it impossible for a rider to enter the circle in full speed. He must alight, and gently guide the horse across the ropes. This circumstance proves of great advantage, in case of a sudden attack. If a stranger arrives with his tent, when the Dowar is already formed, room is immediately made for him, and the circle is widened, in order to receive his tent. If he is a man of no character, and generally disliked, nobody moves. He is then obliged to pitch his tent beyond the Dowar, and to remain there isolated until the whole tribe again changes its place of abode.

### *Tents and Tent Furniture.*

Among the Howeytat Arabs, the writer has seen tents, which he conceives an Aeneze Arab would think himself degraded by

inhabiting. They were only four feet high, and about fifteen feet in length, with six poles, thus distributed—: : Notwithstanding their diminutive size, they contained, as usual, a separate apartment for the men and the women. In large tents, the partition of the middle, which separates the two apartments, advances beyond the line of the two side posts in front, as far as fifteen feet, in order more effectually to shut up the women from the strangers. An additional pole is then stuck in the ground, in front of the tent, for the support of the Mek-ta or partition. The writer has seen tents in the district of Belka, of more than fifty feet in length. The Bedouin women of that country work very elegant carpets of goat's hair, to serve as Mektas. In poor tents, the Rowak is fixed to the tent's covering, by small pieces of wood only.

The Arabs el Kebly, south of Beni Stakher, have no particular camel saddles for their ladies; neither the Maksar nor the Ketleb. As they are, in general, poor people, they have very little furniture in their tents. There is, for instance, a single coffee mortar and coffee pot, in the whole tribe, generally in the Sheikt's tent, who lends it to those who have to treat any guests. Every four or five tents have a copper vessel, in which they dress their dinner for guests. As for themselves, they very seldom eat any other thing but dry bread, baked over the ashes, upon the thin round iron plate called Sadj. There are many families, who have not even a Sadj of their own, but make daily use of that of their neighbour. The same is the case with the handmill or Rahha, which is a very heavy machine. It consists in two flat unpolished stones, of a circular shape, about fifteen inches diameter. They are placed upon each other; the upper one is turned round by a wooden handle, and the corn, which is poured into a hole in the upper stone, falls upon the surface of the lower, whereupon the other turns, and thus mills the grain. It may very well be imagined, that the flour thus made is very coarse. I have seen among the Howeytat, handmills made of beautiful granite, which came probably from Egypt, for there is no granite quarry in any part of Syria. The Bedouin women, whose business it is to mill the corn, often do it at night time, when three or four assemble for that purpose, every one with her Rahha. They accompany their hard labour with songs. They recite elegies in praise of the Bedouin life, and declare that the *screaking* noise of their mills is sweeter to them than the most melodious town music. The writer has become accustomed to the noise of these mills, disagreeable as it was to him at first. The Arabs pretend that nothing lulls better to sleep than these mills, and the voices that accompany them.

*Dress.*

The Arabs Sherarat go almost naked; many of them, like the negroes, cover their waist only. The southern Arabs, especially the Howeytat, are much worse drest than the Aezenes, although the latter, likewise, have seldom to boast of an untorn garment. They wear neither shoes nor boots, but a kind of sandals,\* which consist in a piece of strong camel's leather, tied to the soles by leather thongs. Every man thus becomes his own shoemaker. The women of the Howeytat go throughout barefooted. Among the Arabs at Kebly, I observed a great number of young children, principally boys, who had a small bell suspended round their neck, that hung down to their breast. This is done to prevent the effects of what the Italians call *cattivo occhio*. The women of these Arabs wear two or three glass rings, (of the glass fabric of Hebrun,) just over their elbows, and some bracelets, of either horn or silver. The head is covered with a blue handkerchief, to which the rich ones tie large silver rings on both sides of the head. These rings, called Kheroos, are four or five inches in diameter. They are adorned with silver chains, to which some piece of money is tied. I found these pieces to be usually of the coin called in Austria twenty Kreutzer: they are imported into Palestine by the Polish Jews; and find from thence their way to the Bedouins. The girls of the Howeytat have their face unveiled. They wear black tassels of twisted cotton on their front, which hide the hair, and descend to the eye-brows, looking much like false hair. They call them Kheras. The married women, on the contrary, exhibit their own hair, which falls in natural locks down to their breast; and are obliged to veil their face with the Egyptian face veil, called Borka. They tie their blue gowns with a red woollen girdle, of their own fabric. Their whole body is covered with blue punctures, or the already-described tatoo. The breasts of some of these ladies, which they are not shy at all in exhibiting, were so much punctured over, that they looked from a distance as if covered with a coat of mail.

*Nourishment.*

Flita is the most common dish among the Aezenes, as well as among the Arabs el Kebly. The latter, however, seldom taste of it, but upon the arrival of a stranger. If among their own family, they eat nothing but dry bread, which they dip sometimes in butter, and mix up with milk in the spring season, when milk is to be had in plenty. The poorer class of them

\* The Arabic characters here and elsewhere have necessarily been omitted.

taste only barley bread. The women of the Rowalla, a branch of Aenezes, had formerly the custom of shaping their bread paste into thin loaves, by extending it over their naked thighs, instead of doing it upon the Sadji, and they would abuse and ill treat their guests who showed any disgust at it. This custom is now almost abolished. Mesrook is a favourite dish for breakfast. It consists in a hot paste of bread, not quite baked through, over which melted butter is poured.

The Southern Arabs are still more slovenly in their eating, than the Northern. If a sheep or goat is slaughtered, the boiled meat is brought in a large dish into the tent, where the landlord divides it into several smaller dishes, which he sets before the company; so that four or five Arabs mess at the same plate. The messmates begin in a great hurry, to bite off as many good morsels as they can, from all the pieces of meat or bones, the remaining part of which they again throw into the plate, when it is taken up by the neighbour; and thus they pass from mouth to mouth, until nothing but the bones remain, which are picked, in lieu of desert, after the dinner has been removed, as nicely as any cat could do it. The meat is eaten without either salt or bread; the worst is, that no soap is found to wash our hands or beard after the greasy meal. The Howeytat sometimes dress their lambs, much in the same manner as the inhabitants of the friendly islands do their dogs. They dig a hole in the ground, which they heat and fill up with burning ashes, upon which they place the meat. They put over it a large stone which has been well heated through, and cover it besides with sand, to prevent the exterior air from penetrating into the hole. In the space of one hour, the meat is boiled, and is of excellent flavour, provided the ashes are of a proper species of wood. Those of Tamarind, for instance, impart to the meat a salty, bitterish, very disagreeable taste.

A particular custom prevails among these Arabs, with regard to their guests, to whom meat is offered for dinner. Whenever, at Kerek in a private house, a sheep or goat is killed for a stranger, and the boiled meat brought into the room, it is duly imposed, by courtesy, to tell the landlord, "take off the meat for the beds," meaning the meat for his women and children. Without the stranger telling him so, he would not think himself justified in carrying off, or withholding from the guests, the smallest part of the meat in order to feed his family. At the public rooms of Kerek this is not the case. To the south of Kerek, down to the Red Sea, the same custom prevails; with the difference, that if the guest omits to tell his landlord, "take away the meat for your family," the latter is

entitled, by ancient laws, to take from the guest any article of dress or baggage, worth about the value of the slaughtered sheep ; which he is, however, generally permitted to ransom, by paying one Spanish dollar. If the landlord is not repeatedly asked by the guests to sit down with them to the dinner, he tastes nothing ; and is only busy, together with his sons, in handing round the water. The Aenezes have nothing of this custom. A similar law exists among the same Arabs, with regard to the use of soap. Soap is a very scarce article, and to present a piece of it, after the meal, to the stranger, is looked upon as a great distinction. If the guest, in washing himself, allows the soap, through inadvertency, to drop out of his hands, the Arab, who stands by him, and pours out the water to him, has the right of taking away his turban or head-dress, whatever it may consist of. A man, they say, who does not know how to handle the soap, deserves not the honour of washing himself with it ; and must be punished for having accepted that honour. Such an accident always creates great laughter and derision ; but the guest, in vain, endeavours to have his turban returned to him, without making a small present to his landlord.

The root Kemmaye only grows in the northern deserts of Syria. South of Syria it is not met with : its want is supplied by another production of the desert. A low shrub that grows on the Syrian Hadj route, and in the desert to the east of it, bears a small black grain, called samh, which is of the size of coriander seed. It grows in such quantities, that every family of Bedouins, who live in these parts, collect several camel loads of it. They mill it, like corn, and make bread of it, which does not taste amiss, and is very nourishing. The Rowalla, Sherarat, Beni, Szakher, and Howeytat use this samh. In years of cheapness of corn, they mix it with flour. In time of dearth, they eat it without any mixture. The people of Maan sell it to those Arabians who live in the southern Arabian deserts, and cannot, therefore, collect it themselves.

#### *Education, Poetry, &c.*

The Wahabels have established schools in their principal towns, like Derayeh, Medwick, Mékka, Djedeyde, Tayef ; where all their young men are instructed in reading and writing.

I have heard of several great Bedouin Sheikhs, who are famous poets, and performers upon the Rababa. Among the

first of them is Nimr el Keblan, of the tribe of Adooan, in the Belka. This man appears to be endowed with all the Bedouin virtues. Although upwards of sixty years of age, he is surpassed by none, in courage and strength. His liberality knows no bounds ; and his eloquence and poetical talents are famous over the desert. His twelve sons are all horsemen, and accompany him into the fields, wherever he goes. Having left the party of el Adooan, after their treacherous behaviour towards Beni Szakher, in 1811, he composed a satirical poem against Hamood el Szaleh, his former chief, which has become a favourite song with the Arabs of Belka. Its length does not permit me to insert it here. The son of the Sheikh of Kerek, a boy of thirteen years, explained it to me ; and it well deserves to be compared with the best satires of the history of Antar. Nimr has several books in his possession ; amongst others, the Kamoos, or Arabic dictionary ; and the Bedouins complain, that he makes use of words in his poetry which none but learned people can understand. The southern Arabs appear to be still more fond of music and singing than the Aenezes. Scarcely a tent is found, but has its Rababa or Guitarra ; and every evening the young people assemble round a distinguished singer. These instruments are very coarsely wrought : they are about eighteen inches in length ; have a single string, and have their body covered with a thin gazelle skin. The strings of the fiddle-stick consist of a dozen horse hairs, not much stretched. They rub them with a kind of colophonium.

Among the Arabs Hamayda, the writer witnessed a very ludicrous performance of the already described song, called Sahdje. About twenty young men had ranged themselves opposite each other, in two lines, each party headed by a foreman, who had a sword in his hand. He began the song, and accompanied it with ludicrous gestures, in which he was imitated by his party, who joined in the chorus. After he had finished, the others answered by still more ridiculous gestures, or postures. After having continued thus mimicking each other for upwards of an hour, some of the young men retired to their tents, and made their re-appearance, masqued in women's dresses. They went on, singing and acting, until midnight, amidst the laughter and applause of the whole tribe.

The El Had, or the song of the camel-drivers of the Arabs Howeytat, is

Gemelmely wa Edayr al el Kyaly  
El Hamel djayr wal Oeza Gowaly.

“Walk gently, (O camel,) and remember thy master’s kindness; for thy lord is well pleased, and sits fast upon thy back.” (*El Oeza* is the extremity of the sacks, into which a stone is put, in order to be able to tie the rope round it, by which it is fastened to the sack on the other side of the camel.)

(*To be continued.*)

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AN INDIAN ECLOGUE.—*Advertisement.*

“Sunt illis hæc quoque Carmina, quorum relatu, quem *barditum* vocant, accedunt animos, futuræque pugnae fortunam, ipso cantu, augurantur.”

*Tacitus de Mor. Ger. c. 3.*

THERE is a striking resemblance in the manners of all savage nations; and much of what Tacitus has so well said of the ancient Germans, is applicable to the scattered hordes of our North American wilds.

But before proceeding with this thought, courteous reader! I wish to call your attention to one word in my motto, which seems deserving of a digression. I mean that marked in Italic letters—“*barditum*.” Here is the *etymon* of our English word *bard*; which the ingenious critics inform us is derived originally from *blaritum*,—the cry or *blare*, (as we express it,) of calves! Others derive it, very elegantly, from *baritum*, quasi, “a *baer*, ursorum murmur,”—the growling of bears! Others, reflecting with singular sagacity on the condition of Germans, have deduced it from *barrire*, alluding to the cry of that *northern* animal, the elephant.\*

Leaving it to others to settle the conflicting opinions, it becomes us to notice one thing, in particular, in which perhaps all agree: which is, that this beautiful word, like the British constitution, was “invented in the woods.”† Nay, more, this agreeable, this ear-delighting expression had its origin in the honest adulation of the brute creation!

Now, reader, why should the story of Orpheus be thought incredible, which so many dying swans have sung; which Pæläphatus has endeavoured to explain, and to which Cicero has so beautifully alluded in his oration for Archias? Orpheus was a poet, *indeed*, and when HE sang, the wild beasts themselves gathered around him in the forests, and affectionately called him *bard*!

\* See the profound notes to Erneste’s Tacitus: “Quis talia legens temperet a risu!—Our author is sometimes *strikingly facetious*.—*Ed.*”

† See Montesquieu, Spirit of Laws.

To return to the train of thought with which I commenced. The Indians, as well as the Germans, are said to have had their *bards*,—considerable bards, too; at least as respectable as our ancestors the Druids, notwithstanding the huge architecture which was piled by the latter upon Salisbury Plain. Upon the banks of a beautiful and romantic river, not unlike the *Teleboas*\* of Xenophon, and which discharges its waters into the Pequod or Thames river, in Connecticut, there lived more than a century ago, an Indian poet, whose name was *Ahauton*. Tradition, which usually envelops the events of the past in the cloudy drapery of mystery, has handed down to us little besides obscure legends concerning him; but from them we learn that he was esteemed among his countrymen as a youth of rare facetiousness, and of matchless valour. His name, it is said, is still kept alive among the smoking embers of Indian ruins, and the songs of Ahauton are the burden of a summer's day.

They tell us, amongst other pleasant tales, concerning him, that he was accustomed to hold nightly converse with the "man in the moon," who taught him to express the sweet influence of that luminary upon an autumnal evening. Often was he seen seated upon the mountain's crags, or upon the verdant banks of his native rill, confabulating with the stars;—and when the night was wasted, and the glories of the morning returned, he would wander through the mazy labyrinths of the wilderness, and seek out some sequestered spot beneath the tumbling waters of the cataract,—or would pursue the bear through the lonely thicket, and the dangerous ravine.

The fame of *Ahauton* soon spread among the neighbouring tribes; and his songs were rehearsed in the cabins of princes. The distant Aberginians left their beautiful bay,† to listen to his voice; and the stern sachems of the Wampanoags, for many years after his death, shed tears of affection at the grave of their poet!

The person of Ahauton is described to have been like his, whose praises the Syrian damsels‡ sang, and whose death was celebrated by the Grecian bards: but, said the daughters of his nation, "Ahauton was more than beautiful: he was war-

\* "*Μεγαλὸν οὐ καλὸς δὲ*"

† The Indians upon Massachusetts bay were called Aberginians. See Hutch.

‡ Tamnuz—"Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,  
In amorous ditties all a summer's day."

PARADISE LOST, b. i. p. 20.

like. The oak of the plains could not vie with him in strength ; and in gracefulness he surpassed the elm. His courage out-did the panther's ; and his activity was like that of the mountain roe ! Danger but awakened his energies, and the noise of the battle was music to his ear ! But when the conflict was over, and the war-song had died away, the smile of the young poet was like the rainbow after the shower ;—the fair ones of his nation sought to gaze upon it !”

From what I can gather from his verses, the heart of Ahauton was not unlike the Shepherds in Virgil, *attuned to love* ; and whatever is remembered of his songs, is conformed to the structure of the Idylls of Greece. This is nothing surprising, since all accounts go to confirm us in the opinion, that the wastes of our hemisphere were originally peopled from Asia : and we have the authority of an erudite scholar\* for the presumption, that the Sanscrit, one of the polite languages of Asia, bears a near affinity to the idiom of the Greeks ! With these premises, it does not need much logic to convince us, that the *pastorals* of our poet were borrowed from “ *the Isles of the sea* !”

It is singular, indeed, that any thing remains of his, through the vicissitudes of Indian history ; but, perhaps, not more so than the preservation of the poems of Homer : only one of his productions has fallen into my hands, in a written form ; this I have translated, in my own poor way, into the heroic rhyme of our vernacular tongue. I make no apology for presenting it to the reader, since, however humble my *Ahauton* may seem, compared with English poets, he can hardly sink below the *Virgil of Doctor Trapp* ! “ *Aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus*,” Quintilian said, (after Horace,) near two thousand years ago ; and I am conscious that *Ahauton* nods sometimes : but I must entreat the reader, if he be disposed to *respuate* these verses, not to conclude, that ours was no poet, any more than that Virgil was a *drowsy* writer, because he *slumbers* in the version of the immortal Trapp !

I hope the student of the aboriginal languages of this country may hereafter be induced to present this distinguished bard, under more favourable auspices, to the public, gifted as he may be, with a better genius for poetry than I ever dreamed myself to possess, even in the most flattering visions of vanity.

Owing to my imperfect knowledge of the Mohegan dialect, the strictness of the original has not always been followed :

\* Sir William Jones.

sometimes, too, I have changed the style, to accommodate it to English idiom,—perhaps to the detriment of the original. My version is certainly imperfect, but I console myself with the sentiment of a Roman poet :

—“ Si deficient vires, *audacia ceste*  
Lauserit !”

PROPERT. ELEG. 3.

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### IDYLLIUM.

By fair Shetucket's pebble-studded wave,  
That flows meand'ring o'er the Pequod's grave :—  
Far, far remote from ocean's troubled flood,  
Beneath the ancient shelter of the wood,—  
Where nature loves to sport her graceful plan,  
In climbing wild flowers and the form of man—  
There chanc'd to meet, as suits the mimic lay,  
Twomanly youths upon a summer's day.  
*Skenandoh* this—*Onanto* that was nam'd :  
And both, 'tis said, for manly sports were fam'd.  
The first was tall of port and masculine—  
Strong as the oak, and graceful as the pine :  
His giant shoulders towered far above ;  
Yet on his eyelids sat the God of love.

The next was milder in his gen'ral air,  
But staunch and active as the flying hare.  
In deeds of arms their glory was the same ;  
For both in war had gain'd a warrior's name.  
Then on the banks, as o'er the cliffs they bend,  
Thus spoke *Skenandoh* to his rival friend :

“ Know'st thou *Onanto*, that the fairest maid  
Among the dancers, 'neath the hazel shade,  
When autumn's moonlight smiles upon their gaze,  
And thoughtful matrons hush the ripen'd maize ;—  
The bright-hair'd *Shennah*, bold *Skenandoh's* pride,  
Hath not a rival on *Shetucket's* side ?”

*Onanto*.—“ My brown *Owampah* dances 'neath the trees  
Light as the wild-roë or the waving breeze ;  
And sure no damsel with her smiles so fair,  
E'er had so graceful—so divine an air.  
Yet not *Shetucket* my *Owampah* gave—  
But gently flowing *Willomantic's* wave.  
No rill that gushes through the melting snow,  
And foams in silence o'er its bed below,  
When April's sun dissolves December's chill,  
And swollen torrents murmur down the hill,—  
Could e'er be named the *Willomantic* nigh ;  
Nor can your *Shennah* with *Owampah* vie.”

*Oneko*.—"What voice is that, which echoes through the  
Thus spoke *Oneko* stepping from the shade. [glade?"

*Sken*.—"Hark, father, Hark!" *Skenandoh* quick replied;  
"We sing our loves—do you for us decide!  
A bow of ash, and carv'd with matchless skill  
Hangs in my cabin, subject to your will,  
If I shall fail to prove *Skenandoh's* pride,  
The fairest damsel on *Shetucket's* side."

*Onanto*.—"This hatchet pipe, which late *Alnomook* made,  
Plated with quills of porcupine inlaid,  
Receive *Oneko* as my pledge to show  
*Owampah* is the fairer of the two."

*Oneko*.—"Begin my children, said the ancient chief,  
Since love in singing, finds its own relief.  
Begin; for old *Oneko* once was young:"  
Thus spoke the chief, and thus *Skenandoh* sung.

*Sken*.—"As on the hills I sought the bounding deer,  
Forth stepping from the woods, I paused to hear  
If ought were passing; when before me lay  
*Shetucket* gleaming with the parting day;  
While in the distant vale beneath me spread,  
The deer were grazing on the level mead.  
It was an evening of the last of June,  
And all was silent as the rising moon:  
When from beneath the fragrant birch-tree's shade  
A band came bounding o'er the strawberry glade,  
Of damsels lovelier than the white man's pride—  
They were the daughters of *Shetucket's* side.  
No robe fair nature's dignity confin'd;  
And their dark tresses floated on the wind.  
In joyous games they tript it o'er the mead,  
Where e'en the lily droop'd its vanquish'd head.  
Such rounded grace—such loveliness of frame  
Methought, *Onanto*, from the gods they came!\*  
But one there was, of magic grace and tall;  
It was my *Shennah*—fairest of them all!"

*Onan*.—"When late the northern enemy by night;  
Rous'd all our sleeping cabins to the fight:  
When direful shrieks arose upon the gale,  
And the shrill war-hoop echoed through the vale,  
Then stood *Owampah*, calm without alarm,  
Firm by my side, confiding in my arm;  
And when our foes ignobly fled the plain,  
Forc'd to retire to gloomy moors again,—  
When victory rais'd the battle's thrilling song,  
And hymns of praise were borne the breeze along,  
Weary, I sought my native cabin free,  
And there *Owampah* ran to welcome me.

\* *Roger Williams* says, "when they (the Indians) saw one man excelling  
others in wisdom, valour, strength, &c. they would cry out 'he is a god.'"

*Hutchinson's Massachusetts, Vol. i. p. 477.*

The sun was rising o'er the fields of corn ;  
 My fair one's smile surpass'd the blushing morn !  
 Where, great Manittoo ! where hast thou display'd  
 So brave, so gentle, and so fair a maid !"

*Sken*.—"Our clan encamp'd, *Acquimik* falls anigh,  
 As evening came from out the western sky.  
 It was the season when the budding trees  
 Put forth their foliage to the whispering breeze :  
 Whilst all was noiseless, save the roaring flood,  
 And darkness spread his mantle o'er the wood.  
 Then on the waves the light canoes abound,  
 And sporting sturgeon nimbly play around.  
 The chiefs preceding, lead the num'rous throng ;  
 The boats in order stretch the stream along ;  
 Gleaming afar with torches quivering light,—  
 Like silent fire-flies on a summer's night.  
*Skenandoh's* bark was foremost, and his fair  
 The treacherous net suspended in the air.  
 When leaning forward o'er the smooth expanse,  
 Her balance losing with the boat's advance :  
 Down from the bark she sank the wave beneath ;  
 Methought her hast'ning to the land of death :  
 But while confusion shriek'd with dire alarms,  
*Skenandoh* diving caught her in his arms ;  
 Then tow'rd the shore, an hundred youth among,  
 He swam, while *Shennah* on his shoulders hung !—  
 I swear, *Onanto*, such ennobling pride  
 Immortal spirits o'er the mountains wide  
 Have never known, as thrill'd *Skenandoh* brave,  
 In rescuing beauty from a wat'ry grave.  
 The rose is fairer when the show'r is gone ;  
 The lily blooming o'er its wat'ry throne :  
 Just so my *Shennah* when reviv'd on shore  
 Seem'd ten-fold fairer than she was before."

*Onanto*.—"Our warriors rested from the hunter's toil,  
 And many an antler crown'd the day with spoil :  
 Then joy ascends the snow-clad hills along,  
 And shouts of praise the festive fires prolong.  
 The time was evening, and the northern bear  
 Ascended high his circle in the air.  
 The piercing whirlwind hast'ning o'er the main  
 Drifted the snow, and sigh'd along the plain ;  
 While o'er the hills the gentle moon-beams play'd,  
 And ice-clad elms the rainbow's hues display'd.  
 Such was the hour when my *Owampah* came,  
 Fairest amongst the damsels known to fame ;  
 Leading the choicest daughters of our clan,  
 Each one the mistress, and the pride of man.  
 In beauty, grace, in smiles, the damsels vie  
 The bounding dancers round the cabin fly.  
 But as the star of winter shines at even  
 In matchless brilliance, 'midst the host of heaven ;

Or as the elm sublimely tow'rs above,  
 In grace and beauty, 'midst the humble grove,  
 Just so *Owampah*, as she dances by,  
 Pierc'd the stern heart, and drew each warrior's eye.  
 A youth there was—(*Ahanton* was his name,)  
 Caught by her charms—confess'd his ardent flame :  
 — But, (true affection never is beguil'd)  
*Owampah* blushing, look'd at me and smil'd."

*Oneko*.—" My children pause ! the hour no more prolong ;  
 These woods—this stream bear witness of your song :  
 Each hath deserved the prize, the task be mine  
 The victor's plume upon your brows to twine.  
 See yonder sun declines behind the hill,  
 And soon the stars come twinkling on the rill ;  
 Each to his mistress fair retire ; and when  
 The moon has risen o'er the hills again,  
 Come to a banquet where our nation's pride,  
 Shall meet *Stenandok's* and *Onanto's* bride."  
 Thus spake *Oneko*, and the youths obey'd :  
 For wisdom seem'd upon his front display'd.

\* \* \* \* \*

G.

desunt reliqua.

#### OBITUARY NOTICE.

"Alas, poor Yorick!—a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."  
 "Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch  
 thick, to this favour she must come."

**JOB COOK** is no more ; and, what is still worse, **Job Cook's** nephew has, in conjunction with faithful old **Toby**, followed his loving uncle to that silent mansion, where pills and powders are no more necessary. He has at last fallen a victim to the too exquisite sensibility of his feelings.

From the time of the departure of his master, **Dr. Langlan-**  
**cet**, "to another and a better world," he was scarcely ever seen to smile ; in another number of this journal, he has, with his own masterly pen, exhibited the melancholy with which the demise of his master's old antagonist, **Dr. Polypus**, affected him ; and I myself witnessed the painful assiduity with which he watched over, soothed, and softened, the last hours of poor **Harry Slender**. His friends hoped that time and his professional avocations, would gradually dissipate the melancholy which seemed to be forever fixed upon his pale brow. The kind attentions of all around him visibly had their effect : he would sometimes mingle in society, and even assume a cheerful air. But, when there was every reason to hope that his cure was certain, the death of his uncle **Job Cook**, his chief companion, friend, counsellor and patient, overwhelmed him

with grief: he withdrew himself from all society :—no entreaties could induce him to leave his room, and to seek relief from his woes in the pleasures of the town, or in the retirement of the country. No person, save black Toby, was willingly admitted to his solitary chamber, where, with Toby's assistance, he is supposed to have amused his last hours, by composing the account of his uncle which appeared in the last Atlantic.

Shortly after the publication of that article, a message was left at my office, requesting me to call immediately on Job Cook's nephew. I hastened to the house, and was instantly conducted to his bed-side. The hand of death was upon him. Those eyes, which once sparkled with the fire of genius, were now sunk deep in their sockets, and emitted an unearthly and glassy gaze. He motioned to me to sit down by his bed-side, and, after a pause of a few moments, which my feelings would not permit me to interrupt, he spoke as follows :—" My friend, I feel that I am fast sinking into an early grave, and I only regret it on one account. You know that I have hitherto been a large contributor to the Atlantic Magazine ; but I now feel that ' Job Cook ' is the last of my living productions which will adorn its pages. In the farthest corner of my medicine chest, you will find my posthumous works. To you I bequeath them. If you find any thing worthy of the pages of the Atlantic, let it appear, as soon as you have time to arrange my papers." I promised the most religious attention to his directions ; but, finding that he had exhausted himself by the effort he had made in speaking, I entreated him to endeavour to compose himself to rest. He said he would follow my advice, and requested me, in the mean time, to visit poor old Toby's garret-room, and administer some comfort to that faithful old servant, who was now confined to his bed by age and sickness. I left him, promising to return in an hour, and mounted to Toby's attic.

Poor Toby was evidently near death's door. The vibrations of his pulse were almost imperceptible. To every question put to him, he only answered by a shake of his head. On inquiring into the immediate cause of Toby's illness, I was informed that some one of the family had read the account of Job Cook's last expedition and death to him ; from which time, the poor old fellow had never held up his head. He had only remarked, that " it was bad enough to lose poor old master Job, but that he had never known how bad it was, until he had heard young master's account of it read by old Sukey." I now perceived that Toby's aspect was rapidly changing. His last moment had arrived. He fixed his rayless eyes upon me, shook his head three times, and moved no more.

According to my promise, I returned to the room of Job Cook's nephew, within an hour from the time I had left it. The sudden change which had taken place within that brief hour, was inexplicable to me, until the nurse whispered to me, that he had been informed of Toby's death. It was too late now to blame the folly of that babbling tongue which had plunged another dagger into his sensitive heart,—but I cursed it in my soul. I approached his bed-side. In a tone, so languid as to render it inaudible to any, but the achingly sharp, ears of friendship, he said to me :—" My friend, it is all over—poor old Toby—my posthumous works—remember—Job Cook." Finding that he was wasting the fluttering spark of life that remained to him, I gently prayed him not to exhaust himself by conversation. He appeared to understand me, and was silent for a moment. But no—he understood me not. In a voice, still more languid than before, he uttered,—“ Job—my last work——Toby—Job—Job—Job Cook.” His soul had flitted to mansions of eternal rest, where there are no distinctions of rank or colour, and where Job Cook, his nephew, and his faithful Toby shall be united to all eternity.

In strict accordance with my friend's last behest, I proceeded, immediately after his obsequies had been completed, to examine the contents of the “ farthest corner of his medicine chest.” The characteristics of genius were no less manifest in the “ confusion worse confounded” which reigned among his papers, than in the excellence of the scattered morsels of prose and poetry which I found. Two sonnets,—the one addressed to C. T., (probably some female friend of the deceased,) and the other to a Rose,—attracted my particular notice. But, unfortunately, the sonnet addressed to C. T. was so firmly affixed to a Burgundy pitch plaster, that I was forced to content myself with as much of it as the transparency of the pitch would allow me to read ; and that to a Rose, had been so long embedded in a package of assafœtida, that my olfactories expressed so much indignation at its vicinity, as to compel me to desist from its perusal, ere I had half completed it.

In short, I found that it would be impossible for me to arrange the papers in time to present any of my friend's posthumous works to the public in the present number of this magazine, and have, in the mean time, endeavoured, in the following simple narrative of facts, to supply that corner of the Atlantic which my ever-to-be-lamented friend has hitherto filled with so much credit to himself and satisfaction to his friends.

JOSEPH.

*A Narrative of Matters of Fact.*

For I had charge sick persons to attend,  
 And comfort those in point of death which lay;  
 For them most needeth comfort in the end,  
 When sin, and hell, and death doe most dismay  
 The feeble soule departing hence away.  
 All is but lost, that living we bestow,  
 If not well ended at our dying day.  
 O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;  
 For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare  
 These brave adventures graciously to heare;  
 In which *great rule of temp'rance goodly* doth appeare.

To get a miserable breakfast, in a negro's cellar, at eight A. M., for which four shillings are demanded; to saunter about,—in dry weather, through dust and horses, and carts and stages, and their drivers; in wet weather, through mud and water, and swine and men—until noon; when, in the midst of the crowd, I must stretch my neck, and strain my eyes, in order to read the anxiously expected “Report of the Board of Health,” affixed, like the laws of Caligula, to a lofty pillar, and written in a cramped and almost illegible hand; to waste three hours more in listless inaction, waiting for the dinner bell of Sykes or Niblo; then to squeeze one's self between two fat, hungry citizens, regardless of every one's wants but their own; and when, owing to the vacuity made by some half dozen busy and fast-eating traders, one hopes, at last, to have a chance at some half-devoured, half-cooked, and entirely mangled dish, to find the table surrounded by the countless swarm of the clerks who succeed their masters; to rise from the table, despairing of dinner, and pay for what has not been eaten; to waste the interval betwixt dinner and supper time in walking ten miles to find a friend who, in searching for you, continually contrives to elude your pursuit; and then, to sum up all, to throw yourself, with internal thanks for your good fortune, on a straw pallet, in a wretched garret, sufficiently heated to roast turkies' eggs, where you toss and tumble until morning, when you arise to a repetition of the self-same pleasant recreation:—These are a few of the comforts which were enjoyed by myself, during the months of July and August, 1822; and by the other tenants of Greenwich village, for a much longer time.

Towards the conclusion of August, I began to think it high

time to look about for a more congenial scene of action; for how could a staid, sober citizen, like myself, whose manners are as old fashioned as were those of Gabriel John, who died in the year one thousand and one, (heaven rest his soul!) tolerate the mode of life imposed, by the necessities of the times, on the inhabitants of Greenwich and its suburbs? Accordingly, having discovered whither mine ancient host had retired, I determined to follow him.

He had taken possession of a fine, spacious mansion, delightfully situated on the borders of a neighbouring river, and sufficiently near the city to enable us to send for a doctor, before death (unless very sudden in his motions) could take possession of the bodies of any of us.

Having seen my horse well disposed of, in a fine, airy stable, and having deposited my portmanteau in the room appropriated as my dormitory, I proceeded forthwith to reconnoitre the company assembled at this retired spot. First I encountered an ancient dame—too ancient to be farther noticed. Next I descried from the piazza, a romping lass of sixteen, busily employed in stoning apples from a tree, for the benefit of herself and three little brothers, who, as I afterwards understood, kept their mother awake all that night with complaints indicative of cholera morbus. On entering the parlour, I found my much respected and kind hostess, accompanied by two middle aged ladies, who, if they had expressed less sentiment about the yellow fever, might have been very agreeable companions. As it was, I feared that I should pass but a sorry time in this very agreeably situated mansion, unless I should find some companions more suited to my age and inclinations than any I had yet seen.

When I had nearly despaired of finding any congenial spirit, in whose society I might pass my hours in comfort, I heard the sound of wheels. I immediately hurried out to the door of the house, and, to my great satisfaction, perceived mine ancient host, who had been out on a shooting excursion, driving up the shaded avenue that led from the road to the house, accompanied by another gentleman, and followed by a dingy and sour looking servant, who rode behind them. An introduction to the gentleman who accompanied mine host, relieved my apprehensions, and satisfied me that I had no reason to fear solitude. G. M. (for such was the name of the gentleman in question) was a West Indian, on a visit to his friends in New-York. He was one of those favoured mortals on whose brow sits good fellowship, gentle thoughts, and kindly feelings to all around; and, although remarkable for his attention to the la-

dies, he was always well pleased to escape from their company after dinner, and pass an old fashioned afternoon in the summer house, over a sneaker of punch, or a *magnum* of port. The dingy sour-kroust, (by name Sambo,) whose figure had before attracted my notice, as he sulkily rode up the lane behind his master and mine host, afforded me much amusement. He had formerly served on board of an English frigate, and although now the servant of G. M. still preserved all the gravity of a commodore, and excited alike the laughter and terror of the other servants of the house, and the irrepressible mirth of our little circle, by his apparently inveterate contempt of every one but himself and his master. But of him more anon.

My fear of solitude being now entirely removed, I began to examine the domestic arrangements of the house. Here I found every thing as complete as I could have wished it, with one exception. A waiter, always indispensable to the comforts of an old bachelor, was wanting; but I was informed, to my infinite satisfaction, that a first-rate waiter had been engaged from New-York, and was daily expected.

The following day he made his appearance. He was a young fellow, apparently about twenty-two years of age, of a middle size, and well formed. His high cheek bones, large mouth, and lively eyes, gave a decidedly Irish cast to his otherwise not uninteresting countenance. The poor fellow was terribly flushed; he had walked all the way from New-York, under the burning sun, with his household gods upon his back; and the thermometer had only varied from 87° to 88°, during the time of his journey. He begged permission to retire to his *lofty* apartment, which was readily granted; and, in consideration of the fatigue he had undergone, he was permitted to remain there during the rest of the day.

At breakfast, the next morning, my inquiring eyes encountered no waiter, save an "indelicately ragged" blacky, borrowed from a neighbouring farm-house. Joseph was sick. The day passed without any more solicitude on the part of our sentimental ladies, or, I believe, of any one else, than if such a being as Joseph had not been in existence. The next day Joseph was worse; and I was earnestly entreated, by the kind-hearted lady of the house, to visit him and see what could be done; for "she feared," she said, "that Joseph was very ill." I went up to his room, and found that he was, indeed, very ill. A raging fever was consuming him, and, from many indubitable symptoms, I was satisfied that it was Yellow Fever. To prevent alarm, I avoided mentioning this; but insisted that some one should be immediately despatched to the city for an

experienced physician;—which was accordingly done. My earnestness at once created the alarm I had wished to prevent. The ancient lady determined forthwith to take up her quarters at the neighbouring farm-house : one of the gentlemen set off the same day for Bath ; and all the windows, on the same side of the house with poor Joseph's closet were as carefully closed, as if we had been in the midst of an angry December.

The following day, one of the most respectable physicians of the city arrived ; and, in company with me, visited Joseph. The disease had already made its usual progress ; and the yellowish tinge of the eyes, the burning skin, and the parched tongue of the invalid, together with that incessant restlessness and desire of locomotion which invariably accompany this disease, too surely proclaimed that Joseph had, indeed, the yellow fever. Every thing which might be of assistance, was prescribed ; and ample directions were given to our attentive hostess, as to the mode of treatment to be observed. The moment the doctor descended to the parlour, he was assailed by all the females of the house, with more interrogatories than could have been answered by as many female tongues as were then exercised in putting them. Anxiety for her children in one, for her husband in another, and for herself in a third, was strongly marked in every different countenance. Even the servants, with the exception of gruff Sambo, were all crowding around the door, and lengthening their already long ears to catch every whisper that might fall from the Doctor's lips. With characteristic caution, he gave some general account of the patient's symptoms ; said that he had a violent fever, caused, most probably, by having been over-heated in his walk from New-York ; but that there was not the slightest reason for apprehension on the part of the inmates of the house.

This assurance somewhat relieved their fears and agitation. But, soon after the Doctor's departure, G. M. returned from town, whither he had gone the preceding day ; and, on hearing of Joseph's illness, and the Doctor's assurances, determined on seeing the invalid. He told the ladies that he had been in the habit of living in the midst of Yellow Fever, in his native place, and that he was confident he understood its nature, symptoms and cure better than ere a doctor north of the Mississippi. Accordingly, he mounted, followed by myself, to the sick man's apartment. He no sooner beheld him, than, turning to me with a significant look, he said : " By heavens, I knew it." The servant, who had been acting as poor Joseph's nurse, terrified at his looks and words, although comprehending neither, rushed

from the room, ran down stairs, at a rate by no means conducive to the safety of his neck, and announced,—first in the parlour, then in the kitchen, and lastly in the stable,—that the West-Indian gentleman had declared that Joseph was dying of Yellow Fever. It was in vain that we endeavoured, after our descent, to appease the tumult : all was terror, commotion and uproar. Not a soul but G. M. and myself would remain another hour in the house—no—they would rather sleep on the road, or in the fields, than pass another night under the same roof with a man dying,—nay, perhaps already dead,—of Yellow Fever.

What was to be done ? Our host and hostess remonstrated, entreated—all was vain ; until a certain sentimental lady wondered, “ why the servant could not be removed from the house to one of the out-houses.” Seeing no other alternative, G. M. the host, and myself sallied forth to examine the state of the out-houses, and at last pitched upon one, which appeared to be in tolerable condition. Every servant was put in requisition to clean and arrange it with the utmost speed ; and I determined to avail myself of the time occupied in this operation, to visit Joseph, in order to inform him of his real situation ; and to inquire whether there was any person he wished to see, or any thing he wished done, in which I could assist.

On ascending the stairs, I was shocked to find that the sick man, preyed upon by the unnatural restlessness which characterized his disease, had dragged himself from his bed—had crawled to the top of the stairs, and was now attempting to descend. I persuaded him to desist, and assisted him to return to his bed. When he was again placed there, I explained to him as plainly, but as delicately as possible, his situation ; and, hinting to him the great uncertainty of his recovery, and the speedy progress of his disease, requested him to inform me if there was any thing he desired to be done ; assuring him that there was nothing, within my power, which he should ask for in vain. He answered, in a hollow and broken voice : “ I know I am to die. I am not what I seem, Sir. There is one being—but of her I must not speak. That box,” pointing to a small segar box in the corner of his room : “ that box, Sir, will inform you of all but the name.” He was silent for a few moments, and then proceeded to talk with great rapidity, but so incoherently, that I could not comprehend a word. It was evident that he was delirious, and that the disease was making most rapid strides.

By this time the hovel had been prepared, and all that remained to be done was, to convey the suffering patient to his

new apartment : but this was no easy task. Not a servant would stir a step up stairs ; and the poor wretch might have died in the house, had not G. M. suddenly recollected that his servant had been in the habit of attending persons sick with fever in the West Indies ; and that, consequently, he was fearless of any danger from contact with a person afflicted with yellow fever. With Sambo's assistance, then, G. M. and myself removed the sick man, on his bed, from the room he had hitherto occupied, to the out-house.

When we had placed him in the most comfortable corner of his new apartment, I proceeded to arrange the bed-clothes over him, and discovered that, in his right hand, which was laid upon his breast, he held a letter. Curiosity prompted me to withdraw it from his fingers, which I effected so gently, that he did not observe it. On opening the letter, I was more astonished than I can tell, to discover that it was written in a female character ; and that it expressed, in a style that would put most of our female romance-writers to the blush, sentiments of the tenderest love and attachment to the hapless being who laid before me. There was no signature to the letter, and this fact immediately brought to my recollection what Joseph had, a few moments before, said to me : " that box will inform you of all but the name." I instantly proceeded to his deserted room, and found that the box he had referred to, was filled with letters in the same hand-writing ; on perusing which, I found an entire history of the romantic love of some (I could not but persuade myself) lovely and (certainly) most accomplished lady for the poor dying Joseph. I communicated this intelligence to G. M., who was as much astonished as myself. Who and what was this apparently friendless, and unfortunate man, who expressed no desire to see any living being, even at the moment that he was persuaded he could live but a short time longer ? There was a mystery in this, which excited a feeling of mingled compassion and respect for the wretched Joseph, and the more wretched lady, whose love was about to be eternally blighted. After carefully sealing up the box containing the letters, we delivered it over to our host, with a strong injunction to preserve it with the most sacred care ; and deliver it to any surviving friend of the dying man.

At this moment, Sambo, who had, by his master's direction, been attending to Joseph, came into the room and said : " Massa, he no' peaky me, and him leg cold." We hastened forth to the now dreaded out-house, and found that Sambo's information was too true. I questioned him repeatedly, but he was totally unconscious of all that was said, or done, to him. G.

M. and myself determined to watch by him during his last moments, and directed Sambo to request our host to send to the nearest carpenter, and order a coffin to be made with all despatch. To avoid any ill consequences that might result from the confined atmosphere of the room, Sambo brought several plates of sugar, which were set on fire to purify the air ; and he also brought a *magnum* of brandy, with miscellaneous concomitants, sent to us by our hospitable landlady, as Sambo remarked, with a rough laugh, little suited to the time and place, "so we no catchy de 'fectium ob de feber, my God !"

Sambo placed himself by Joseph's bed side, and G. M. and myself, after partaking of the brandy so kindly sent to us, seated ourselves at the door of the miserable cabin, each with a segar in his mouth, and beguiled the tedious hours in conversation. I soon found that my companion was, as he had said, an adept in the science of yellow fever. He explained to me at large its symptoms, and the varieties of its appearance ; discussed very briefly the controversy between the importation and non-importation polemics, and concluded by remarking, that "it was a mere matter of moonshine, whether it was original or imported ; that the only true way to avoid infection was, to burn plenty of sugar in the room, where an invalid was, and to drink freely of strong brandy and water ;" which last precept he enforced by mixing two glasses a little more North than I had been in the habit of drinking, one of which he presented to me, while he swallowed the contents of the other himself,—first repeating, "with good accent and good discretion," the following lines, equally appropriate to the subject he had been discussing, and the subject he was about discussing :

" Sages, their solemn e'en may steek,  
An raise a philosophic reek,  
An' physically causes seek  
In clime and season ;  
But tell me whiskey's name in Greek,  
I'll tell the reason."

Notwithstanding his undeviating temperance in common, he insisted on so frequent a repetition of our potations, that my head began to feel much lighter, or much heavier, I could not tell which, than usual.

About eleven in the evening, the skies began to look dark and gloomy ; the wind whistled mournfully through the trees ; the minute waves of the river before us began to murmur more harshly ; and every thing denoted the approach of one of those storms, in which

—"the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage."

As we were watching the threatening clouds, we heard a voice, apparently at a considerable distance, hallooing for some one from the house. Knowing that all the occupants of the house had retired long before, we stepped out to know who was there at so unseasonable an hour. It was the carpenter, attended by two of his workmen, with the coffin that had been ordered. No intreaties could induce him to approach a step nearer the house than he was ; and his teeth, even at that distance, were chattering with apprehension, lest he was inhaling the yellow fever with every breath of air. With some difficulty, G. M. and myself managed between us to lug this most unwieldy production of rustic handy work, into the dying man's hovel. When we had placed it in a remote corner of the wretched room, and were about resuming our seats, Sambo, who had been carefully watching his charge, said : " Massa, him leg grow colder and colder, 'way up now." " Feel his breast, Sambo," said my companion. " Him breast hot enough Sir, and he breathe very hard ; guess he no die to night, a'ter all."

Perceiving that Sambo was somewhat tired of his charge, I told him to replenish the plates with sugar, (which we had burning all the evening,) and that I would relieve him for a short time. This was very readily performed, and, while his master was rewarding Sambo for his attention, with a strong glass of brandy and water, I placed myself at the bedside, and examined Joseph's countenance. The change in his appearance was almost incredible. He still breathed very hard, but it seemed as if, within the last three hours, his eyes had sunken entirely within their sockets. His high cheek bones were now so prominent, as to make him resemble another person, from the Joseph of the afternoon ; and the pale, blue light which the burning sugar cast, in fitful gleams over his now sallow countenance, gave it an appearance altogether unearthly. Notwithstanding the potency of the cups that had been medically forced upon me, I could not be so entirely insensible to the horror of the scene, as my more experienced companion, and his still more experienced servant. I could not but cast my eyes around with a feeling of anxious uneasiness ; and when I beheld the philosophic West Indian coolly smoking his segar, and gazing on the gathering clouds ; the unconcerned negro, seated on the very coffin, which was shortly to enclose all that was mortal of the poor wretch before me, and looking wistfully and ardently at the now half empty brandy bot-

tle; and then cast another glance on the unconscious sufferer before me, a feeling of horror, such as I had never before experienced, crept through my heart. Sambo, who had now turned his vision from the brandy bottle towards the dying Joseph, and saw that I was anxiously watching the progress of his approaching dissolution, and occasionally placing my hand upon his breast to ascertain the strength of the palpitations which his pulse no longer indicated, said, with a knowing shake of the head: "Tell you what, massa; may be he live long time yet—neber saw any body die so d—n tough down in West Indies, neber had to sit up half de time with nobody," I was shocked to hear this uncouth fellow so openly expressing his anxiety that the man should make a sudden exit, and I presume my feelings were depicted in my countenance; for G. M. immediately said to me: "Tut, tut, man; don't make wry faces at it: if you had seen half so many *cases* as I have, you wouldn't mind it. So come and take a noggin. Sambo, you villain, some cool water." Noggin succeeded noggin so fast, that all the disagreeable feelings which had been occupying my mind, now gave place to the elevated and artificial courage excited by the brandy.

"Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!  
What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!  
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil;  
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!"

It was now midnight, and G. M. remarking that our patient must be near his end, ordered his servant to place himself at his bed side, and to feel whether his breast was cold. Sambo did as directed, and said "no, massa, breast no cold yet, but all over else cold; and now," he added, "he move him lip as if he have some ting to say." We approached the bed. Joseph was in his last agonies; the flies, in spite of every effort, seemed to rivet themselves to his cheeks and lips, as if determined to have their share of the prey before it was conceded to its rightful heirs, the worms. A cold sweat covered his ghastly face, and glittered through his long and grizly beard: his lips quivered slightly, a convulsive movement agitated his cheeks and eye-lids—every limb was cold as death. With one final struggle, he drew himself up in his bed, he stretched himself forth again, and breathed no more.

Without loss of time, we placed him in his rude coffin, crowding around him as many of his bed-clothes as it would contain. A rough stone was the only hammer we could find wherewith to nail down the lid of his coffin, and the mutter-

ing of the distant thunder mingled with the sound of the knocking, as Sambo was putting the finishing hand to Joseph's "last house made with hands."

But the most difficult part of our task was yet to be accomplished. The body was to be interred. A grave had been ordered in the church-yard of the neighbouring town, (distant about three miles,) at the same time that the coffin had been ordered. As we were fully satisfied, from the panic of the carpenter, that the report of yellow fever had created a general alarm in the neighbourhood, we determined to procure a waggon, if possible, from the nearest farm-house, and to conduct the body to its "last house," under cover of the night. I recollected that the farmer in our neighbourhood had an old, spavined, worn-out jade, whose pace would best suit our purpose; and a one-horse waggon, which would contain the coffin. Accordingly, we despatched Sambo to the farm-house, directing him to rouse the farmer, and obtain the use of the horse and waggon at whatever price. During Sambo's absence, my companion insisted on our finishing the remainder of the brandy; remarking that it was much more dangerous to sit near the dead body of one that had died of yellow fever, than to sit near the living body of one only dying of the disease, without stimulus.

After what I conceived to be an unnecessarily long absence, Sambo, to our vexation, returned with neither horse nor waggon. On asking him for an explanation, he proceeded in his usual cool manner, to lay before us the following account of his expedition: "A'ter I knock 'till I tired, den I knock agin worse as eber: den nobody come, 'till bye and bye de ole man 'tick him head out de window, and tell me go to hell. 'I tell him, I no want dat; he go dere heself, if he like—but I want him hoss and him waggum.' Den he ax me, 'what for dat?' I tell him, 'for give Josey a ride;,' den he say I lie, for 'Josey got de yellow feber:,' so I tell him, 'dat just why Josey want to take a ride, go to de church and bury heself.' Well; he very much frighten when I tell him dat, and say 'he won't have no hoss he got cat de yellow feber, nor his waggum neder,' my God! ho! ho! ho!—and so he tell me 'go about wid my business.' Den I tell him, berry well, d—n fool, he lose he money for bloody ole hoss no worth de two snip of a d—n, and him too:' and den he start to come back agin; and den he call me and tell me 'no go near de pigs, else dey catch yellow feber too,' and so den I come back agin."

What was to be done? If we could devise no mode of conveying the body to the grave, before the next day, the alarm

might become so great that no one would approach the house, nor permit us to approach them. As a last resort, I proposed that we should put my horse to the chaise, and endeavour, in some way, to place the coffin across the body of the chaise. This plan was instantly adopted; and the horse and chaise were presently at the door of the miserable apartment.

The storm now began to increase in fury—heavy drops fell from the clouds, foretelling an approaching shower, that would drench us to the skin. But the brandy had fortified us against all fear, or at least all show of it. With difficulty we raised the cumbrous coffin, immensely heavy of itself, and now increased in weight by the corpse and bed-clothes it contained. After many an ineffectual struggle, we had at last succeeded in placing one end of it on the body of the chaise; when it appeared as if the collected fury of the heavens had burst forth in one terrific crash of thunder, accompanied with a flash of lightning, so vivid as nearly to dazzle our sight, and yet to present, at one glare, to our view, our own wan countenances surrounding the rude coffin, which now contained a mass of silently-increasing putrefaction. The first sound, which broke the dread silence of the moment, was the voice of Sambo, exclaiming: “D—n well de hoss no frighten, else I guess Josey get a tumble.” Amidst all the complicated horrors of the scene, this remark, so coolly pronounced, drew forth a peal of laughter from each of us: but the very echo of that laugh chilled the sensation which had excited it. Drenched as we were, we toiled and struggled, in the midst of the descending torrents, until we had fairly fixed the coffin across the body of the chaise. But our labour was vain. It was indeed fixed across the chaise, but so fixed, that if the horse moved, the wheels, or the coffin must be shattered. “Who de debil,” said Sambo, “would have t’ought Josey so big he no ridey in a shay?” In vain did we attempt so to place the coffin as to permit the wheels to revolve; every attempt failed, and we were at last obliged to give up this mode of conveyance in despair.

We were now indeed “perplexed in the extreme;” but as there was no other expedient, and as the storm continued its fury, we used all possible expedition in removing the coffin from the chaise. We determined to place it within the stable, which was at some distance from the out-house, at the door of which we stood, and to watch by it there until morning. Sambo proceeded to re-convey the horse and chaise to the place whence he had brought them; while we waited for his assistance to remove the coffin to the same place.

The minutes, during which Sambo was engaged in unhar-

nessing the horse, were terrific. The roaring of the waters, the rushing of the rain, and the whistling of the wind, added to the intense darkness, occasionally dissipated by a flash of lightning painful to the eyes, all conspired to add to the magnificent terror of the scene.

“ The wind blew as ’twad blawn its last ;  
The rattling show’rs rose on the blast ;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow’d ;  
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow’d.  
That night a child might understand,  
The deil had business on his hand.”

Fatigued as I was, I preferred resting on Joseph’s coffin to again entering the heart-sickening chamber from which it had been brought. At last, “with weary steps and slow,” we united our efforts, and raised the coffin from the ground. Our feet slipped, at almost every step, on the wet grass, and we consumed much time in conveying our sad burthen to the stable. To obviate a repetition of the difficulty we had just experienced in raising the coffin from the ground, we placed one end of it on a hay-rick, and the other on a small oat-chest, some three feet lower than the hay-rick. Sambo, noticing the oblique position of the coffin, and that one of the posts of the stable was directly opposite to its lower end, dryly observed ; “ Massa, if Josey slip down here, he ’tave him head agin dis post.” Unfeeling as these remarks of the untaught Sambo were, they had a good effect upon us ;—for exhaustion, fatigue, and the effects of our huge potations of brandy had so unnerved us, that, without something calculated to rouse our drooping spirits, we should have yielded to the powers of Somnus, and left our charitable undertaking incomplete.

As soon as the first rays of light appeared, G. M. and myself, leaving Sambo to guard the coffin, proceeded to the farmhouse, determined to obtain the waggon, if not the horse. The farmer was already stirring ; but, on seeing us, he exhibited the most unequivocal symptoms of terror, and began to retreat, with great rapidity, to the house. We called to him repeatedly to stop, but he appeared by no means inclined to regard our injunctions, until we flatly told him, that we should take his horse and waggon, without permission, if he refused to hear us. Fully comprehending this hint, he at last stopped ; but earnestly besought us to keep at a respectful distance from him. We complied with his humour ; and after many sturdy refusals, which were only overcome by our threatening otherwise to bury the corpse in the midst of his farm, he consented to let us have the use of his waggon, provided we would sprinkle it well with

vinegar, after we had done with it: no entreaties nor threats could prevail on him to let his horse run the risk of catching the yellow fever, and, communicating it, perhaps, to all the other quadrupeds and bipeds of his household.

With much labour, we dragged the waggon from the farmer's yard to the stable; and, after putting my horse before it, we deposited the coffin within it. Sambo carefully covered the whole with straw, in order to prevent any suspicions as to the nature of the cargo which the waggon contained, and, after so many difficulties and delays, we at last got under way; Sambo leading the horse slowly onwards, and G. M. and myself following at some distance behind. We reached the church-yard without any particular observation; but found that the alarm had spread throughout the village the preceding day, and that one of the patriotic burghers had generously directed the sexton to make the grave six feet deeper than usual, and to send in the charge for the same to mine host:—all which had been done accordingly. As the sexton had not yet made his appearance, we determined not to wait for him, particularly as we found by the side of the grave two ropes sufficiently long to enable us to lower the coffin into its "narrow house." Slowly and silently did we remove the dead body from the waggon, and gradually lower it to the bottom of the deep grave, there to mingle with the dust of the humble dead, who tenanted this silent and sanctified spot.

"Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,  
Feel not a want, but what yourselves create,  
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,  
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!"

How many poor miserable wretches may have shared the fate of this unfortunate man; yet how few may there have been, whose intrinsic worth equalled his! His doom was sealed by the Eternal Judge, and he sunk into an early grave, unattended by friends, and not even inquired after by relations. He had been loved; and loved, too, by some fair creature, whose mind was highly cultivated. Where was she during his sickness and death? Was she living, or was she dead? Did fear for the danger she might incur in visiting him, or sullen despair at the recollection of her death, prevent Joseph from warning her of his state, ere he became unconscious? Mystery surrounded him, and still surrounds his memory. From the time of his death to the present moment, no inquiry has been made for him. The bundle that contained his simple wardrobe is still unclaimed; and the mysterious box, in which are the memo-

rials of his love, still retains unbroken the seal placed on it by G. M. and myself. No tears have ever bedewed the green sod which covers his remains, nor has any stone been erected to perpetuate the memory of the spot. It would appear, then, that his friends had deserted him; and is it not probable that the object of his dearest affections had preceded him to the world of spirits, and left him solitary and alone in this world of wo, without one ray of joy to cheer his withering heart? The Supreme Judge of all flesh may have withdrawn him, in mercy, from a scene in which he had "nothing left to love or hate;" and the speedy termination of his earthly career may have been to him an emancipation from "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to;" and an introduction to mansions of eternal bliss, where he shall no more be severed from her he loved, forever.

"He there does now enjoy eternall rest  
And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,  
And further from it daily wanderest.  
What if some little payne the passage have,  
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave?  
Is not short payne well borne, that brings long ease,  
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?  
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,  
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

P. S. I am afraid that the foregoing story has nothing to commend it but its truth. One of the sentimental ladies, mentioned in it, on hearing the particulars, took occasion to write some verses, which I add, having first carefully corrected the spelling.

#### THE UNKNOWN MAN.

Unwelcome, among unknown men, a stranger came to die;  
The mortal sickness at his heart, gleamed wildly in his eye.  
In a rude hut, on wretched straw, they laid the sufferer low,  
And blamed the tardy hand of death, that did its work so slow.

And when the spirit past away, with idle words and loud,  
They laid him in a shallow grave, wrapt in his squalid shroud.  
Nor even the public list of those, who from the earth had sped,  
Told that another unknown man was numbered with the dead.

Where disembodied spirits go, he passed unwept, unknown,  
And left behind nor name, nor fame, nor tear, nor funeral stone;  
One only record was there found, for vulgar eyes to scan,  
Which proved one tie had bound him to the family of man.

'Twas writ in foreign characters, and by a female hand,  
And breathed of constancy and love, unshaken that would stand;  
But she who traced the lines so fair, now knows not where he lies,  
And if she live, and yet be true, in vain expects and sighs;

For even his hasty sepulchre is now remembered not,  
 And briars rank and clustering weeds have overgrown the spot ;  
 And never can the tale be known of who the wretch had been,  
 Till, when the judgment trump shall sound, he stand among his kin.

### WILD FLOWERS.

Wild flowers! wild flowers! I love you well,  
 For of life and liberty ye tell :  
 Of sunny fields and cloudless skies,  
 And the forest shade where the zephyr sighs !  
 Of the stream's smooth brink and the mossy tree,  
 Scenes where the sad heart pants to be.

When from the earth's dark breast ye spring,  
 How sweetly the birds their carols sing.  
 And oh! what a world of life and light  
 In beauty bursts on your raptur'd sight !  
 The green-clad earth, and the glorious heav'n,  
 Bright with the burning hues of even.

But torn away from your native glade,  
 Alas! how swiftly your beauties fade !  
 Ye cannot live in a foreign sky,  
 And away from your home ye droop and die.  
 Thus of youth and beauty, the brightest hours,  
 Soon fade like you, wild flowers! wild flowers !

### A VISION IN VERSE.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."

I dream'd—it was a summer's eve :  
 The burning sun had sunk to rest :  
 But many a gleam of golden light  
 Still linger'd in the glowing west,  
 And seemed like thoughts of sainted friends  
 In pity to our weakness giv'n,  
 To sooth us while we stay on earth,  
 And lift our wishes all to heav'n.

I wander'd in a lovely place,  
 A fair and fertile garden ground,  
 Where trees and plants, and fruits and flow'rs,  
 Their mingled fragrance wafted round ;  
 And all that could delight the sense,  
 And fix and charm the wand'ring view,  
 With much for beauty, much for use,  
 In wild, but tasteful freedom grew.

Methought I was not there alone—  
 In such a place it were not well,  
 For what was e'er enjoyment worth  
 With no one near our joy to tell?—  
 But four or six were gather'd round,  
 A little varied company,  
 Of manly bearing, youthful grace,  
 And lovely woman's witchery.

And one there was—Oh! who has pass'd  
 From childhood's dawn to manhood's day,  
 Nor felt one star was wanting yet  
 To light and cheer his lonely way?  
 Long years may flit—his cheated eye  
 Be lur'd by many a transient gleam,  
 Ere, like that pleiad, lost so long,  
 His own lov'd star in beauty beam.

Yes—one there was—Oh! need there years  
 To melt the soul, and win the heart?  
 No—lips and eyes there are, whose charms\*  
 Quick as the electric fluid dart;  
 Whose single look, or tone, or smile,  
 Fills all the soul with love's assurance,  
 And tells, as words could never tell,  
 Of truth that mocks at time's endurance.

Oh! there was One—in many a dream  
 Of early love, I'd met that eye,  
 And gaz'd upon its tranquil beam,  
 And felt its winning witchery;  
 And many a time that angel voice  
 Had breath'd upon my ravish'd ear,  
 And kindled high the glewing hope,  
 And driven afar the anxious fear.

That One was there—I heard, I saw  
 Those liquid tones, that beaming face,  
 That form with purest mind instinct,  
 And blest with ev'ry nameless grace;  
 And while within that garden's round,  
 In converse sweet, we seem'd to rove,  
 I look'd, I listen'd, and I dar'd—  
 Forgive the word—I dar'd to love.

I dream'd, and bliss was in my dream;  
 For oft, amid her accents mild,  
 In maiden loveliness she look'd,  
 And with an angel's sweetness smil'd;  
 And many an op'ning flow'r she gave,  
 From love's own bow'r of beauty torn;  
 And one—I plac'd it next my heart—  
 She call'd the “rose without a thorn.”

\* The allusion here to some beautiful lines of Moore, (I believe in his *Lalla Rookh*.) as well as one or two others in his poetry, and that of Byron, will be recognized at once by the reader.

The smile she wore, I see it now ;  
 The flow'rs she gave—I keep them yet ;  
 The words she spoke, I hear them still,  
 Nor one my soul shall e'er forget :  
 Deep in my breast they shall repose,  
 In ev'ry chance my spell of pow'r ;  
 Theme of my thoughts, 'mid scenes of joy,  
 Charm of my soul, in sorrow's hour.

But while I dream'd, relentless time,  
 Who never yet knew stop nor stay,  
 Had pal'd, methought, the glowing west,  
 And quite dispell'd the parting day ;  
 And night came on, and dews fell fast,  
 And darkness threw its cheerless shade,  
 And then I woke, and wept to think  
 That scene so fair should ever fade ;  
 That life's best hopes, love's brightest beam  
 Might prove at last a fleeting dream.

DIGAMMA.

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— Orange County, July 7. 1824.

MR. EDITOR,

I am a plain countryman, of a lineal descent from one of the first settlers in New Amsterdam. I have lived, man and boy, fifty seven years, last August, on the farm which my grandfather ploughed ; and till this summer in peace and contentment. I have regularly sowed eighty bushels of wheat in a year, and killed, one fall with another, fifty hogs, and pasture at present twelve fine cows, and have had no care or trouble whatever, except never getting enough at Newburgh for my wheat, by sixpence a bushel. My barns, Mr. Editor, are almost as big as the court-house at Goshen ; and sometimes as well filled as to company. But I have got to be a public man, and find my troubles arise and thicken about me. Last year the classis met, and recommended to the congregation to build a new church ; and to tell the truth, the old one was sadly out of repair. It was built when our village was settled, is eight-sided, and the roof looks like one of my wife's extinguishers. So we subscribed among us twelve hundred pounds for the purpose, and I put down twenty pounds myself, which I have repented ever since, not for the money's sake—though it was fully my share ; but, being one of the largest subscribers, I was appointed on the building committee, and here, Mr. Editor, was the beginning of sorrow. There are five of us on this committee, and as you may not know the men, I will tell you what they are. There is Hans Van Hoogendorf, that used to

keep a store at the cross roads, but has lately turned farmer. Hans once went to Boston on some errand, among the yankees, and ever since tells monstrous long stories about the marvels he saw in his travels in eastern parts. Then there is Harry Ostrander the miller, he is justice of the peace, has grown very fat, and smokes all day long; and Jacobus Jacobson, who owns a quarter in a sloop that sails from our landing, and who goes in her now and then to New-York; and Jonathan Snap, the Connecticut-man, originally a yankee pedlar, but who has lived here long enough to be a true Dutchman in grain. Then there is myself, Mr. Editor, as I said before, a plain farmer, and never made for a building committee-man.

Now sir, I thought when I agreed to serve, that we should just get together and engage some honest carpenter to build our church for us, as cheap as we could, and have nothing to do ourselves, but look out that we got the money's worth in good work, and did not spend more than the twelve hundred pounds. But no such thing:—when we first met, Hans Van Hoogendorf got up and made a long speech, in which he said that the church we were to build ought to be an ornament to the village, and an honour to the county; that it was very important to determine on the best possible plan to build after; and that we ought to procure various drawings and designs from eminent architects, and compare them together, and thus be able to select the best. And he talked moreover about Greece, and Rome, and Palladio, and a parcel of such stuff, that I thought was Latin, and could not understand; but which pleased some of the committee mightily. Then they talked about distribution, and symmetry, and orders, and many other things that I did not comprehend; but the end of the whole was that nothing was done for a month, but talking; and pillars, and bases, cornices, pedestals, pediments, and many other long words were sounded in my ears till I was fairly bewildered. My brethren of the committee were continually riding round the county, looking at every house, and church, and stable in Orange County, to find what they called a model; in which search Jacobus Jacobson was particularly active; but I never could learn that they found what they were in search of. Then to make bad worse, one would make a design, and another would make a design; and they would talk about colonnades, and arches, and towers, till my head ached. In that, each one had his own opinion, and differed from every other, and each would try to talk me over to his side, till I got clean addled, and hardly understood one word they said. Then Jacobus Jacobson got a paper from New-York, with a little church drawn

upon it, as natural as life, and showed it all about, and then somebody sent another from Albany, and a third from New-York again, all different, so that we were still as bad off as ever. So matters went on some time longer. Then it was proposed to "submit these designs" (I believe I remember the very words,) "to some person of distinguished taste for his approbation." And as Cornelius Van Cuyler was thought a better judge of rum and tea, and brown sugar, than any one else, his taste was relied on, and his opinion was asked. Then a land surveyor, who could draw maps, was referred to, and a man who formerly kept a store down by the river, but broke, and for some time past has kept a sort of school in our village, and perhaps many more of equal claims for taste and judgment. But so it was, Mr. Editor, these people all differed among themselves as much as the "building committee" had done, so that every thing was left at sixes and sevens, and I begin to doubt whether we shall ever know our own minds on the subject, or come to any agreement at all.

Now sir, our Domine takes your Atlantic Magazine, and sometimes he lends it to me, for I like to read now and then of an evening, when the work is done; and I lately read in the second number, something about "the fine arts," and about "architecture," which I could not understand, but it sounded as if it had some sense in it, did one know how to get hold of it, so I suppose it was understood in New-York. Besides, I have been told that there is to be a very large building put up there, for merchants to go to for some purpose or other, though I did not hear what. So I suppose that all those things are easy with you, that perplex and trouble me so much. And our Domine has advised me to write a letter to you about it, and promised to look over the spelling and grammar, being no great scholar myself, and I have made bold to do so. I have built two large barns and a cider mill, since I took the farm into my own hands, and never found any trouble with all these things that plague our committee. So, Mr. Editor, I will take it as a great favour if you will tell me the shortest and best mode of laying out twelve hundred pounds in building a church without all this doubting and debating:—and still more, if you will ask the gentlemen on the "building committee" of the great building committee, (for I suppose they have one,) how they manage to get along without troubling their heads with symmetry, and proportion, and effects, or talking about pedestals, and cornices, and pediments, and basements, and columns, and the other things that divide and confuse us so much. If we can come to any determination in time, we mean to begin pulling down the old church about the first of next march, so

that you need not be in any haste about it. And if you ever come into our place, except in haying time or harvest, and will call on me, I shall be glad to see you, in an old fashioned one story house, built before orders and proportions were invented, where you shall be welcome to as clean a bed, and as good fare at table, as the country can furnish.

I am sir, your most humble servant,  
RIP VAN BOSKERK.

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ON THE SUBSTITUTION OF A WRITTEN CODE, IN THE PLACE  
OF THE COMMON LAW.

The purity and perfection of the laws of his country is an object that should be dear to the heart of every citizen. Like the rain which falls from heaven equally upon the just and upon the unjust, the laws exert their all-pervading influence over every class, order and degree, in the community. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that it seems always to have been the leading object with mankind, to ascertain and settle such general principles and lines of conduct as might best promote the attainment of that great point in the social compact, of securing the greatest possible amount of good, at the least possible sacrifice of natural rights. And it is still less singular that this object should stand prominent and foremost amongst those which engage the deep attention of the people of this country. It is, indeed, gratifying to every mind devoted to the cause of truth and the best interests of man, to witness the attention which seems of late to be paid to this subject, and the specimens of talent, learning and eloquence to which the investigation not unfrequently gives rise. This is exactly the true course to be pursued in this country; and every possible facility and encouragement should be rendered to all attempts at an examination into the foundation and condition of our laws, which are marked with sincerity, candour, and good sense. Nothing but manly, generous, and learned discussions and expositions can so direct the public attention in the right course, and fix it on the proper objects, as to lead eventually to a fair view of this great subject, and render the people competent to form on it a sound and enlightened opinion.

It is therefore with great pleasure that we hail the appearance of that spirit of inquiry which is going forth in the country at large, and more particularly in our own state. It is a spirit which bids fair in the event to lead to results of the highest importance; and hence the necessity that every man who

duly appreciates his privileges and his duty, as a citizen of this free and rising republic, should keep a steady and watchful eye on the course to which public opinion may incline ; and, however small may be his mite, throw it, modestly indeed, but fearlessly, into the public mint.

In a state, the very breath of whose existence is public opinion, and in times characterized by "strange doings," every man should be encouraged to think boldly and honestly for himself. It is under such impressions that we have been induced to throw out such hints and suggestions as have presented themselves to our mind on the question which has been for some time pretty freely agitated as to what is termed, a *Reform in our Laws*. The matter has long supplied food for private conversation ; but, within some few years, has been at times rather more distinctly brought before the public eye. We have seen treatises, penned with no little ability, and even have heard insinuations from leading men in our legislature, which might cause us to apprehend that there is some radical defect in our laws, which must be cured, at the hazard of losing all that is valuable in our civil and political institutions ; and if this is really the case, it is time for us to throw off our lethargy, and awake to a just sense of our situation. But if not ; if the alarms which have been sounded are but the mere spectres of heated imaginations, or the chimerical suggestions of restless, however honest theorists, we may calmly rest secure in our institutions, and smile at the harmless tempest which has been conjured up around us. Perhaps, too, we may conclude, upon examination, that although *every* thing may not be exactly as we might wish, yet that the changes proposed would only lead to a worse state of things, and remain contented until some plan may present itself which our sober reason may approve.

Reform, when admitted to be such upon a full survey of all the circumstances, few men would oppose. But change is not necessarily reform ; nor is every moment equally favourable for its introduction. Men may often see and feel a matter to be wrong, and yet not offer a better substitute : nay, a man may have good sense enough to observe the defects of any given system when in actual operation, and yet be totally destitute of that practical perspicacity and discernment which might teach him that a proposed change would be infinitely for the worse. Persons, however, are to be found now-a-days who talk and write as if shrewdness of judgment, originality of design, and decision of character, were all on the side of the advocates for change, be it what it may ; and timidity, indifference, and meanness of spirit, to be found only among those who refuse to join

in the cry of "overturn." Many even affect the deepest pity for those who may entertain doubts as to the practicability, necessity, or expediency of such measures as are thrown before them, in however crude and undigested a form.

Why surely it can hardly be necessary to assure such persons, that changes have taken place in the world before their day, and that men have been found in all ages ready with their views of things—that, in fact, the world has exhibited but a tissue of changes, in which, where one has been for the better, too many have been for the worse. If Solon was a reformer, so also was Draco: if Brutus was a reformer, so also was Cæsar: if Martin Luther was a reformer, so also was Ignatius Loyola: if Henry Laurens was a reformer, so also was Robespierre. The cry of reform, although claimed to be, is not, in fact, a child of modern times: it is as old as ambition, discontent, or usurpation. And many too, be it remembered, who joined loudest in the shout before the battle, have proved weakest when called on to bear its shock. Whilst then every man should be willing to assist and forward every plan which he sincerely believes may tend to the public good, let no man be terrified into the belief, that because he cannot sanction such plans as may be offered for his approval, he must therefore, necessarily, be either a coward or a fool.

The plan that seems at present to have most advocates, and which carries with it the most plausible front, is that of the formation of a regular *Written Code*, which is to stand in the place of, and totally exclude the common law, technically so called, or that body of *unwritten* law, which forms the chief part of the law of England, and of this state. Now, the idea of a code combining in itself all the principles and rules of conduct by which our citizens are to be guided; and that, too, in a compass so small as to put it in every man's power to be his own lawyer, particularly when contrasted with a law which is represented to be "destitute of fixed principles, without end," and indeed "nowhere to be found," does certainly appear to possess a most manifest and decided advantage. We incline however to believe, that among all, even the most strenuous advocates for a code, there is not one who would not find himself very awkwardly situated if called upon for a distinct and intelligible detail of his plan. If it does mean any thing, and any thing that is in reality a *desideratum*, it must of course mean something different from what we actually *have*; and if so, it must, at the least, import a separate and complete collection of all such rules, maxims, principles and definitions, as now form the body of our unwritten law combined with such others as different codes might furnish; together with such

original regulations as private individuals, or the legislature itself might propose—the whole set forth in appropriate, distinct phraseology, and proclaimed by the legislature as the supreme law of the land, to the exclusion of every other. We do not say that this is all that such a code as is contended for imports, but that it imports this at the *least*.

It is not sufficient that this mighty and difficult collection be made under the patronage of the legislature, amounting however to nothing more than a private, though judicious selection of heads ; else it would be no more than a mere digest, such as abound at this day, and would but add one more to the many books of high authority, which tend only to lighten the labours of the lawyer. It must be a body of *laws*, emanating directly from the legislature ; a work of legislation, and clad with all the high sanctions of one of their public and official acts.

Nor is this all : it must be an *exclusive* system, neither to be restrained nor assisted in its operations by any thing else as *law*, but hanging on its own centre, it must itself furnish the rules and the spirit by which it is to be construed ; else it would be but another, and let it be admitted, a superior book of rules, whose meaning, and spirit, and genius, however, is to be elicited by being brought in contact with that same common law, the destruction and abolition of which is the very end and object of the code. If this is not the true idea of a code, such as is urged upon us ; if its object and design—nay, if its very essential and fundamental principle is not the absolute exclusion of all other laws, and that it shall be a complete rule within itself—we are totally at a loss to attach any specific meaning to the proposal, or to discern the peculiar propriety or wisdom of the measure. If it means merely a revision of the laws, or an amendment of some particular branches, why not call it so at once ? and admit that no other principle is contended for so violently, but what is on all hands allowed, and every day acted on by the legislature. When pressed upon this subject, the boldest champions for a code are apt to be unhorsed ; and yet all their most plausible and showy arguments fall not a particle short of the total abolition of the common law. If it be any thing short of that indeed, it must, according to their showing, but increase the measure of the existing labour and uncertainty.

When viewed in this light ; when the form of our government, and the habits and genius of our people are considered ; when the immense multiplicity of objects with which our laws are conversant, and the infinite variety and complication of detail which accompanied them, is taken into the account, we con-

less that the *practicability* of such a plan as would suit the circumstances, and meet the exigencies of a great, improving, commercial, manufacturing, agricultural, free people, seems very problematical. To say the least of it, it is not an every-day work, nor one on a level with the capacity of every-day men. It looks to us very like setting in motion a power which it is much easier to start, than to stop or to regulate when fairly under way; and which, if not nicely and exactly managed, may possibly do more harm than had been apprehended. But leaving the demonstration of its practicability to those who think it feasible, we shall indulge in a few reflections on the *necessity* and *expediency* of such an attempt as the one which we conceive is generally meant when a code is spoken of.

The great objects proposed to be attained by a Code may be summed up generally in these two :—the one negative, that is, the emancipation of our citizens from the thralldom of what is termed that “undefinable, unintelligible something, called common law, with its numberless absurdities and deformities,” and the uncertainty consequent on such a system; the other affirmative, that is, the establishment of a rule more equal, clear, certain and defined, than that by which we have been hitherto regulated. It is therefore worth while to inquire, whether the evils complained of really exist; whether the common law of this state is involved in such absurdities as are spoken of; and whether, considering man as an imperfect, erring creature, our rule of conduct is quite so uncertain as is pretended. The same course of reflection will also throw some light on the question, whether, supposing all this to be so, a code is to work all the wonders which its advocates anticipate.

Now what is this common law which many seem so anxious to get rid of? In the answer to this simple question, its adversaries have found abundant food for ridicule and triumph. The solutions proposed have been declared vague and unintelligible; and finally, the common law has been denounced as a thing rather of imagination than reality, destitute of the characteristics of a science, and even incapable of a correct definition. Suppose this last, however, for a moment to be true; suppose that like the terms time, gravity, matter, mind, liberty, or the multitude of other questions which are daily started in physics, pneumatology or politics, this was incapable of a definition, unassailable by objection, does it follow that it is less a science than either of them? But let us first clear this subject of a little of the rubbish by which it has been surrounded, and then see if that simple operation does not of itself divest it of half that throws around it an appearance of mysterious deformity;

a portion, at least, of the grotesqueness of its form has been occasioned by its being reviewed through an intellectual fog.

We will see then what the common law is *not*. A great deal of the difficulty which some find in clearly conceiving it, arises from confounding the common law of the state of New-York with the common law of England. As one is to an hundred, so is the one law to the other. Our law is a *part* of the law of England; but, en masse, is as different from it as the numbers above named are from each other. The constitution of our state declares, that only such parts of the common law of England as are applicable to our circumstances shall form a part of our system, and by consequence, abrogates all such as are not so applicable. By this one declaration, made by an independent people, the common law of England, *as such*, is totally abolished, and of no force, and by the same deed such portions of that law as suited our circumstances became engrafted into our system. It henceforth changed its name, and became the common law of this state, just as much as the judicial recognition of any rule of the Civil law by the English courts, made it ipso facto a part of the common law of England. Then by the abolition of monarchical government, with all its numerous appendages; of an ecclesiastical establishment in all its branches; of the law of entails; by the introduction of new canons of descent, new penal statutes and poor laws; by the doctrine of allodial ownership of the soil; and by the simplification of the system of courts and pleading, we have cut off from *our* common law, all that is revolting in that of *England*. We have no more to do with those parts of her common law, which relate to royal and family prerogatives, services, tythes, advowsons, with a thousand other local regulations, with their ten thousand consequent and resulting doctrines, than if they had never existed. The common law of this state does not recognize their relationship, for it is neither founded on them, nor connected with them. Simple and palpable as this view of the subject is, we apprehend that by means of it, the question stands stripped of at least half its obscurity.

Having thus determined what the common law is *not*, we will next inquire what it *is*. Without pretending to mathematical precision, it may be defined clearly enough for all purposes, by saying that it is that unwritten system of principles and rules, recognized and enforced as obligatory on all questions that may arise either in the courts of England or of this country, and evidenced to be so recognized by treatises and books of reports of authority. To say that none but a lawyer could understand this, is to raise no other objection than might be start-

ed against every definition in any science. But the definition is of very little moment; it has no more to do with the essence and value of the law, than the name of an individual has with his existence. The law is as well known to our intelligent jurists, and in our courts of justice, as the rules of the Civil law were to the imperial jurists, or even as our moral duties are understood by individuals. Difficulties arise equally in all of them, when they come to be applied to particular cases; but the law, when properly investigated, is as clear and certain in one system as in the other. It may indeed be sometimes mistaken; and so were the Roman lawyers on the construction of their code, as the rescripts will testify; and so are individuals every day as to the proper course of their conduct. If moral certainty is sufficient to lay a foundation for science, the Common law is a science.

We may fully illustrate by a few instances, the subjects of its jurisdiction, and the manner of its growth. There are, for example, a thousand admitted existing relations, which are recognized indeed by our law, but are no more founded on written statutes than our moral obligations. Such, among others, are those of husband and wife, parent and child, master and servant, buyer and seller, lender and borrower. These the common law takes under its immediate charge; and by consequence, no other law being prescribed, it carries its supervisory care into all those ramifications of rights and duties, which naturally and necessarily arise from those admitted relations. In arriving at the results which hereafter are to be looked upon as established law, it calls for the practice and information of those experienced and conversant in given subjects, and hence gives authority and validity to *customs*. It consults the best informed and most enlightened judgments on the abstract propriety expediency, or morality, of any proposed points, and hence, its *axioms*, its *principles*, its *maxims*. It scans with critical acumen the essential ingredients of given acts, and hence its *definitions*.

This in a few words, and stripped of all mystery, is the Common law. Its object is to ascertain and settle the best methods for attaining the true happiness of society, according to that form into which it has become moulded, and to fix with unerring certainty such land-marks as may serve as guides in all future cases. It requires nothing more than honest investigation and unsophisticated sense, to perceive with what admirable success it has pursued its objects. No wonder then that in all ages we find the best and the wisest men in England, eulogizing the merits of that law, and devoting the best qualities

of the head and the heart to explain, to improve, and to recommend it.

This law has also a quality which, at least, in every material sense, is peculiarly its own, and which emphatically arises from the circumstance of its being an unwritten law. It is that strong corps of reserve which at once, and without fail, furnishes a rule, when the written law is found at a loss. Guided by such principles as have been mentioned, it operates as the true balance wheel which regulates and keeps up the whole complicated system of civil conduct among those who have the happiness to recognize its obligations, and preserves that true level and harmonious consistency with itself, and with the other laws in being, which alone can give beauty and harmony to society. It is not the offspring of a day, but is the result of the reason and experience of ages, and the whole system indeed is but a part of that fortunate chain of peculiar circumstances which has so singularly characterized the history of England. It is that great improveable faculty in her system, which has given birth to the richness, the justice, and the purity of her civil code. It is that power by which the constitution permits, without the aid of parliament, the introduction of the best regulations of other nations, and adopts them as her own. Under this law England has gone on accumulating in her own bosom the wisdom of other times, and other people. When once after full and solemn argument, any principle or doctrine is found wise in itself, and consistent with her established usages, whether the same be found in the code of Justinian or of Confucius, its claim to a place in the English system, is acknowledged, and thereafter it is to be seen flourishing in its adopted country. Other people have their common-law, but from a want of that concurrence of fortunate circumstances, they may all be said to be local, temporary, and time-serving. And such a law also has England. But the common law as we have adopted it in this state, is founded in the broad principles by natural equity and good sense : we have always been safe under its protection, and it has shown itself the uncorrupted guardian of our rights. Yet this is the law which some modern reformers arrogantly brand as the offspring of barbarism, tyranny and folly ; and this is the law of which we are to be deprived, to make room for new and untried theories got up in the shape of a Code.

But the necessity for a code is still urged upon us, in order to ascertain and explain with more *certainly* our rights and duties. Certainty in the laws has always been, with great propriety, held up as an object of the first importance to a free people.

And yet although we are constantly boasting of our freedom, the actual uncertainty of the law, is a standing theme of ridicule among the ignorant. This apparently paradoxical state of things is easily resolvable by a moment's reflection. The true doctrine on this subject is, that the law should not be *uncertain* in its principles, nor dependent on the caprice of individuals for its execution. Now where the civil laws of a state have given rise to one commotion, the political and criminal laws have given birth to an hundred. It is these last, that have deluged the world in blood, and it is in these last, that certainty should be particularly aimed at. But, that absolute certainty should be attained in any laws, as to those questions that daily arise between men in their civil avocations, is impossible in the nature of man. After the broad avenues in which he is to walk in his civil course have been opened, it must necessarily be left to the sound discretion and judgment of the courts to pronounce, whether he has kept the proper intermediate paths. And when the system of trial and investigation on such points is judicious and sound, we have secured all that the nature of the thing warrants us to expect. No code ever has been or can be framed, to meet the ever varying cases of human life. The very establishment of courts itself, is not even intended to do absolute right between parties, neither do they boast of so doing. They have two objects in view, the settlement of disputes that must be definitely arranged for the peace of society, and the settlement of them in a manner as just and correct as possible. Approximation, however, is all that they expect.

Now, for those broad relations above referred to, it would seem when listening to the advocates for a code, that we have no provision. And is it indeed so? What is our Constitution but a perfect code for our public political rights? Have we no canons of descent that strike deep into, and give a tone to the character of all our institutions? Have we no penal code? What are our statute books? And yet, forsooth, because we have also an unwritten law, we are deafened with ridicule at the glorious uncertainty of the law. In truth, there is a vast deal more vagueness and indefiniteness in the ideas of the opponents of this unwritten code, than is to be found in that system itself. The one is a plain practical rule to be found in or deduced from precedent, the other you cannot apply in many supposable cases. What sort of a statute, for instance, would the legislature pass on that great mass of cases, denominated Cases in Equity? What would be the size and character of a statute on the subject of Evidence—so, we mean, as to supersede the necessity of a resort to the common law? And how, to

answer the same purpose, should the laws of Pleading or of Contracts be embodied? It requires but half an eye to see, that to *supersede* the common law by a code, would be like drawing up a moral code, and rejecting the impulses of virtue and the natural dictates of reason.

Taking certainty then in the sense above contended for, can we with any propriety declare our law to be an uncertain rule? All theoretical perfection, burlesque and ridicule aside, is it simply true that the common law has neither principles nor consistency? No man among us fears to trust his person or his property in our courts of justice: or if he does, is it the certainty or uncertainty of the laws at which he trembles? Besides, we do not go an inch too far when we assert our conviction, that the fact of the common law being unwritten, is the very essence of its perfection. There is no proportion between the uncertainty, which exists on subjects founded on the common and on the statute law. In infinite cases when the law arising out of a statute would appear to be plain and unequivocal, we are astonished upon investigation, to find how imperfect language is. The statutes of limitation, and of frauds and perjuries, are fully in point to illustrate this remark, and to show how utterly impossible it is, to frame written laws with any degree of precision. But the unwritten law, unconfined to one solitary section of a statute, but gathered from the spirit and universal relations of things, and with an eye fixed on established precedents, accommodates itself readily to cases, as they arise, and squares them to existing circumstances. The doctrine of "*stare decisis*," and the establishment of Reports, have given to the law all that harmony, strength and consistency which is its firmest support and its best recommendation. Uncertainty indeed may occasionally arise, from the mistakes of lawyers, jurors, judges, and from other causes, but as to the law, the great wonder is the beautiful harmony of its parts. Every man at all acquainted with common law decisions, will bear testimony to the logical exactness and precision of that splendid system, alike evidencing the strong sense of the rules of law, and the talents, the learning, and the uprightness of the courts.

There was once, however, an insinuation thrown out in debate in our state legislature, by an individual now high in station, which on that account it may be worth while for a moment to examine. It respected the danger resulting from the great discretionary power with which it was said the nature of the common law invests the judges. The true reply to this is, that the common law places not a whit more power in their hands

in this respect, than arises from the necessity under which they are placed, of construing and reconciling loosely penned and inconsistent statutes. Besides, the idea is bottomed on false premises. The judges are as closely, though not as illiberally confined by precedent, as they would be by a statute. But supposing it, however, to be true, that their discretionary power has much wider scope in one case than in the other, we believe we do not go too far, when we offer the proposition, that experience, the only test of practical truth, has fully demonstrated, that the judiciary is exactly that department in the state, in which the greatest share of this power may be placed with the least danger. It must be placed somewhere in all governments, and considering the tenure by which the office is retained, the motives held out by the great dignity and responsibility of the station, and the character of the persons, who, it is perfectly fair for all the purposes of this argument to assume, will always be found on the bench, we may safely conclude their hands to be the safest in which to put this trust. Legislatures we know are subject to caprice, to the power of eloquence, to party feeling, and even to worse influences; and from these causes we see them pass in a moment laws disgraceful to the country, and injurious to its best interests. The judiciary, after full trial, has proved itself the safest guardian of civil rights. Elevated above the more ordinary sources of error, and sitting before a whole people jealous of their influence, the judges listen with disinterestedness, coolness and enlightened judgment, to the acute, profound and learned argument of laborious counsel, and after mature and patient investigation of general principles and established decisions, coupled in many cases with the evidence of persons most competent to speak with knowledge on the subject in debate, solemnly pronounce an opinion, which is now to be added to that mass of authoritative law, each step of which has been taken with equal caution in former times. It is indeed to her judiciary, that England is indebted for the more solid part of her freedom, and for that superior virtue and equity which characterise her laws. The courts have for ages kept themselves aloof from those disputes which have so frequently harrassed and divided her parliament, and have manifested a devotion to the cause of liberty and justice, which it would have been well for the other branches of her government to have imitated. If the parliament alone had been the regulating power, Englishmen at this moment would have been slaves. But the courts have been always silently, yet surely, undermining whatever errors the parliament may have committed. The statute

*de donis* alone would have destroyed England, but the courts have, piece by piece, destroyed the statute, until at last they have opened the eyes of the legislature, and they now go very much hand in hand. It is really quite a curious subject for reflection to witness the parliament of England so closely imitating the courts in their mode of proceeding, that they will hardly now pass a law, of great and general importance, before calling for evidence on the subject from all parts of the kingdom.

Still it is farther urged, that other people have had their code, and that great men in England have recommended and advocated the plan in that country. The names of Bacon and Hale are cited, as triumphantly as if their two voices should outweigh the palpable and overwhelming fact, that with all her great men who have devoted themselves to the perfection of her legal system, none have ever yet attempted to carry the point of a codification. But in truth such a system as is advocated here was never thought of by any great man in that country, and could Bacon and Hale now rise from their graves, they would point with their pale finger to the commentaries of Blackstone, and exclaim, "behold here more than we ever anticipated!"

Yet in England it may be allowed, that a code, if practicable at all, owing to her circumstances, might be more expedient than in this country. Whilst we are one, united people, with no contending jurisdictions and no adverse customs to divide us, England is torn with questions on these points. Still, to show the virtue and the force of that common law, which by its adversaries is said to have in fact no existence, that government the most complicated, free and powerful in Europe, looks to this same unwritten law for its main support. And as to the codes of Alfred and Justinian, so often referred to, not only did the propriety and necessity of a code result in their case from the innumerable distractions and divisions of their people, but a farther object was gained by this plan, in the promotion of which none other could answer so well. In order to consolidate their power, to have but one yoke upon the necks of their people, to spread a net, which when drawn at their pleasure, might enclose the whole body of their subjects, no project held out such inducements as a Code. The same remarks, in their fullest extent, are applicable to the code of Napoleon. He came to a people, whose institutions had been radically overturned, who were split up into a thousand divisions, and had become almost destitute of a fixed law. He had not only to establish a new and thoroughly opposite system of go-

vestment, but to originate and nourish a new spirit in the empire, and breathe a new genius into the people. Yet after allowing all due merit to each of those systems, for which of them would we exchange our poor, abused unwritten law? Moreover, mark the issue in each of the cases cited. The code of Alfred is now hardly known except by name; it is merged in the common law. The code of Justinian, abolished but a few years after it was established, was superseded by a new one, which after endless changes and alterations, sunk by its own weight into non-existence. Whilst that of Napoleon, as great a monument as it is to the renown of that immortal genius, serves at present under a load of commentaries but to trace the bold features of the national law.

It may be worth while to consider farther, whether a code gives promise of an equal progress towards gradual perfection, as the present system. The true genius of the common law is that of perpetual reform. Ever regardful of expedience and just policy, it has always been able to keep exact pace with the progress of society. By a sort of *vis medicatrix*, inherent in its very constitution, it uniformly accommodates itself to the existing exigencies of the times. Upon the introduction of feuds, the common law was seen to gather around the system and form a body of regulations, of which that system was, as it were, the nucleus. When an established religion became part of the policy of the kingdom, the common law was immediately to be observed, setting up its land-marks and prescribing its limits and extent. When commerce spread its sails, and introduced new channels for the enterprize and industry of Englishmen, the common law, true to itself, stepped immediately to its assistance, and traced out the principles necessary for its success. Not that the statute law was entirely silent, but the common law did not wait for the sitting of parliament, but went immediately into action upon every emergency. As things changed, the common law changed with them, and following up the spirit of the times, and the genius of business, ever sought and kept the true level of affairs. The statute law drew, in many instances, the outlines, but the common law, uniformly, accomplished the filling up. Did the legislature in England abolish the great mass of the feudal system? the common law silently withdrew its forces from that quarter of the field. Did the people of this state abolish their old royal government with many of their civil and criminal institutions? the common law adapting itself to circumstances, became with us a plain and simple republican.

But by a code you strike at the root of this principle; you

fix the height of the improveable point, and to avoid a mere speculative evil, you compel a resort either to an endless change in the code, or to a palpable and violent breach of the laws. When Edward I. reformed the English system, he did not attempt to abolish the common law, but with the hand of a master and the genius of a great legislator, he corrected those evils which from age had grown up in the system, and then left this law to pursue its natural course.

We are told however with great show of concern, of the shoals of books which the retention of this law attracts from England to our shores, and hence, we are told, a farther argument for its abolition. This, like most of the arguments on the subject, implies of course the idea, that the contemplated code when introduced, is to be an exclusive system; but when urged as a serious motive for a codification, is almost too worthless for notice. Is the purchase of these books voluntary or constrained? If voluntary, why complain? and it surely is not constrained, for modern English decisions are not binding upon us. Then if the pith of the objection be, that we are above receiving instruction from the genius, the wisdom, and the learning of English jurists, it is an objection fit only for the mouth of a savage; we do not reject the aid of their experience, their learning, and their science on other subjects, and are our lawyers mad enough to reject their assistance in their profession alone?

There is but one more light, in which we shall consider this subject, and it is, we confess, to our mind, a powerful and conclusive one. The common law, in some shape or other, and under different restrictions and modifications, is the law of almost every state in the union. The constitution of the United States forms the tie which binds us in a political association, but there is nothing so calculated to cement this union, to produce a warm, brotherly feeling among us, in short, to create a national American character, as a community of laws. The points and particulars in which we already vary, and the contrariety of interests which continually operate to divide our feelings, have often been lamented as a source of future discord. But in the common law is to be found a redeeming principle—it is, in fact, the national law. Abolish it, and you destroy the strongest link in that civil bond, which should ever accompany our political one. But by going on, each state hand in hand in this matter, we may look for that gradual improvement in the laws which our combined efforts must accomplish.

Let it be always borne in mind, that these remarks are made

with an eye to the idea suggested in the early part of this article: that the contemplated code when formed, should be exclusive in its operation, and shut out the common law. Because, if nothing more is meant than a mere revision of particular branches of the law, then we are not at issue; for with all our heart, and all our soul, would we hail a convention called not for political purposes, but formed of enlightened citizens from different parts of our state, to consider, revise and amend it. But who that has ever felt that glow of admiration which must frequently have warmed the bosom of every man conversant with the principles and decisions of the common law; that feels the justice of the eulogies of its admirers; who that believes it to be the safe-guard of his dearest rights; that can feel gratitude for the benefits which it has conferred on his country; and that believes it to be the richest legacy he can leave to his children—can sit tamely by and hear its venerable name abused, and listen with calmness to the sneers and maledictions of those who contemplate it only in the unnatural alliance into which it has been forced in England!

Though much indeed might be looked for, from a bold and unanimous effort at revision, if conducted on proper principles, still, as to that which may emphatically be styled the common law, we are now upon the right course. Let our jurists study, methodize and purify; let our legislature stand ready on all occasions, to correct and regulate it; and we may safely trust to private hands for learned treatises and laborious digests. This is the generalizing principle in the system, that will always keep it within compass. As new and more valuable books are written, combining the inquiries of their predecessors, with the latest decisions and improvements, they will gradually take rank of inferior works. In this country particularly, circumstances are leading to the true course. The plan formed, and now executing, by T. Sergeant and J. C. Lowber Esqs. of the Philadelphia bar, of digesting the modern English reports, and reducing them to such a size as fits them for our country, cannot be too much commended; and we are gratified to hear that it is in contemplation to edit a work in this city, in which all the old English reports will be reduced to a convenient compass, by striking out such parts as may not be applicable to our wants. The plan too, now becoming general, of noting all late English works of merit with references to American laws and decisions on the same subject, on their republication in this country, adds greatly to the facilities of the American lawyer; and the only pity is, that there might appear something indecorous in applying to the produc-

tions of a private hand, the same knife that is used to their public reports. This method we have no doubt will be finally adopted; and then no lawyer willing to devote his time and labour to his calling, and anxious to obtain all the lights which the high functions of his profession, of all others, demand; can complain with any shadow of justice. The labours and exertions of the eminent jurist, who having successively filled with equal honour, ability and usefulness, the stations of Judge and Chancellor in our state, has lately read lectures on our laws in this city, are worth more than all the codes, as such, that could ever be formed.

We are perfectly conscious how unworthily we have treated the subject on which we have remarked; and we should not have dwelt on it so long, had we not considered it as one likely to take hold on the public feeling, and one too, we may add, on which the public might be misled. The world is indeed improving, but we think with Bacon, that time, after all, is the great reformer; we have not yet arrived at that point, that we can make laws by the wholesale. A partial reform we advocate; but farther than that, we join with King John's barons of old, and cry "*nohumus leges mutari.*"

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*Webster's Calendar, or the Albany Almanac, for A. D. 1824.*  
by Andrew Beers, Philom, Albany. Impr. Webster.

*Beers's Calendar, or Hosford's New-York and Vermont Almanac,*  
1824. Published by E. & E. Hosford, State Street, Albany.

Among the many pleasing publications which the American press is usefully spreading abroad, none give us greater pleasure than the unassuming, and highly useful little works, called almanacs.

Literary men seem almost entirely engaged with poetry and fiction, novelettes and jeux d' esprit; and though we acknowledge that these do much, indeed, *pour passer le temps*, yet we maintain that the useful part of learning often escapes notice, from its retiring nature; and many a good thing passes away, with only a brief notice of its valuable application to the immediate purposes of life. An almanac is one of these; and though it almost seems preposterous to permit the dignity of sober criticism, in a review of its apparently common-place merits, yet its advantages are so great, and it is so nearly related to the sublimity of science, and the problems of abstruse

philosophy; it is a subject so intimately connected with the midnight toils of great minds, and with so much of the history of the world in its brightest ages, that we feel a pleasure in drawing it out from under the pile of trash which now so completely occupies the public attention. If we make the discussion at all interesting to our readers, we will only commend ourselves to the immortal remembrance of Philo Beers, and Poor Richard. Those of us who have lived a few years in this world of cycles and zones; who have always been within some parallels of latitude or longitude, have, it is true, become habituated to annual calendars, and "notes of time;" but then there are bright "sun-shiny spots" in the *ephemeral* world, which recal the most pleasing reflections of an astronomical kind. The long-lost bickerings between the humorous dean of St. Patrick's, and the irritated Partridge, than whom (forgive our propensity) the Dean wished no better *game*, and the prodigious fame of Lilly, the parliamentary astrologer, have each their recollections and their eulogy; but these do not impair the credit of astronomical calculations, with profound thinkers, or even with the world. There's many a "spectacle on nose," which still devoutly fixes on the apogee and perigee of Andrew Beers, that lover of learning. All our domestic operations are carried on by the aid of this daily manual; and we do not stir from our firesides without running over the long thin columns of days, sun's declination, time of rising and setting, or without a wishful glance at the hazardous assurance of bright moon-light nights, and pleasant days.

Freeman and captive are each of them chronologists. The latter with his rusty nail, (as the sentimental Sterne has assured us,) traced day by day, upon his little stick, the melancholy account of his sufferings, and his hopes deferred. It seems that all the world have agreed in one point, the necessity of the divisions of time, and the making them evident to the senses by "outward and visible signs." As far back as we can carry our investigations, a division of time appears to have been necessary. Says the oldest book in the world—"and the evening and the morning were the first day." But why go so far back to prove so evident a proposition? All moralists have regarded time with a feeling of awe, regret, and melancholy pleasure. "*Tempus fugit*" adorned the dials of the ancient *chronometricians*—glided into the sweet verse of Horatius Flaccus, or pointed the rustic moral of the Mantuan Bard.

In England, the almanac is protantó the law of the land. We do not, however, mean at this time, to enter into any dis-

cussions as to the legal division of time. We care not a straw for the lunar hopes of a mortgagor about to discover the reality of a mortuum vadium, or the devout attention with which the endorser of a promissory note regards the customary indulgence of the *calendar*, to those poor devils who expect a protest as the reward of their friendship. These we leave to the acute and learned exposition of the "*gens togata*,"—that race of profound and elaborate discriminators, between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

We mean to philosophize a little on the subject of chronology, and if the printer's devil mistakes + for — or "for", we wash our hands of the errors, and consign them to the *Errata* of the next Atlantic.

The Romans, before the reformation of the calendar by Julius Cæsar, divided their months into kalends, nones, and ides, and the ancient Greeks had also their Olympiads and Epochæ.

The Arabians, however, were the inventors of almanacs, and the word itself comes from their two words, *al manack*, to count.

The first European almanac maker was the celebrated Regio Montanus, who published the first almanac in 1474. The time of different nations has been kept in different ways; always having reference, however, to astronomical appearances in the heavens; and being measured by them. The time of the apparent motion of the sun round the earth was called a day, and the time of the moon's motion round the earth, was called a month; and this was used by the Jews, Greeks and Romans, till the time of Julius Cæsar. To understand the subject, it is well first to know the difference in astronomical time. An astronomical month is the time in which the moon performs a complete revolution round the heavens, and is synodical or periodical:—synodical having reference to that portion of time elapsing between two successive new moons, or between two successive conjunctions of the moon with the sun, and is equal to 29 d. 12 h. 44 m. 3 s. 11.—Periodical, that taken up in leaving and reaching the same point again in the heavens, being 27 d. 7 h. 43 m. 4 s. 7. On the other hand, the solar month is that portion of time in which the sun moves through one sign of the ecliptic, equal on an average to 30 d. 10 h. 29 m. 5 s. To this latter, the civil month formed for the purposes of civil life is made to correspond as nearly as possible.

The earth was also found to make its annual revolutions round the sun in unequal divisions of time—in 365 days, 5 h. 48 m. 54 s., and therefore it was impossible, from the fractions of its time, to make a corresponding division that should al-

ways be in place, and give at every part of the revolution its right name, in its right place. Various methods were resorted to by all the intelligent nations of the earth to rectify the confusion arising in dates and seasons from the want of uniformity. The honour of the true discovery of the solar year, it is believed, belongs justly to the Thebans. The Jews, in order to remedy the defects of their calendar, for the number of days in their months was only 354, interpolated every third year, in what was called the Embolismic year, a month of 30 days called Ve-adar, between their sixth and seventh months, Adar and Nisan, answering to our seasons from January to February, and February to March. For if this calculation was not made to equate the difference of time between the luni-solar and the solar year, differing by five days and a quarter, the seasons would have rapidly deviated from the months by which they were designated. In the short space of thirty-four years the winter would have happened in the summer months; and to provide for this, certain intercalations of days were made at proper intervals. Romulus so altered the calendar, that by correct intercalations, he came within 4 h. 28 m. 20 s. of the true time, while the future regulation of the calendar was left to the care of the priests. These, however, were so inattentive, that in the time of Julius Cæsar, the civil year had receded from the solar year no less than ninety days. With the advice of Sosigenes, (before Christ forty-six years,) he undertook the reformation of the calendar. In order to save the ninety days lost, he formed a year of  $355 + 90 = 445$  days or 15 months, and this year, called the year of confusion, (as it most unhappily was,) ended on the day preceding the first of January, B. C. 46. The year was then made to consist of 365 days, and the excess of six hours, which happened every year, was once in four years taken into account, and made a day. And this intercalary day was added to the twenty-fourth of February, and from that day, being called *sextilis*, the sixth before the kalends of March, the year was called bissextile. This, though very simple, was not found altogether correct; as it supposed the solar year to be 365 days 6 hours, instead of 365 days, 5 h. 48 m.  $45\frac{1}{4}$  s., the difference being exactly 11 m.  $14\frac{1}{4}$  s.; which amounted in one hundred and thirty years to a whole day. At the famous council of Nice, which met in the year 325, consisting of three hundred and eighteen bishops, the vernal equinox, which in Cæsar's time was on the 25th of March, had receded four days to the 21st, where it was fixed by the council.

The necessity of a reformation in the calendar became more

and more apparent; but it was not until the close of the 16th century, that Pope Gregory 13th effected a complete reformation.

After a general invitation to Rome of all the philosophers and mathematicians of the day, and after constant attention to it for 10 years, the plan of the two brothers, Aloisius and Antoninus Lilius of Verona, was adopted and sent to every catholic Academy in Europe. In 1577, and March, 1582, the ancient calendar was abrogated by a brief from the pope, and the new one called by his name, substituted in its stead. In this last year, 1582, the vernal equinox had receded since the year 325, ten whole days, and happened on the 11th, instead of the 21st March: to bring it back, therefore, ten days were taken from the month of October, 1582. The calendar thus reformed, was immediately adopted in Spain, Portugal, and part of Italy. France did not fall into the general arrangement until December. The German Catholic states adopted it in 1583, but the protestants, actuated by a most unworthy jealousy, did not adopt it till 1700. In England, time was reckoned by the old style, till 23d May, 1751, when an act of parliament was passed, calling the 3d September the 14th.

Denmark and Sweden adopted it in 1753; the Russians alone continuing to reckon by the old style.

By omitting, according to the Gregorian amendment, the bissextile year, at the end of every century of years, not divisible by four, the difference between the solar and civil time will not amount to a day, in less than 5000 years. If ever that era arrives, that slight alteration will rectify the calendar.

We have now, we believe, explained the subject as far as we understand it ourselves, and beyond that, maugre the example of the Quarterly, we must not be expected to proceed. Our readers are therefore spared any farther anxiety on the subject. We hold this to be the moral of our lesson, and the conclusion of the matter, that "time and tide wait for no man."

The treatise we have just reviewed helps more than any thing else to make us sensible of the truth. Time, that equalizer of things temporal; that "builder up and puller down" of hope; that friend, that enemy of man, receives after all its best commentary from poor Richard. Without it what remembrancer would annually point out to us our certain and progressive decline. When we look back at the past; all our life, all our actions, all our conduct lie in a parenthetical space, over which even memory has placed no sentinel. The almanac, however, still holds out its silent and impressive lesson. In its prognostications of the future, we see how brief is the portion allotted to man. Its eclipses show us the fate of the brightest vi-

sions; its phases prove that all things gradually lose their brightness, and part little by little with all that was splendid and shining. Its divisions of the year are the monitors of departed joys; each rising and setting admonishes us of our fate. There the seasons dance their rounds; and the smiles of autumn are promised to the cares of spring; and the gentle breeze of summer succeeds the snows of winter. In short, an almanac is the text-book of life, and the never-ceasing demand for its compendious truths, is a fair illustration of its value and importance. To the scholar it says, trim thy lamp ere its flame set in darkness: to the soldier, be thou ready to take off thy helmet, and lay down thy sword—to the lover of pleasure—

Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti  
Tempus abire tibi est —

HOR.

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#### NOTES ON A VOYAGE TO CARACCAS.

##### NO. IV.

It cannot fail to strike every stranger who visits Caraccas, with surprise, that the government should never have paid itself the compliment of erecting for its own use an edifice worthy of its dignity and pride, and commensurate with the riches and extent of the kingdom (happily so no more) of Venezuela. Private houses, rented at the public expense, have served equally as "palaces"\* for the intendants, as halls for the courts of justice, and as hospitals for the infirm and the lazars. The *Contaduria*, or treasury, forms the only exception; but it has nothing to boast of in point of splendour or of elegance. It is somewhat curious, that the royal administration, which, in the other kingdoms of Spanish America, has prided itself in the magnificence of its public buildings, should have so very far departed from its usual feeling in this province, which if not so rich as her neighbours in the possession of mines, excels them all in the fertility of her soil, the richness of her productions, and the mildness and benignity of her climate. The city of Caraccas, more especially, situated in one of the most romantic valleys in the world, and ever prosperous in her commerce and her agriculture, deserved some demonstration of munificence

\* I observed, with some regret, that the Colombians continue to denominate the residence of the governors, however mean or humble in appearance, by the odious name of "palacio," oh! reform it altogether.

on the part of the government; but as if envious of the fate which awaited the royal dynasty, it never bestowed it.

The College is situated on the south side of the great public square, and is a clumsy heavy building, resembling the convents in its general structure and appearance, and having, like them, its chapel, its cloisters, and its gardens. The number of students at present is by no means so extensive as formerly. Thus when Depons was at Caraccas the total amount was four hundred and sixty-six, of whom two hundred and two were in the lower classes, one hundred and forty in philosophy, thirty-six in theology, fifty-five in the canon and civil law, eleven in physic, and twenty-two "at the school for singing by note!"

At present there are not one hundred and fifty students altogether. The cause is but too obvious. Yet who would suppose, that the barbarous, bloody, exterminating policy of the mother country had been the principle agent in the reduction of the number? All the principal youth, of both sexes, who had any pretensions to education, and by that means were likely to prove useful aids to the cause of liberty and independence, were inhumanly butchered by the detestable Boves, Morales, and their cruel associates, whose very names are a blot to the pages which record them. There is not a family of consequence in Caraccas that does not mourn over the loss of some one or more of its hopeful members, thus ruthlessly immolated, with the idle hope of arresting the progress of the revolution. Vain hope!—Where now are Boves, Morales, and their blood-stained hosts, that were hired to subdue the oppressed Creole, and, if possible, to exterminate him from the face of the earth? They are rotting beneath the soil, over which he treads in triumph, and in the possession of his rights.

If the number of students has diminished, that of professors has not suffered the same inconvenience. The revenues of the college are too attractive not to draw ready substitutes in place of the former incumbents, qualifications being entirely out of the question. Independently of the teachers of the schools for reading, writing and rhetoric, there are two professors of philosophy, four of theology, viz. two for the scholastic, one for the moral, and one for the explanatory department; one professor of civil law; one of the canon law; and one of medicine. From this formidable list we would be inclined to believe, that education must have been, before the impediments from the civil war at least, very ample and liberal. No opinion can be more erroneous. The most important item in education with the Spaniards, is the inculcation of a blind attachment to certain external observances of religion, and a

devotion to superstitious views, all which are considered necessary to secure obedience to the government, and the payment of contributions to the ecclesiastics. It is not inconsistent with this view, that pride and vanity and sensuality be indulged in to their utmost extent. Nay, the confessions which follow the commission of an indiscreet or vicious action, rather tend to bind the tie stronger between the laity and the clergy. Pure morals, enlarged views of human nature, a correct acquaintance with modern improvements in science and the arts, are even thought unnecessary and prejudicial. The cultivation of their native idiom is scarcely enforced upon the Spanish youth; but in the place of it a scholastic and useless application to Latin seems sufficient in the eyes of these legislators of youth, to impart all knowledge, and unfold every faculty of the mind. Hence, the Latin grammar of Nebrija, the philosophy of Aristotle, the institutes of Justinian, and the apostolical writings of the Romish fathers, consume the seven and eight years devoted to education, and generally in after-life unfit the learner for any useful employment or honorable career. Even in the study of medicine, there are distinctions and limitations to the cultivation of certain branches, a familiarity with which might prove dangerous to the interests of the state and church. Anatomy; more especially, is very imperfectly taught on this account, as conclusions most unholy have been drawn from a minute investigation of the structure and the functions of the human body. I doubt if a dissection has ever taken place in the school of medicine. In order to supply this deficiency, the ancient writers in medicine are studied with a minuteness of attention, and a devotional regard, that would astonish one of our medical students at home. Galen and Celsus, and Hippocrates are learnt by rote, and long discussions, chiefly drawn from these authorities, and on the remotest points in the science, engross nearly the whole attention of the youth devoted to the pursuit of this arduous profession. It is ridiculous to see the effect of this system on the minds of practitioners. On entering into consultation, they do not advance an opinion or cite a fact, but they forthwith advance in its support a score of sentences from some antiquated author; and on this they evidently lay far greater stress than on their own observations and experience. The effects of this absurd system are, however, more widely felt. Aristocratical and false notions of importance are attached to a life of monastic or scholastic ease; and mechanical and agricultural pursuits are not only neglected, but actually condemned as debasing and disgraceful. Even surgery is despised as below the ambition of a gentleman, and

to barbers and ignorant apothecaries is transferred the task of saving life by means far above their capacities and reach. Hence there is not a native surgeon in the province. To this deplorable state of things there will now be a speedy end, if I am not much mistaken in the views entertained by the new administration. Many obstacles are already removed by the awakened energies of the people, and it is only requisite that moderation be observed in the introduction of a gradual reform, and this people will at no very distant period present an entirely new aspect, in their moral and intellectual condition. Talents the native Creoles are abundantly endowed with; and when these are once called into exercise and properly directed to their development, they will yield a wide and splendid harvest. The greatest obstacle, by far, to an effectual improvement of the system of education, is the blind devotion, still entertained, to an exclusive religious establishment. As long as state policies are, in any way, affianced with the views of churchmen, it is impossible that the intellect or moral faculty of those who are subjected to their joint sway should ever be allowed the free exercise of their powers. Personal interest is ever at variance with public; and in the alliance of church and state, there can be little doubt in the mind of any one acquainted with history, that the latter is always sacrificed to the former.

Before I quit the subject of education, I must not omit to notice an institution, which does honour to the religious feelings of the females of Caracas. There is a nunnery composed altogether of the most respectable ladies in the province, who devote their attention exclusively to the instruction of young girls, in all the necessary and ornamental branches of education. This establishment has been productive of the greatest benefits to society, and to it the females of Caracas are indebted for that intelligence, mental sprightliness and refined sensibility which so peculiarly characterizes them. In the possession of these inestimable qualities, they far surpass the other sex, whose education has been hitherto far inferior, and little calculated to develope other feelings, save those of pride and superstition.

*The Theatre.* The first evening after my arrival in Caracas, I accompanied some friends to see a drama represented, in the Spanish language, which, I understood, was very popular. On my entering the house, I was astonished to find the mean appearance it presented in every part. The stage was not better than the paltry ones erected during the summer in our petty gardens. The scenery and dresses were vile, the actors re-

reminiscent of a set of country school-boys, dashing away at Sphæx and Juba, or Brutus and Cassius. The only circumstance that had an appearance of splendour about this building, was the roof, which was no other than the concave firmament of heaven; studded with bright stars: but even this had its inconvenience; it was liable to be intercepted from the view by certain intrusive bodies of cloud and mist, from the neighbouring mountains, which would occasionally be so mischievous, as to drop down particles of a fluid ycleped rain, which did not prove over and above serviceable to a straw bonnet, or to a ten dollar hat from the United States. This inconvenience was, unfortunately, or rather the contrary, felt this evening, at my first appearance in this renowned theatre, and that before the first act was over: so that I was fain to depart, and never more did that theatre, with its splendid roof, of clouded or unclouded sky, see me more.

There is one institution in Caracas, to which I think it would be well if the municipal authorities of our large cities in the Union were to turn their attention. I refer to the slaughtering establishment. Instead of permitting butchers to build their slaughter-houses at pleasure, in the midst of a decent neighbourhood, and in thickly populated streets, as is done in New-York, they are all collected within a large square, which is walled round, and admirably adapted to conceal the noisome and offensive operations of this business from the eye of the public. This establishment is situated in the south-western extremity of Caracas. On entering through a massive portal, into the interior of the walled square, you find to the right and to the left, small, but neat houses, appropriated as the dwellings of the butchers. Farther on, are two lofty colonnades of freestone, supported by eleven pillars, with lofty arches between them, under which the bloody execution, necessary to the nourishment of the inhabitants, is conducted. The ground inclines to the right and left, which enables the offals and filth to be collected into a sewer, which carries it all away. This establishment, it will scarcely be denied, is deserving of imitation, by our enterprising countrymen. It preserves to the city a certain appearance of decency, which cannot be too desirable, particularly to those whose juxtaposition to slaughter-houses renders their situation so disagreeable and uncomfortable. I know it may be urged that no injurious effects to the health ever arise from this source, but is the comfort of the inhabitants so constantly assailed night and day, by these nuisances not equally worthy some little effort on the part of the

corporation? While thousands are squandered upon the widening and opening of streets, and upon the levelling of hills, and the filling up of valleys, might not a few more be added to the list of expenditures, with the laudable view of adding doubly to the beauty of the city, by removing a wide-spread defect on the one hand, and on the other, erecting an edifice that may be a real ornament to the city.

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*A Journal of a Tour in Italy in the year 1821, with a description of Gibraltar, accompanied with several engravings.* By an American. New-York. 1824. pp. 468.

AN American tour in Italy is certainly a rarity, and deserves an immediate and respectful share of attention. The English press indeed teems with the lucubrations and discoveries of British tourists in that classic region, under the taking, modest names of "Notes," "Sketches," "Mementoes," "Letters to a Sister," &c.—all beautifully got up—large type, and ample margin—price two guineas.—But we are but seldom favoured with such exhibitions; and the infrequency of the occurrence would here secure a pardon in favour of the transgressor, who should trouble himself to write at all. Even in England, few good works on Italy have appeared; the Letters of Gray the poet, and the works of Eustace and Forsyth, are entitled to the greatest commendation. They are classic and original productions, and like the monuments they describe, will long preserve the memory of the enthusiastic feeling, of the energy of sentiment, of the profound learning of their authors. Our list of travels in Italy is not very inconsiderable, all things considered—and we hope we may be allowed, without incurring the charge of disloyalty to our literary republic, to say, that with perhaps two exceptions, our countrymen have written nothing on the subject of Italy, which will contribute to our fame as scholars, or our reputation as agreeable and instructive writers. As far as we can now recollect, a book published some five or six years since, under the unassuming title of "*Rambles in Italy*," is beyond all comparison the best. We never had the satisfaction to see its author—he is no more—but he lives in the pages of this little work. The strong perception of character, the political observation, the powerful imagination, the cultivated and original mind, the evidences of which are stamped on every page,—afford a brilliant promise of what he might have achieved, under happier auspices than those of ill-

health, and with that experience which is the safe-guard of riper years. In point of feeling, he may be compared with Eustace; in strength with Forsyth. His observations on the political situation of the northern part of Italy, are just, striking and original.

It is not to be wondered at, that our countrymen resort to Italy with such deep interest. We have often thought that Americans enjoyed with more intense feeling, those memorials of time long past, around which hang such rich associations, than the Europeans themselves; and for this plain reason—because we have no such objects; and all our thoughts and feelings belong to the present and future; because the contrast is presented in such vivid colours to our imaginations, between a country which seems like Minerva, to have sprung formed into existence, and one whose brightest glories are even now matters of history; because never having had these venerable relics before us, we always bring minds and hearts, fresh and untutored to their contemplation. No country on earth exhibits more delightful features, or holds out more instruction to the traveller, than Italy. Every step you take stimulates reflection, and every remnant of antiquity affords matter for deep meditation. If you go back, what a moral and intellectual interest covers every spot! All the associations which youthful studies have caught from the poet and historian, are again rekindled, and shine not only in a purer but more certain light. The spot which we tread, the broken column, the ruined wall, speak audibly of that Rome, and those republics, from which even we may draw lessons of political wisdom, and devotion to our country. Turn we our eyes upon that Modern Italy, whom *Filicaja* so mournfully apostrophise—

—————O tu cui feo la sorte,  
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond'hai,  
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,  
Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte,

—what plans of improvement may not the statesman suggest—what hopes may not the patriot entertain, that the day will yet come, when the Italians shall be regenerated, and free from the chains of the barbarous Austrian, shall yet accomplish the aspirations of Petrarch and Rienzi, and establish one government which may appeal to their sympathies as men, and their pride as Italians. A traveller therefore in Italy has a most rich and ample field before him—and one would think that a very delightful book might be made from such interesting materials. But what Milton says of profitable reading, is not inapplicable to the traveller. He must bring to his task, “a spirit and judg-

ment"—besides his classical learning, his knowledge of history and general store of information. Now we consider it perfectly idle for any one to write a book, who has nothing new to say, unless he possess some at least of these qualifications; or can array old things in a very attractive and striking light. We shall see by and by, how far these remarks may apply to the gentleman, whose work is under consideration.

The author's preface is extremely unpretending; and he informs us that the work was not designed for travellers, but for those who, having an acquaintance with the history of the antiquities of Italy, are willing "to enter a little into the examination of things in common life." This is well, but let us proceed with the facts. Our author left New-York on the 19th October, 1820—arrived *there* at Gibraltar on the 29th November; remained there about 12 days, and landed at Naples, after performing quarantine on the 15th January, 1821; employed 15 days in visiting Naples and its environs; 21 in Rome, and 4 in Florence. The tour extended to Genoa and Turin, and occupied about two months and six days. It appears also that the author was ignorant of the language of the country through which he passed;—and without repeating the wise remark, that he who visits a country, of whose language he is ignorant, goeth not to travel, but to school, we may observe, that this qualification was a very material requisite in giving any delineations of "common life." It would be ungenerous to expect a great deal after this exposition, and the author's preface. Let us see how he has answered our anticipations, and fulfilled his own promises.

The writer, after giving a very lively, and we imagine very graphic account of the heterogeneous population of Gibraltar, proceeds to inspect the fortifications for which it is so famous. The account is well drawn up, and quite interesting: we cannot, however, give any extract sufficiently small to permit us to copy it. The village of San Roque was also visited, where you have a fine view of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Though this place is only five miles from Gibraltar, our author is agreeably surprised on finding every thing decidedly Spanish. On the voyage to Naples, we are introduced to an Italian itinerant trader Signor Mattia, who is amusing enough for a while, but very soon grows intolerably stupid. His picture is, however, sketched with a good deal of talent, and we have no doubt of the likeness, having ourselves seen something very similar. He is very facetious and very eccentric, calls his countrymen great thieves, (in which opinion we have good reason to join him,) talks to his parrots, boasts his

intimacy with the King of Naples, swears by St. Antonio, and crosses himself, and promises his fellow passengers a sight of his cottage near Vesuvius, which, it appears, it was not afterwards convenient for him to visit, though he was then very near it. We think our readers will understand what sort of a gentleman this was; but be that as it may, he afforded no small amusement, while our author lay quarantined at Nisida; and we think he would have been a most useful person, if he had given rise to such accurate and just remarks as the following: Speaking of the lower class of the Neapolitan population, the author remarks:

"These are principally pale, ragged, and effeminate men, without much ostensible business, and apparently the surplus of a beggarly population. But they are, if possible, still more noisy than idle; and if they do five times less than ordinary men, they talk ten times more. A single word of raille-ry from the old man, is sufficient to raise their hasty spirits to the boiling point, and a most violent ebullition is the immediate result. But a cause of provocation is never long wanting among themselves: for scarcely a boat leaves the shore, without an insulting address from some quarter, which never fails to bring on a retort, and an engagement of tongues soon becomes universal. The recruits are as noisy and violent as the principals; fists are clenched, bodies thrown into contortions like violent spasms; and the most tremendous oaths poured out in torrents. At first we looked with dread at such signs of deadly rage, and expected blood and broken heads; but in an instant all became quiet, and proceeded as if nothing unusual had happened."

"Yet, when undisturbed by passion, the Neapolitans show a vivacity of mind, a propensity to humour and satire, and a natural ease of expression, above all other men I have ever seen. The most degraded of those around us, will often enter into a conversation with the greatest appearance of wit, fluency, and easy gesture. They never speak without making a motion of the limbs or body correspondent to their words, so that they may be said to speak two languages at once. A deaf and dumb person would often comprehend their meaning, by observing the innumerable and expressive signs with which they enforce their words; and they exceed the French in this particular, at least as much as the French exceed ourselves." P. 65.

The author is at last freed from the severity of the Mediterranean health-laws, and commences his observations in Naples. They must of necessity be extremely cursory; he relies implicitly on his guide, and takes every thing for granted; indeed, he had no time to think for himself, and has, of course, stated things decidedly incorrect. The most interesting part of the volume contains an account of his visit to Pompeii. To have seen that spot forms an era in life, and makes the beholder rich while memory shall last. We read books about the manners and domestic life of the Romans: history informs us of their actions, and we estimate their character and principles accordingly. But here time

rolls back his scroll—we become cotemporaries with those who lived 1700 years ago—we enter into their houses, we recline at their triclinia, we join them at their tables and in their utmost privacy, in the bath and the chamber—our eyes rest upon those beautiful forms, which ornament their halls, and excite the imagination—we hear the recitations of the theatre, and listen to the conjoined influence of poetry and music—we are present at their games—we enter the Amphitheatre—we take our seats with that anxious, that strange populace—the games commence while we are looking on the bloody arena—we see the gladiator fall, and hear the deafening shout of barbarous delight. Our author felt the deep impression which such a view must fix forever, and was affected as every one is, with “the religion of the place.” He saw it only once—for ourselves three visits did not dull the edge of curiosity. The tombs which yet preserve the ashes and names of many long lost to fame—the shops, the temples, the advertisements on the walls,—the sportive effusions of the populace on the corridors of the Amphitheatre—and all the nameless circumstances of private life, which are here disclosed to our view, might well occupy the contemplation of months. Our author writes on this subject with great feeling and indeed with eloquence. We should do him injustice, were we not to quote at least one passage.

“This house has been untenanted for ages : its last inhabitant was a Roman citizen, and he lived under the reign of the emperor Titus ; a man who heard of the desolation of Judah, from captives taken fighting on the walls of Jerusalem, and the first glad news of christianity—perchance from the mouth of Paul himself. Perhaps he was one of those who believed the wondrous tale of the resurrection ; and if so, however humble and poor, was capable of instructing the wits and the statesmen of Rome.

You remain speechless---for what can you say ? You are in the cell of a magician, whose wand bears control over time, and rolls back past centuries, like clouds before the wind. A supernatural power is at work, producing effects which strike us with awe, and calling up the ghosts of antiquity, to frighten away our usual enjoyments. And seen from this place, how does the present world appear ? A mass of the bones and ashes of men ; a melancholy shore, which the waves of time have strewed with the wrecks of nations, and heaps of broken sceptres.

There is too much of distress in the scene. Let us pass on. Nay, stop ! This is the place where men should meditate ; here a monarch would find a reproof for his pride, and despise the tinsel of his crown : for here the voice of death would whisper, nay, scream in his ear, and remind him of his mean mortality. This is a book of history spread out before the world ; and who can help but read ? Here ruin stands ; and while he points at antiquity, to show the spectres of past centuries, flitting away, and lost, and a thousand times forgotten, he raises the finger at the cities, the successors of departed Pompeii---at the world, the phantoms of to-day, and threatens them with a downfall as complete, and an oblivion as deep and

inevitable. Here months, years, and ages have sunk together in silence, like the waves of the ocean in a whole climate of calms: here time has left his glass unturned, for seventeen hundred years.

Beyond the gate of Pompeii, and on either side of the entrance, are the tombs: they occupy a long space; some are beautiful, as that of Mammia the priestess, of the Arria family; and of the Gladiator. Among these very tombs, and along the road, are placed circular seats for the public accommodation; and, as the inscriptions testify, they were often erected by private munificence. There was always something, to our feelings, very touching in this arrangement: here the Roman citizen, at the close of day, walked forth to contemplate that matchless bay, rendered more lovely by the warm tints of an Italian sky. A Roman contemplated these monuments of his ancestors with no gloomy sentiments. A sudden gust of affectionate remembrance, might sometimes find the lachrymatory in his hand, as he bent over the cinerary urn; but that past, he looked to his children, and cherishing every lofty sentiment in their young bosoms, bade them reward the cares of a Roman matron, and emulate the public virtues and devotion of those ancestors whose ashes were arrayed in honorable remembrance around the sepulchral vault. Such a system must have had a strong and powerful effect upon the character of a people; and we think is too ordinarily passed over in silence and neglect. If such was the impression afforded by such a scene—if such was the magnificence of the tombs of a small Roman colony, what must have been the moral interest, the sublimity, the glory of the Appian way, as it carried you into the precincts of imperial Rome, crowded on either side with the tombs of the Metellas, the Livias, the Scipios?

Our author talks of a villa which has been baptized with the name of Cicero, and warms of course at the idea. There is no reason, beyond the vagary of some antiquarian dilettante, for supposing that building Cicero's villa—though he certainly had one here.—Further on he tells you (page 117.) he saw the villa of Marcus Arrius Diomedes, Cicero's friend forsooth! that his skeleton was found with necklaces and coins in the hand. We know that that gossiping guide-book kindly told him this nonsense.—Now Cicero died forty years B. C. or about a hundred and nineteen years before the eruption which destroyed Pompeii. And we believe it will be admitted that our friend Diomedes, though living in a fine climate, had no immunity from ordinary wear and tear of the constitution, as Dr. Kitchener calls it. We are also entertained (page 104.)

with an account of the villa of Polybius, the historian. We are afraid our author's credulity has led him into a mistake. This writer was born full two hundred years B. C., and though he lived to a good old age, died about a hundred and twenty years before the destruction of Pompeii. To say the least, these are pretty strong presumptions against any such position. The street-scribes or public writers of letters, &c. attracted the attention of our traveller; and he adds, "they are a description of persons I believe found *no where else.*" A very little reading would have shown him that they are to be found all over the Levant—that these persons are not only seated in the crowded lanes of Constantinople, but in the capacious *plazas* of Mexico. A similar remedy ought to have been applied to his remark, that the ruins at Pæstum are "the only specimens in existence, of the severe old Etruscan style." We are not quite sure that we understand what he means by the Etruscan style; but we can answer for it, that the columns are of the old Doric, and worthy to be compared with the Parthenon itself, or the celebrated temple at Girgenti, which all belong to the same imposing and magnificent order. But we must leave Naples, and sympathizing with our traveller in his fear of the robbers, we must follow him to the gate of St. Johns and finally see him installed in the Swiss Hotel. After a comfortable night's rest, and some doubts whether he was in Rome—he rises on the 8th of February, and with a "traveller's guide" in one hand, and a "map of Rome" in the other, proceeds, with an Englishman whom he met on the road, to examine the Roman *lions*. This inspection continues for three weeks—which would afford time only, in our opinion, to get a general idea of the city, instead of that wondrously detailed (we cannot say, accurate) information which is eked out into more than 130 pages.—We shall take the liberty of passing over all this—it may all be read for five pails in the "itinerario istruttivo" of the immortal Vasi, who tells you, in his preface, that Rome is a magnificent and celebrated city,—"*Roma,—città celebre e magnifica.*" Our author, however, does not always follow Vasi, for, (page 286) the equestrian bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius is called the "supposed statue of Constantine." This statue is as fully ascertained, as the authenticity of the fasti consulares, or the scite of the capitol. Again, (page 333) he calls Canova the "*Apelles of modern times!*" This is a discovery since our day; he has been called the rival of Phidias, but we were not aware that like another Michael Angelo, Canova had not only asserted his triumph over the lifeless marble,

but drawn a double victory from varied, more brilliant, but not more expressive efforts of the pencil.

On the road to Florence, our traveller met the Austrian army on its march to Naples, about to establish another "Capo di Lazzaroni," and in the cant of the day, to add new support to the "altar and the throne." Well may the poor Italian address his country in that affecting language, "Deh! fossetu men bella, o almen più forte."

The account of his journey is agreeably written, and quite interesting. The falls of Terni had a new, but discordant addition made to their scenery—the bright gleaming of arms was seen joined with the soft colours of the sun, reflected back from the spray of the cascade—a hostile army was arrayed on the heights, and in daily expectation of making its first assault on liberty. The road seems to have been crowded with these minions of despotism, and it is probable, from this circumstance, that a much stronger resistance was expected than unfortunately was afterwards shown. Why it was not, we have never yet been satisfactorily informed. Our author passes the lake Thrasymenus, and of course visits the battle ground. He thus commences his account:—"When Hannibal *after the battle of Cannæ*, was marching to Rome," &c. Now, this error, if it arose from carelessness, is quite unpardonable; if from ignorance, is still more so, in a traveller who ought to be well acquainted with the history of the country which he is examining. However, let us leave this disagreeable subject. The ground was explored, but it seems without much satisfaction. The pass which "the consul is said to have siezed," could not be found; our author thinks it probable that the road, instead of running along the lake, and being flanked by the hills, which are gentle elevations, ran over them, pursuing some of the little ravines, and then the battle would have been fought at Sanguinetta, a mile or two from the lake. We hope that we may trespass a little longer on the reader's patience, to show the well known accuracy of Livy, and to correct the misapprehensions of the author. The road, after running along the shore some distance, from which the hills immediately ascend, diverges from it, and runs into a champaign country. With respect to the pass, Livy does not mention it; but if necessary, it may be found in the narrow road between the lake and the elevations at its side. The description in Livy's 22d book, we were struck with, at the time we were on this spot—its accuracy serves you as a guide to this very day. "*Et jam pervenerant ad loca insidiis nota, ubi maxime montes Cortonenses Thrasymenus subit, via tantum interest per angusta velut ad ipsum de*

*industria relicto spatio : deinde paulo latior patescit campus, inde colles assurgunt. Ibi castra in aperto locat, ubi ipse cum Afrismo Hispanisque consideret. Baleares coeteramque levem armaturam post montes circumducit : equites ad ipsas fauces saltus, tumulis apte tegentibus, locat ; ut ubi intrassent Romani, objecto equitatu, clausa omnia lacu ac montibus essent.* Flaminii quum pridie solis occasu ad lacum pervenisset inexplorato, postero die, vix dum satis certa luce angustis superatis, postquam in patentiorē campum pandi agmen cœpit ; id tantum hostium quod ex adverso erat aspexit : *ab tergo ac super caput* decipere insidiæ.” The whole narration is admirable. We cannot go farther.

It is useless to tell what one sees in *four days* in Florence—impertinent to tell what one *may* see in that magnificent and delightful city ; and unjust to notice the errors which a traveller makes, in giving detailed accounts of that upon which he could only bestow a most hurried glance. Pass we over then the account of the Gallery (referring our readers always to the guide-book, of which this is an extract,) the museum, the Boboli gardens—to a criticism of our author, on architecture, in which we, by no means agree :

“One regrets to find in Florence in the midst of so many remains of wealth, a strong tincture of the taste of barbarians. The palaces have already been mentioned ; many of which, in every point of view, present as little architectural beauty, as the gloomy walls of a fortress. The cathedral and several churches, though large, and in many respects fine buildings, are covered with black and white marble, so arranged as to form a thousand square and oblong figures of no meaning and no use. While fine specimens of the ancient style remain, it argues ill of their taste to find them preferring the trifling complications of barbarian edifices. It is indeed gloomy : it seems to indicate that there is a natural bad taste in man ; and certainly tends to raise our ideas of the genius that first ascertained the true principles of architecture, and combined in all their purity the elements of the Grecian style. Page 419.

Again, speaking of the Duomo at Perugia, he says ;—

“The cathedral, here called the “Duomo,” is a large church, and has some of its windows ornamented with barbarous stained glass ; while the Public Palace is furnished with many small and crowded arcades which break the wall. I am aware of the veneration with which such specimens of building are regarded in many of the northern countries of Europe ; yet the Gothic style, that unworthy successor—nay, that base supplanter—of the pure taste of Greece, must always be viewed with unmingled disgust, in such situations as are calculated to remind one of its intrusion. Wherever the Romans extended the conquests of their arms, they carried the models of Rome—composed of the simple elements of beauty and magnificence : but the northern hordes swept away all traces of them, to prepare for the whimsical combinations—the phantastic jumble—of clustered columns, pointed arches, and coloured glass, which they called architecture. Page 375.

We certainly join him in his administration of Grecian Architecture, as far as our knowledge of it goes. We certainly regard the ruin at Paestum as the finest and most imposing effort of the architect we ever saw. But we believe no person who has ever seen the gay and florid Duomo at Milan, the grave and impressive Cathedral at Rouen, and the solemn and sublime Minster at York, can doubt whether the Gothic style (by whatever name it is called) does not delight the eye as well as affect the heart, and deserve an elevated stand in the combinations of architectural beauty and effect. We might also remark, if it were not too well known, that it is doubted by many eminent scholars and antiquarians, whether the Goths did bring with them to the south, that style which bears their name. It has been supposed by many, to be oriental in its origin—it is found in the East, in Naples, in Bologna, in Florence, as well as in northern countries—*adhuc sub judice lis est*. In regard to the Cathedral of Florence, it is enough to say, that Michael Angelo thought it worthy all admiration, and dying wished to be buried within sight of the dome designed by Brunellesco. There is a gloomy grandeur about this noble pile, which in our opinion St. Peter's itself does not possess. The façade of the Pallazzi Pitti, is certainly heavy and somewhat rude. But it struck us always, as according well with the spirit of the age and country. If you are disgusted with its simplicity and want of ornament—pass round and examine the *cortile*, and you have a beautiful example of the Grecian orders—though in our opinion it loses, as far as grandeur is concerned, by comparison with the front. We shall pursue our author's track no farther.

Of all countries in the world, Italy seems to afford most facility for making an entertaining and *piquant* book. There is such an infinite variety of character, such varied society, such singular institutions, so many spots which excite the highest moral interest, produce the richest associations, and bring back to life, as it were, the most remarkable personages, to again occupy in our presence the places they once filled,—that time and talent alone are wanting in an author, to bring out a most interesting volume. Mad. de Stael has done something in this way—Lady Morgan has done more. The latter had the good sense to imagine her readers acquainted with Nardini and Vasi, and all the *piante Topografiche*. She alludes briefly to the antiquities, when she notices them directly—and oftener places them even in a stronger light, by an occasional allusion—but she deals largely in historic details—in which there is a good deal of tediousness and much *persiflage*. In such a volume

the music of Italy—"il parlar-que nell'anime si sente," would be a fruitful topic. It addresses itself to the heart, and transports one to an ideal world. It has doubtless had a powerful influence on the character of the people—destroying the moral energies, and encouraging an abandonment to indolent and enervating pleasure. We should rejoice to see some one do justice to the abused Italian. Degraded he is—sunk in vice and effeminacy—but in no country can you find nobler materials for a "great and puissant nation." Whenever called on—whenever the path-way was open, the Italian seems to have forgotten that despotism had deprived him of even the spirit of resistance to oppression, and had endeavoured to enchain genius itself. They have then sent forth authors whose works are the common heritage of every people, and legions that have been worthy of "the palmy state of Rome." We trust the day will come, when no Goth, however virtuous, shall lord it over the vale of Arno—or lay his leaden hand upon the oppressed children of Venice and Lombardy.

We must however finish a paper already too long—and if the author should again appear before the public (and we think he might do it creditably to himself, if he would) we humbly suggest to him to be more attentive to his style of writing, which is too often incorrect and vulgar. In one place we have *notch*, which we suppose is intended to mean a small ravine—again, "presented no obstacles to a convenient *traverse*"—again, "we came to the Tiberine Island *off against which is*," &c.—again, "we looked around us with that peculiar thrill we feel, when the blood starts off in highest style," &c. There is also some negligence in stating, that Misenum and Linternum are in the bay of Pozzuoli. Linternum will be found a good many miles to the north. We have strong doubts too whether Civita Vecchia is at the mouth of the Tiber. See p. 296.

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#### LETTER OF PAUL JONES.

[We had intended, in this number, to have published the letter of Paul Jones to the American plenipotentiaries at Paris, containing an official account of his descent upon Whitehaven, and of his action with the Drake; with a view of correcting some statements which have lately appeared in English periodicals, in relation to his cruise in the *Ranger*. The unforeseen length to which some of the articles in this number have run, compels us to postpone the insertion of this letter, as well as of several communications with which we have been favoured. We insert a letter from Paul

Jones to the countess of Selkirk, which we have no doubt will be found interesting by most of our readers ; though perhaps some of them may have seen it before. It is copied from the letter book kept on board his own vessels, the *Ranger* and *Bon Homme Richard*, from March 1778, to July 1779.]

Ranger, Brest, 8th May, 1778.

*Madam*—It cannot be too much lamented, that, in the profession of arms, the officer of fine feeling and of real sensibility should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command, which his heart cannot approve ; but the reflection is doubly severe, when he finds himself obliged, in appearance, to countenance such actions by his authority.

This hard case was mine, when, on the twenty-third of April last, I landed on St. Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's interest with his king, and esteeming, *as I do*, his private character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity, when the brave are overpowered, and made prisoners of war.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for you, *Madam*, that he was from home ; for it was my intention to have taken him on board the *Ranger*, and to have detained him, until, through his means, a general and fair exchange of prisoners, as well in Europe as in America, had been effected.

When I was informed by some men whom I met at landing, that his lordship was absent, I walked back to my boat, determined to leave the island. By the way, however, some officers, who were with me, could not forbear expressing their discontent ; observing that, in America, no delicacy was shown by the English, who took away all sorts of moveable property ; setting fire, not only to towns, and to the houses of the rich, without distinction, but not even sparing the wretched hamlets, and milch cows of the poor and helpless, at the approach of an inclement winter. That party had been with me, the same morning, at Whitehaven ; some complaisance, therefore, was their due. I had but a moment to think how I might gratify them, and at the same time do your ladyship the least injury. I charged the two officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hurt any thing about it ; to treat you, *Madam*, with the utmost respect ; to accept of the plate which was offered ; and to come away without making a search, or demanding any thing else.

I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed ; since I am informed that the plate which they brought away is far short of the quantity expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men ; and when the plate is sold, I shall become the purchaser, and will *gratify my own feelings*, by restoring it to you, by such conveyance as you shall please to direct.

Had the earl been on board the *Ranger* the following evening, he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea engagement ; both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection to the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back from such scenes of horror, and cannot [sufficiently] execrate the vile promoters of this detestable war.

For *they*, 'twas *they* unsheathed the ruthless blade,  
And heaven shall ask the havock it has made.

The British ship of war, *Drake*, mounting 20 guns, with more than her full complement of officers and men \* \* \* The ships met, and the advantage was disputed with great fortitude on each side, for an hour and four mi-

minutes; when the gallant commander of the *Drake* fell, and victory declared in favour of the *Ranger*.

The amiable Lieutenant lay mortally wounded; besides near forty of the inferior officers and crew, killed and wounded. A melancholy demonstration of this uncertainty of human prospects, and of the sad reverse of fortune, which an hour can produce. I buried them in a spacious grave, with the honors due to the memory of the brave.

Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men, yet I am not in arms as an American; nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough; having no wife nor family; and having lived long enough to know that riches cannot insure happiness. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little, mean distinctions of climate, or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart, and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this was begun, I had, at an early time of life, withdrawn from the sea service, in favour of "calm contemplation and poetic ease." I have sacrificed not only my favourite scheme of life, but the *softer affections of the heart*, and my prospects of domestic happiness, and I am ready to sacrifice my life also with cheerfulness; if that forfeiture could restore peace and good will among mankind.

As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot but be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, madam, to use your persuasive art with your husband's, to endeavour to stop this cruel and destructive war, in which Britain never can succeed. Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practice of the Britons in America, which savages would blush at; and which, if not discontinued, will soon be retaliated on Britain, by a justly enraged people. Should you fail in this, (for I am persuaded that you will attempt it, and who can resist the power of such an advocate?) your endeavours to effect a general exchange of prisoners will be an act of humanity, which will afford you golden feelings on a death bed.

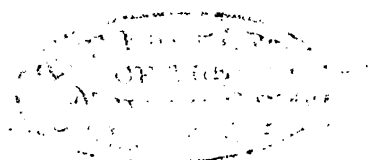
I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed; but should it continue, I wage no war with the fair. I acknowledge their force, and bend before it with submission. Let not, therefore, the amiable Countess of Selkirk regard me as an enemy. I am ambitious of her esteem and friendship, and would do any thing, consistent with my duty, to merit it.

The honour of a line from your hand, in answer to this, will lay me under a singular obligation; and if I can render you any acceptable service in France or elsewhere, I hope you see into my character as far as to command me without the least grain of reserve.

I wish to know, exactly, the behaviour of my people; as I determine to punish them, if they have exceeded their liberty. I have the honour to be, with much esteem, and with profound respect,

Madam, yours, &c.

*The Right Honourable, the Countess of Selkirk,*  
*St. Mary's Isle, Scotland.*



## THE CAIO GRACCO OF MONTI.

THE three tragedies of Vincenzo Monti stand in the highest rank of modern dramatic compositions; and are not unworthy of a comparison with the noblest productions of the ancient writers. Though he sometimes imitates their excellencies, it is in a manner not unworthy of the great originals, from whom he is not afraid to borrow. It is not our intention, however, at present, to enter into any examination of the merits of his dramas; but merely to give a succinct account of their several plots, for the purpose of introducing such specimens of his manner, as a translation nearly literal will allow. In future numbers, we shall probably notice his *Aristodemo* and *Galeotto Manfredi*, with his other poetical productions. At present, we propose to give a brief sketch of his *Caio Gracco*, which, as an heroic tragedy, we prefer to the *Aristodemo*, though there are different opinions, as to their relative merits.

The tragedy opens with a soliloquy of Gracchus, as he enters Rome at night, having just arrived from Egypt, where he had razed Carthage to the ground. His return, as he afterwards mentions, had been expedited by the messages of Marcus Fulvius, who had hitherto enjoyed his confidence, and had warned him that the patrician power was increasing, and that the popular laws he had introduced were in danger.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Caius solus.*

Lo! Caius, thou'rt in Rome. Here have I entered,  
Unseen, protected by the friendly night.  
Gracchus is with thee, Rome! have courage yet!  
Silence reigns all around; in soundest sleep  
Rest, from the cares of the laborious day,  
The toiling people. O ye good and true  
And only Romans! Sweet your slumbers are,  
By labour seasoned; undisturbed, because  
Remorse comes not to trouble them.

*Meantime,*

'Mid the rank steam of their inebriate feasts,  
The nobles revel—the assassins base  
Of my loved brother; or in conclave dark  
Perchance enclosed, my death the miscreants plot,  
And forge their chains for Roman liberty;  
Nor know how dread an enemy is nigh.  
But now enough of this. From dangers past  
Safe, here I press my fathers' threshold. Yes,  
This is my own loved threshold. Oh my mother!  
Oh my Licinia! Oh my son! I come

At length to end your woes, and with me bring  
 Three powerful furies—Rage, for my wronged country,  
 Love for my friends, and Vengeance, as the third—  
 Yea, Vengeance, for a brother's massacre !

As Gracchus is about to enter his own porch, Fulvius appears, followed by a slave, whom he despatches with hasty words of encouragement, and injunctions of silence, to execute a dangerous and dreadful murder. The poor slave, however, has no sooner left him, than he pronounces his certain doom, as the only sure seal of secrecy. Though it is anticipating the development of the plot, it may be mentioned here, that Fulvius was the lover of the sister of Gracchus, who was the wife of Æmilianus ; and that, by an agreement between the guilty pair, the slave was now commissioned to assassinate the most illustrious Roman of that age. Gracchus was himself the avowed and determined enemy of Æmilianus ; from the part he had taken with the patricians, in the civil commotions, when Tiberius Gracchus was slain by Scipio Nasica. He was yet, however, entirely ignorant of the guilt of Fulvius ; and of the ultimate ends which he proposed to himself, by espousing so warmly the popular side. He meets him with joy, and a dialogue ensues on the past and present state of affairs, too long for translation. Fulvius alludes darkly to the assassination of Æmilianus, in language then unintelligible to Gracchus ; but as he is insisting on a clearer explanation, he is interrupted by the approach of his mother Cornelia, and his wife Licinia, leading his son by the hand, who are leaving their home, accompanied by a freedman. They were going to the house of Æmilianus, who had warned them of the approaching troubles, and offered them the protection of his roof. Gracchus is incensed on hearing this ; and Fulvius ventures to expostulate with the lofty Cornelia ; who, on learning his name, reproaches Gracchus with having such a companion ; and informs him that Fulvius is plotting against the virtue of his sister, and had that day been expelled from his house by her husband. She retires within her house, and Gracchus follows, after bidding Fulvius prepare to exculpate himself.

In the second act, the consul Opimius and Drusus, (one of the tribunes,) meet at day-break in the Forum.

*Drusus.* The earliest ray of morning scarce has lit  
 The summits of the Palatine ; and yet,  
 Already, without lictors, and alone,  
 Goes forth the Roman Consul ? On this day,  
 With honor big to thee, disgrace to Gracchus,  
 And triumph to the senate, every eye  
 Turns on Opimius. Humbly to his charge

The people trust their destiny, the great  
 Their fortunes, Rome her quiet long disturbed,  
 Weary of broils. And stands he idly, here—  
 And, shall I say, forgetful of his friends,  
 And of himself?

In the dialogue which ensues, Opimius informs Drusus that Gracchus is in Rome; which he had learned by means of his spies; and that it is his intention to have an interview with him, in order, under pretence of reasoning him into forbearance, to drive him to some sudden act which might lead to his destruction. Gracchus enters, with the people, shouting his name, and denouncing the patricians. He persuades them to retire; and an admirable scene follows, between Opimius and Gracchus, which we cannot give entire, and which does not admit of selections. Drusus enters, and announces the sudden death of Æmilianus, and that it was whispered that he perished by violence. Cornelia also enters with the tidings; and a dreadful suspicion crosses the mind of Gracchus, as the hints of Fulvius on the preceding night recur to his recollection. His confusion is remarked by Opimius and Drusus, who retire to consult their measures, on the hint thus obtained. As Caius is meditating on his suspicions, Fulvius enters, who does not deny his guilt, but justifies it as an act of patriotism. He descants on the tyranny, pride and cruelty of the Scipios, both at home and abroad; and vindicates himself still farther on the ground, that Gracchus had himself said that Æmilianus deserved death as a tyrant; and that he had therefore only acted the part of a friend, in obeying the suggestion. We give the remainder of the dialogue, which concludes the second act.

*Caius.* Thou *my* friend, villain! I have never been  
 The friend of profligates. Oh! that the bolt  
 Of justice would descend with heaviest crash,  
 Scattering the miscreants, who, through paths of blood,  
 Find out not liberty, but chains for man,  
 Making more horrible than servitude  
 Even liberty itself. Say not, blasphemer,  
 Say not such sentiment was ever mine.  
 I wished him dead—but by the awful axe  
 Of public justice, which shall one day fall  
 On thy base neck. Thou hast brought upon my name  
 Fearful disgrace—and tremble!

*Ful.* Gracchus, cease  
 These outrages. I counsel thee—desist.  
 And be this act unjust or just, do thou  
 Reap of my deed the harvest—and be silent.  
 Force me not to say more.

*Caius.* What more?

*Ful.* That which

I may not utter.

*Caius.* What? of farther crimes?

*Ful.* I know not.

*Caius.* Knowest thou not? cold horror creeps  
Upon me, and I dare not ask thee more.

*Ful.* Thou hast good reason for't.

*Caius.* What sayest thou?

*Ful.* Nothing.

*Caius.* His words torment my heart. O! what a thought  
Flashes, with horrid light, across my brain!  
Hast thou accomplices?

*Ful.* Aye.

*Caius.* Who?

*Ful.* Insensate,

Demand no more.

*Caius.* I will know.

*Ful.* Have a care,

Thou wilt repent of this.

*Caius.* No more. I will know.

*Ful.* Thou wilt?—ask then—thy sister. (*exit.*)

*Caius.* (*solus.*) Ask my sister?

Has she been in her husband's murder part?

Oh damning guilt! the Gracchi's stainless name

Spotted with everlasting infamy!

With infamy? How at the thought I feel

The damp hairs rise with horror o'er my brow!

Where shall I hide my head? and in what wave

Wash the deep shame from this dishonoured front?

What's to be done? I hear a dreadful voice

That murmurs in my soul, and shrieks out there

Go—speed thee—take the forfeit of her guilt!

Terrible voice of honour thus betrayed,

Voice of my ancestry! I will obey.

For blood thou criest—blood thou shalt have. I swear it.

The third act opens with a scene between Cornelia, Licia and Gracchus, in which the majesty of the Roman matron, and the dignified tenderness and apprehensions of the wife of Gracchus, are displayed with great power and beauty. Cornelia endeavours to persuade her son to desist from his purpose of investigating the circumstances of Scipio's death; well aware that the result would bring disgrace upon her daughter and her family. We pass on to the scene which follows.

(*A crier advances, bearing a decree of the Senate, which he suspends on a pillar, and the people collect in a hasty manner to read it. A citizen, having observed it, approaches Gracchus, who stands absorbed in grief, and shakes him by the mantle.*)

*Cit.* Gracchus, behold! observest thou the decree?

Approach and read it.

*Caius.* (*reading.*) LET THE CONSUL LOOK  
THAT THE REPUBLIC DO SUSTAIN NO HARM.

*Cit.* Beware, unfortunate Roman! this decree

Bodes danger to thy life.

*Licia.* What do I hear?

*Caius.* I see it; and I thank thee, courteous friend:  
Thou art, or I mistake,—thou art Quintilius?

*Cit.* The same, and still thy friend. Coraggio! (*exit.*)

*Cornelia.* Turn, Gracchus, and behold—'midst all the people,  
This way advancing, proud Opimius comes.  
Awake! the hour has come to try thy soul.

*Caius.* Depart, and fear not.

*Corn.* Give me thine hand.

*Caius.* 'Tis there;

Feel if it tremble.

*Corn.* No—'tis firm, and tells me,  
That better knowest thou how to die, than how  
To forfeit honour I am well content.

*Caius.* Licinia, fare thee well! if this embrace  
Should be—if fate—support the unhappy woman,  
Oh mother! consciousness hath left her quite.  
Farewell! I trust to thee my wife, my son.

(*Cornelia retires supporting Licinia.*)

*Caius.* (*pausing before the statue of his father.*)  
Oh thou, who from that silent marble speakest  
To thy son's constant heart! unconquered sire!  
I feel thy summons; thou shalt be content.  
Or Rome this day is free, or soon I too,  
A naked ghost shall rush to thine embrace!

Opimius now enters, preceded by the lictors, and followed by the senators, tribunes and populace. He addresses the people in an harangue of great art and eloquence, and divides them in their opinions. Gracchus, after a short tumult, obtains leave to speak.

*Caius.* (*from the tribunal*) This is the last time I shall speak to you,  
My countrymen. My enemies and yours  
Have on my death resolved. I owe ye thanks,  
That to my lips allowing their free speech,  
Ye will not suffer me to die infamous.  
And greater infamy can a Roman know,  
Than with the name of tyrant on his front  
Branded, to pass among the silent dead?  
A murdered brother's ghost will meet me there,  
See me all covered with inglorious wounds,  
And cry, "What hand hath wrought this shame? from whence  
These gory trenches?" And what answer, then,  
Shall I return, O Romans? Those same hands,  
Will I reply, have me to slaughter dragged,  
Which butchered thee, that day the people left  
Ungrateful, their defender to his foes,—  
When thy sad corse lay in the open street,  
Horribly mangled,—and thy forehead rent  
Wide with a grisly wound—thine innocent blood  
Ran in long streams—as, like some worthless wreck,  
They cast thy corse, yet warm, in Tiber's wave,  
Which, for the first time stained with Roman blood  
In civil conflict spilt, flowed to the sea.  
Nor aught availed thee then the tribune's rank,  
Which made thy person sacred. And I too,—

My tale will run,—was by patrician hate  
Murdered. I too, for the same crimes condemned,  
Was called a tyrant; I, whose every thought  
Was to my country only consecrated;  
I, who redeemed the people from the bonds  
Of their insatiate lords; I, who restored  
Their ravished rights to their paternal fields;  
I who am poor, plebeian; I who have been  
The eternal torment of all tyrants—I  
Too am a tyrant! Oh my countrymen!  
Is this the wages that your servants gain?

*3d Citizen.* Gracchus, take heart. The people is not thus  
Ungrateful, and none here thinks thee a tyrant.  
Speak boldly in your argument, and fear not.

*Caius.* Here let the oppressor fear. Am I, forsooth,  
Of the Patrician temper? Did I fear,  
When, at the imminent peril of my life,  
I dared surround your prostrate liberties,  
With solemn laws, as bulwarks? I am he,  
Oh Rome, acknowledge me! I am he, who  
Against the unjust, usurping senate stood,  
And made the people free—yea, made them kings,  
All powerful. And in this have I offended?  
Answer me, countrymen, was this my crime?

*3d Cit.* No; here we all are kings.

*2d Cit.* And in the people

All power resides.

*1st Cit.* The senate of our will

Is executor, and no more.

*Caius.* Your foe

Is then declared, who charges as my sin  
Your perfect liberty, and makes his moan,  
Ever, o'er lost patrician tyranny.  
Three hundred base and hireling senators  
Sat in the judgment seat. The strong broke through,  
Or bought exemption from the feeble bonds  
Of law, and poverty became a vice.  
I overthrew this venal, odious court,  
And thrice a hundred judges, of staunch faith  
And incorrupt, I added. So the people  
Had their due share of the judicial power.  
Now, Romans, who, for this most holy work,  
Dares censure Caius Gracchus before you?  
Who? an Opimius, and those same, same traitors,  
To whom the market of your lives and fortunes  
Was barred by me. Oh virtue, name how vain!  
Mocked by the wicked and the vile! ah! where,  
Now, wilt thou rear thy throne, when even here,  
Here, in the centre of all famous Rome,  
And all her sacred gods, thou bearest the name  
Of guilt, and so art punished!

*(An old Man.)* True; too true;

'Tis dangerous to be warm in virtue's cause.

Surely, some god is reasoning from his lips.

*Caius.* By the great goodness of the immortal gods,  
Born in the lap of this fair Italy,

The rights of Roman citizenship I deemed  
Common to all her soil; from slavery  
Redeemed, and made her the world's greatest nation.  
You, Romans, you, renowned, illustrious sons  
Of this loved mother, will you, as a crime,  
Impute to me her rescued liberty?

*1st Cit.* No; we are all Italians; one sole people,  
One single family.

*People.* Italians all,  
And brethren.

*Old Man.* Oh delightful sound! Oh words  
Noble, divine! these tears for joy o'erflow.

*Caïus.* Oh! now indeed I hear the shouts sublime,  
Of Romans worthy; and behold the tears  
Worthy of men. But cease your griefs awhile;  
Hear my last damning crime; and not of grief,  
But the hot tears of madness and of wrath,  
Will ye pour forth, oh people much abused!  
Grant me your patient audience. Of your lords  
The insatiate avarice, that on your woes  
Remorseless trampled, had by rapine seized  
All your possessions, and had only left  
Your souls to tenant their debased abodes.  
Your tyrants left ye life, but to enjoy  
Your never ceasing sorrows—but to tread  
On your bowed necks—draw tight your servile bonds,—  
And, as the climax of your wrongs, despise ye  
Even for the sufferance themselves enforced.  
Now hear my crime,—my most unheard offence,  
Whose total sum I in two words express—  
To give you back your own—to give you back  
So much of earth, as with a little dust,  
Might hide your over-toiled and wearied bones.  
Oh miserable brethren! the wild beasts  
Have, 'mid the desert rocks and savage woods,  
Some lair, where each may lay his limbs in peace,  
And shun the assaults of the inclement skies.  
You, Romans, you, who 'neath an iron load,  
O'er the whole earth, expose to painful death  
Your lives in Rome's behalf—you, the world's masters,  
Nought in this world possess—save what not even  
All-grasping avarice can take away,  
The common air and light. Along our plains,  
Ye wander idly; fainting by your sides,  
With famine, sad and piteous company!  
Your squalid wives and naked babes attend,  
Who cry for bread.

Meantime, their banquets high,  
Drunk with rich wine and lustful surfeits, hold  
The gown-robed harpies, with some wanton strain  
Feeding their ears: and all this which their gorge  
Insatiable devours, is your own blood.  
Your blood has brought their dazzling palaces,  
Bright with barbaric pomp, and trapped with gold;  
Their perfumes from Arabia, and the dye

Sidonian, and their sumptuous carpetings ;  
 Their wide domains and regal villas, reared  
 By Tiber, or in shady Tusculum ;  
 Their paintings and their statues ;—in one word,  
 All that ministers to their pride, has cost  
 Rivers of blood, in hard-fought battles drawn  
 From your own bosoms, by the hostile swords,—  
 And nothing, save their vices, is their own.

Unjust, cruel patricians ! and they dare  
 To call *you*, on the toilsome fields of war,  
 Laggards and rebels,—they who have debauched,  
 With customs stolen from the lascivious East,  
 The ancient Latine strain severe, and changed  
 Our camps to brothels ; they, who batten free  
 On subject nations and the empire's wealth,  
 To die by famine leave our soldiery,  
 And drive them to complaint and to despair,  
 Until they make them robbers. They, forsooth,  
 Mourn for our ancient discipline destroyed ;  
 They, in the hour of joining battles, shout,  
 " Fight for your household gods, your fathers' tombs !"  
 But which of ye, oh wretched countrymen !  
 Which of ye hath or altar, or hearth stone,  
 Or poor paternal sepulchre ?

*People, (with a loud shout.)* Not one !

Not one !

*Caius.* For whom then do ye rush to death ?  
 For whose sake have ye gained those scars, whose large  
 And crimson characters I see appear,  
 Through each worn tunic's rents ? Oh ! let me kiss  
 Those honourable wounds ! Their sight o'erpowers  
 My heart too much with pity ; and at once,  
 I thrill with anger, and dissolve in tears.

*2d Cit.* Poor Caius ! see, he weeps—for us he weeps,  
 Magnanimous heart !

A tumult soon ensues ; and the lictor Antilius, in endeavouring to drive back the people, is stabbed by Fulvius and his followers. Gracchus throws himself from the tribunal, to save the life of Opimius, and prevent the effusion of more blood. He cites Opimius to appear before the people, on the expiration of his consulship ; and persuades the multitude to disperse quietly. Fulvius departs full of vexation, at this unexpected clemency. Opimius, determined on revenge, after giving private orders to one of his creatures, retires followed by the senators.

In the fourth act, as Cornelia is discoursing with Gracchus on the dangerous magnanimity he had just displayed, the forum is surrounded by armed mercenaries, and he finds himself in the power of his enemies. One of the finest scenes in the drama ensues between Cornelia, Gracchus and Licinia, whose pathetic appeals to his conjugal and paternal tenderness

at length overpowered her husband's resolution to go forth and confront his enemies, at the certain peril of his life. At this juncture, a citizen enters, and informs Gracchus that a rumour is abroad, implicating him with his sister and Fulvius, in the murder of Æmilianus. On hearing this he rushes from the portico. While his wife breaks out into uncontroled anguish, Cornelia here preserves the firmness and dignity of her character, and her devotion to the glory of her son, though preserved only by a violent death.

## SCENE V.

*Cornelia, sola.*

Is there on earth a family more wretched,  
A heart with more distracting tortures torn,  
Than mine? The daughter of great Africanus  
And mother of the Gracchi, once was I  
For such fair names renowned—I who was wooed  
Once to a monarch's nuptials, quite deserted,  
Of all this pageantry, have only left  
The melancholy splendour of my woes.  
Two sons I bore for Rome; two noble sons;  
Rome of her freedom weary, murdered them—  
And by what hands! Alas! it is a crime  
To give life to great souls; and those are praised  
Only, who bring forth profligates. Such praise  
Let mothers of Opimii win; but me  
It better pleases, that my sons should perish  
Mangled and pierced, than live in infamy.—  
But I must follow his disastrous path—  
Ah me! what crowd draws nigh? a funeral bier—  
In solemn train, the mournful senators  
Uprear it on their shoulders. How the sight  
Freezes my veins. It is dead Scipio's hearse.  
My heart fails, and my feet seemed clogged to earth.  
Oh impious daughter! what a deed was thine!

*Enter Opimius and the Senators, carrying the bier of Æmilianus, Lictors and People.*

*Opimius.* Here, for a while, set down your funeral load.  
People, friends, senators, 'tis here we owe  
The last sad tribute that the public grief  
Can pay the best of men. There never was,  
There never will be juster cause for tears.  
Romans! your father, and your empire's light,  
Yea, the world's glory, lie in this sad hearse,  
Forever quenched in darkness. Oh what strength,  
What grandeur from the power of Rome has past!  
How at the tidings will the realms rejoice  
Of Asia and of Afric; for the arm  
Invincible, that made their armies quake,  
Is now forever palsied; and in vain  
We, with our tears, demand him back to life.

Where art thou, Quintus Fabius? At my side  
 Heretofore have I seen thee—art thou here?  
 Oh Fabius! ever in my mind resounds  
 Thy sentiment sublime—‘It was,’ thou saidest,  
 ‘It was the eternal will of destiny,  
 That there the empire of the world should be,  
 Where was a soul so great.’ I thank the Gods,  
 Who here ordained his birth; but I must weep,  
 That they so soon have rapt his spirit hence,  
 And deemed us too unworthy of the gift.  
 Lælius, art thou too here, example proud  
 Of an immortal friendship? Agony  
 Restrains thy tears. Entranced in silent grief,  
 Thou lookest upon this sable couch of death.  
 Whom seekest thou? thy Scipio and thy friend?  
 Behold him shrouded in his funeral robe,  
 Forever lost to life—silent, forever.  
 Nor ever more thine ear shall drink his words  
 Majestic, with sublimest reasoning fraught,  
 Breathing high love of country and imbued  
 With heavenly wisdom. Nor shalt thou behold him  
 Fulmine amid the foes, and from the clouds  
 Of battle breaking, with a front serene,  
 Stretch the right hand of mercy to the fallen,  
 Mourn with them, and console them in defeat;  
 Thus still, in war or peace, exhibiting  
 A godlike spirit in a human form.  
 Kind as a son, a brother and a friend,  
 Generous, courteous, modest and sedate,  
 A perfect citizen, his heart the shrine  
 Where every Roman virtue had a place;  
 Such was the hero so untimely lost,  
 And by what means?

Romans, I do not seek,

I do not wish to turn your pious grief  
 To sudden fury. I will not disclose  
 How black a crime has been committed. Never,  
 Oh! never may ye know, that ye have lost:  
 Your father by a vile assassin’s blow.

People. Speak. We will know it all.

Our limits will not permit us to pursue this scene any farther. The manner in which Opimius uncovers the corse of Scipio, and excites the people by the spectacle, and gradually works them into indignation and fury against their late idol, reminds us frequently of the funeral oration of Antony. The resemblance is however simply in the *manner* and the circumstances. In another drama Monti has not scrupled to adopt the ideas and language of Shakspeare.

Just as the citizens have been led to the conviction that Gracchus was accessory to the strangling of his brother-in-law, Drusus enters, and informs the consul, that a bloody contest was taking place on the Aventine hill, between the soldiery

and the people, who had been roused to acts of violence by the oratory of Gracchus. As he is describing the scene of confusion, which had taken place, Lentulus, a venerable patrician, is led wounded across the stage. The senators unite in swearing vengeance over the bier of *Æmilianus*; and while a part of them escort the dead body to the tomb of the *Scipios*, the rest, conducted by *Opimius*, and followed by the inflamed citizens, rush to the scene of civil conflict.

In the first scene of the fifth act, the forum is deserted, and *Licia* appears alone, uncertain of her husband's fate, and distracted with apprehensions for his safety.

*Licia.* What melancholy silence reigns! Ah me!  
 What mournful solitude! The Forum vacant—  
 The streets deserted—I behold alone  
 The wo-begone and horror-stricken faces  
 Of aged men lamenting; other sound  
 I hear not, save the cries of mothers lone,  
 The shrieks and sobs of desolate wives, who call  
 Wildly upon their husbands and their sons.  
 I too am here a mourner, and demand  
 From unrelenting heaven, the cruel one,  
 Who in my grief has thus abandoned me.  
 Yes, thou art cruel, *Caius*! For thou couldst—  
 Thou couldst desert me. Idle were my tears,  
 And vain my sorrows. Who can tell me now  
 Where danger meets thee? Who, alas! can tell me  
 If yet thou art alive?

An old man passes, dragging his son from the sanguinary tumult; and from their conversation, *Licia* believes that her husband has fallen a victim to his own magnanimity. *Cornelia* follows, agitated and silent, who presently brings out the son of *Caius*, followed by the faithful freedman. We pass over the pathetic colloquy which ensues, and the varying rumours brought by flying citizens, as they hurry across the forum from the scene of conflict. The struggle has terminated in favour of the Patricians, and their dependants and mercenaries. We hasten to the last scene, in which *Gracchus* enters, flying from the weapons of the hireling soldiery.

*Caius.* A sword, O mother!  
 A sword, if thou hast pity. In my death  
 Let not this base man triumph.

*Cor.* Let the tyrant  
 Thus vaunt? O never!

*Caius.* Quick then, oh my mother!  
 A sword—thou hast it—give it me—and save me  
 The shame of perishing by ignoble hands.

[*Opimius enters, followed by the patricians and soldiers.*

*Opim.* Behold him—against him let down your arms.

[*Cornelia throwing herself between Caius and the soldiers.*

Then through this bosom they must enter first,  
Ere they pierce his.

*Licinia.* And through mine, ruffians, too.

*Opim.* Soldiers, by force withdraw these dames, and strike  
The guilty. To the safety of the state  
His head must be devoted. Strike!

*Cornelia.* [veiling her head in her mantle with one hand, and with  
the other extending the dagger to Gracchus.] My son  
Take it, and die in honour.

*Cæsus.* By this gift,  
I know thee, O my mother! By this blow,  
Know thou thy son! (Stabs himself. *Licinia falls senseless on his  
body.*)

We have not attempted to introduce any versions of the powerful dialogues of this drama, as it would have protracted our remarks too far. The author has wisely put into the mouth of Opimius cogent arguments against the levelling principles of Gracchus; and though the whole interest of the drama centers in the latter, and his fate is brought on by the machinations of personal enmity, and arbitrary power, we cannot but regard him as a visionary, as well as a martyr. The unities are observed as strictly as they ever can be, without the violation of probability; and the principal characters are preserved throughout with the greatest precision and propriety; being, alike in their grandeur or their weakness; '*veri, soli Romani.*'

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LETTER FROM PAUL JONES TO THE AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS AT  
PARIS.

Brest, May 27th, 1778.

Gentlemen—I have now to fulfil the promise made in my last, by giving you an account of my late expedition.

I sailed from Brest the 10th of April. My plan was extensive. I therefore did not, at the beginning, wish to encumber myself with prisoners. On the 14th I took a brigantine, between Scylly and Cape Clear, bound from Ostend with a cargo of flaxseed for Ireland, sunk her, and proceeded into St. George's Channel. On the 17th I took the ship Lord Chatham, bound from London for Dublin, with a cargo consisting of porter and a variety of merchandize, and almost within sight of her port: the ship I manned and ordered for Brest. Towards the evening of the day following, the weather had a promising appearance, and the winds being favourable, I stood over from the Isle of Man, with an intention to make a de-

scent at Whitehaven. At 10 o'clock, I was off the harbour with a party of volunteers, and had every thing in readiness to land; but, before eleven, the wind greatly increased and shifted so as to blow directly upon the shore:—the sea increased of course, and it became impossible to effect a landing. This obliged me to carry all possible sail, so as to clear the land and to await a more favourable opportunity. On the 18th, in Glenbue bay, on the south coast of Scotland, I met with a revenue wherry;—it being the common practice of these vessels to board merchant ships, and the Ranger then having no external appearance of war, it was expected that this rover would have come alongside. I was, however, mistaken, for, though the men were at their quarters yet, this vessel outsailed the Ranger, and got clear, in spite of a severe cannonade.

The next morning, off the Mull of Galloway, I found myself so near a Scotch coasting schooner, loaded with barley, that I could not avoid sinking her. Understanding that there were ten or twelve sail of merchant ships besides a tender brigantine, with a number of impressed men on board, at anchor in Loughryan in Scotland, I thought this an enterprise worth my attention; but the wind, which at the first would have served equally well to sail in or out of the lough, shifted in a hard squall so as to blow almost directly in, with an appearance of bad weather; I was, therefore, obliged to abandon my project.

Seeing a cutter off the lee-bow steering for the Clyde, I gave chase in hopes of cutting her off; but, finding my endeavours ineffectual, I pursued no farther than the rock of Elza. In the evening I fell in with a sloop from Dublin, which I sunk to prevent intelligence.

The next day, the 21st, being near Carrickfergus, a fishing boat came off, which I detained. I saw a ship at anchor in the road which, I was informed by the fishermen, was the British ship of war Drake of 20 guns.

I determined to attack her in the night. My plan was to overlay her cable, and to fall upon her bow, so as to have all her decks open and exposed to our musketry, &c.; at the same time it was my intention to have secured the enemy by grapplings, so that, had they cut their cables, they would not thereby have attained an advantage. The wind was high, and, unfortunately, the anchor was not let go so soon as the order was given; so that the Ranger was brought up on the enemy's quarter at the distance of half a cable's length. We had made no warlike appearance;—of course had given no alarm: this determined me to cut immediately, which might appear as if

the cable had parted, and, at the same time, enable me, after making a tack out of the length, to return with the same prospect of advantage, which I had at the first. I was, however, prevented from returning; as I with difficulty weathered the lighthouse on the lee side of the lough, and as the gale increased.

The weather now became so very stormy and severe, and the sea so high, that I was obliged to take shelter under the south shore of Scotland. The 22d introduced fair weather; though the three kingdoms, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with snow. I now resolved, once more to attempt Whitehaven; but the wind became very light, so that the ship could not, in proper time, approach so near as I had intended. At midnight I left the ship, with two boats and thirty-one volunteers. When we reached the outer pier, the day began to dawn. I would not, however, abandon my enterprise; but despatched one boat, under the direction of Mr. Hill and lieutenant Wallingsford, with the necessary combustibles, to set fire to the shipping on the north side of the harbour; while I went with the other party, to attempt the south side. I was successful in scaling the walls, and spiking up all the cannon on the first fort. Finding the sentinels shut up in the guard house, they were secured without being hurt. Having fixed sentinels, I now took with me one man only (Mr. Green) and spiked up all the cannon on the southern fort, distant from the other a quarter of a mile.

On my return from this business, I naturally expected to see the fire of the ships on the north side,—as well as to find my own party with every thing in readiness to set fire to the shipping in the south. Instead of this, I found the boat under the direction of Mr. Hill and Mr. Wallingsford returned, and the party in some confusion; their light having burnt out at the instant when it became necessary.

By the strangest fatality, my own party were in the same situation, the candles being all burnt out. The day too came on apace; yet I would by no means retreat, while any hopes of success remained. Having again placed sentinels, a light was obtained at a house disjoined from the town; and fire was kindled in the steerage of a large ship, which was surrounded by at least an hundred and fifty others, chiefly from two to four hundred tons burthen, and laying side by side, aground, unsurrounded by the water.

There were, besides, from seventy to an hundred large ships, in the north arm of the harbour, aground, clear of the water, and divided from the rest only by a stone pier of a ship's height. I should have kindled fires in other places, if the time had per-

mitted. As it did not, our care was to prevent the one kindled from being easily extinguished. After some search, a barrel of tar was found, and poured into the flames, which now ascended from all the hatchways. The inhabitants began to appear in thousands; and individuals ran hastily towards us. I stood between them and the ship on fire, with a pistol in my hand, and ordered them to retire, which they did with precipitation. The flames had already caught the rigging, and began to ascend the mainmast; the sun was a full hour's march above the horizon; and as sleep no longer ruled the world, it was time to retire. We re-embarked without opposition; having released a number of prisoners, as our boats could not carry them. After all my people had embarked, I stood upon the pier for a considerable time; yet no persons advanced. I saw all the eminences around the town covered with the amazed inhabitants.

When we had rowed to a considerable distance from the shore, the English began to run, in vast numbers; to their forts. Their disappointment may easily be imagined, when they found at least thirty heavy cannon, (the instruments of their vengeance,) rendered useless. At length, however, they began to fire; having, as I apprehend, either brought down ship guns, or used one or two cannon, which lay on the beach, at the foot of the walls, dismounted; and which had not been spiked. They fired with no direction; and the shot falling short of the boats, instead of doing us any damage, afforded some diversion; which my people could not help showing, by discharging their pistols, &c. in return of the salute. Had it been possible to have landed a few hours sooner, my success would have been complete. Not a single ship, out of more than two hundred, could possibly have escaped, and all the world would not have been able to save the town. What was done, however, is sufficient to show, that not all their boasted navy can protect their own coasts; and that the scenes of distress, which they have occasioned in America, may soon be brought home to their own door. One of my people was missing; and must, I fear, have fallen into the enemy's hands after our departure. I was pleased that in this business we neither killed nor wounded. I brought off three prisoners as a sample.

We now stood over for the Scotch shore; and I landed at noon on the St. Mary's isle, with one boat only, and a very small party. The motives which induced me to land there,

are explained in the written copy of a letter, which I have addressed to the Countess of Selkirk.\*

On the morning of the 24th I was again off Carrickfergus, and would have gone in, had I not seen the Drake preparing to come out. It was very moderate; and the Drake's boat was sent out to reconnoitre the Ranger. As the boat advanced, I kept the ship's stern directly towards her; and though they had a spy glass in the boat, they came on within hail, and alongside. When the officer came on the quarter deck; he was greatly surprised to find himself a prisoner; although an express had arrived from Whitehaven the night before. I now understood, what I had before imagined, that the Drake came out in consequence of this information, with volunteers, against the Ranger. The officer told me also, that they had taken up the Ranger's anchor.

The Drake was attended by five small vessels full of people, who were led by curiosity to see an engagement. But when they discovered the Drake's boat at the Ranger's stern they wisely put back.

Alarm smokes now appeared in great abundance extending along both sides of the channel. The tide was unfavourable, so that the Drake worked out but slowly. This obliged me to run down several times, and to lay with courses up, and main top-sail to the mast. At length the Drake weathered the point; and having led her out to about mid-channel, I suffered her to come within hail. The Drake hoisted English colours, and at the same instant the American stars were displayed on board the Ranger. I expected that preface had been now at an end; but the enemy soon after hailed, demanding what ship it was? I directed the master to answer, "The American Continental ship Ranger;" that we waited for them, and desired that they would come on. The sun was now little more than an hour from setting. It was therefore time to begin. The Drake being astern of the Ranger, I ordered the helm up, and gave her the first broadside. The action was warm, close and obstinate. It lasted an hour and five minutes; when the enemy called for quarters; her fore and main top-sail yards being both cut away, and down on the cap; the top-gallant yard and mizen-gaffe, both hanging up and down, along the mast;—the second ensign which they had hoisted, shot away, and hanging on the quarter gallery in the water;—the jib shot away, and hanging into the water; her sails and rigging en-

\* Published in the last number of this Magazine.

tirely cut to pieces ; her masts and yards all wounded, and her hull also very much galled.

I lost only lieutenant Wallingsford, and one seaman (John Dougall) killed, and six wounded ; among whom are the gunner, (Mr. Falls,) and Mr. Powers, a midshipman, who lost his arm. One of the wounded, (Nathaniel Wills,) is since dead. The rest will recover.

The loss of the enemy, in killed and wounded, was far greater. All the prisoners allow, that they came out with a number not less than an hundred and sixty men : and many of them affirm that they amounted to an hundred and ninety. The medium may, perhaps, be the most exact account ; and by that it will appear that they lost, in killed and wounded, forty-two men. The captain and lieutenant were among the wounded. The former, having received a musket ball in the head, the minute before they called for quarters, lived and was sensible some time after my people boarded the prize. The lieutenant survived two days. They were buried with the honours due to their rank, and with the respect due to their memory.

The night and almost the whole day after the action being moderate, greatly facilitated the refitting of both ships. A large brigantine was so near the Drake in the afternoon, that I was obliged to bring her to. She belonged to Whitehaven, and was bound for Norway.

I had thought of returning by the south channel ; but the wind shifting, I determined to pass by the north, and round the west coast of Ireland. This brought me once more off Belfast Lough, on the evening after the engagement. It was now time to release the honest fishermen, whom I took up here on the 21st. And as the poor fellows had lost their boat, she having sunk in the late stormy weather, I was happy in having it in my power to give them the necessary sum to purchase every thing new which they had lost. I gave them also a good boat to transport themselves ashore ; and sent with them two infirm men, on whom I bestowed the last guinea in my possession, to defray their travelling expenses to their proper home in Dublin. They took with them one of the Drake's sails, which would sufficiently explain what had happened to the volunteers. The grateful fishermen were in raptures ; and expressed their joy in three huzzas, as they passed the Ranger's quarter.

I again met with contrary winds, in the mouth of the north channel ; but nothing remarkable happened, till on the morning of the fifth, current, Ushant then bearing S. E. by S. distance fifteen leagues ; when seeing a sail to leeward, steering

for the channel, the wind being favourable for Brest, and the distance trifling, I resolved to give chase, having the Drake in tow. I informed them of my intentions; and ordered them to cast off. They cut the hawser. The Ranger in the chase went tacking between the N. N. E. and N. N. W. It lasted an hour and ten minutes; when the chase was hailed, and proved a Swede. I immediately hauled by the wind to the southward. After cutting the hawser, the Drake went from the wind for some time; then hauled close by the wind, steering from S. S. E. to S. S. W. as the wind permitted: so that when the Ranger spoke the chase, the Drake was scarcely perceptible. In the course of the day, many large ships appeared, steering into the channel; but the extraordinary evolutions of the Drake made it impossible for me to avail myself of these favourable circumstances. Towards noon it became very squally, the wind backed from the S. W. to the W. The Ranger had come up with the Drake, and was nearly abreast of her, though considerably to the leeward, when the wind shifted. The Drake was however kept by the wind; though, as I afterwards understood, they knew the Ranger, and saw the signal which she had hoisted. After various evolutions and signals in the night, I gave chase to a sail, which appeared bearing S. S. W. the next morning, at a great distance. The chase discovered no intention to speak with the Ranger; she was, however, at length brought to, and proved to be the Drake. I immediately put lieutenant Simpson under suspension and arrest, for disobedience of my orders, dated the 26th ult., copy whereof is here inclosed. On the 8th both ships anchored safe in this road, the Ranger having been absent only twenty-eight days.

Could I suppose that my letters of the 9th and 16th current, (the first advising you of my arrival, and giving reference to the events of my expedition,—the last advising you of my draft in favour of Mons. Bersolle for twenty four thousand livres, and assigning reasons for that demand,) had not made due appearance, I would hereafter, as I do now, enclose copies. Three posts have already arrived here from Paris, since Comte d'Orvilliers showed me the answer which he received from the minister, to the letter which inclosed mine to you. Yet you remain silent. Mr. Bersolle has this moment informed me of the fate of my bills; the more extraordinary, as I have not yet made use of your letter of credit of the tenth of January last; whereby I then seemed entitled to call for half the amount of my last draft—and I did not expect to be thought extravagant, when on the 16th current, I doubled that demand. Could this indignity be kept secret I should disregard it. And

though it is already public in Brest, and in the fleet; as it affects only my private credit, I will not complain. I cannot, however, be silent when I find the public credit involved in the same disgrace. I conceive this might have been prevented. To make me completely wretched, Mons. Bersolle has told me that he now stops his hand; not only of the necessary articles to refit the ship; but also of the *daily provisions*. I know not where to find tomorrow's dinner for the great number of mouths which depend on me for food. Are then the continental ships of war to depend on the sale of their prizes, for a daily dinner for their men? "Publish it not in Gath."

My officers as well as men want clothes; and the prizes are precluded from being sold, before farther orders arrive from the minister. I will ask you, gentlemen, if I have deserved all this? whoever calls himself an American, ought to be present here. I am unwilling to think that you have intentionally involved me in this sad dilemma, at a time when I ought to expect some enjoyment. Therefore I have, as formerly, the honor to be with due esteem and respect,

Gentlemen, yours, &c.

*Their Excellencies the American*

*Plenipotentiaries at the Court of France.*

PAUNCH HOGABOUT

A Moral Tale.

Κοτταυ, βρυχων, ιφθα τε δαιτυμενος  
μυσταροισιν οδοντιν.

Hirtus erat crinis; cava lumina; pallor in ore;  
Labra incana situ; scabræ rubigine fauces;  
Dura cutis, per quam spectari viscera possent:  
Ossa sub incurvis extabant arida lumbis:  
Ventris erat pro ventre locus; pendere putares  
Pectus, et a spinæ tantummodo crate teneri.  
Auxerat articulos macies, genuumque rigebat  
Orbis, et immodico prodibant tubera talo.

A plain citizen, who is in the habit of taking an occasional jaunt to the country, naturally thinks, as his forefathers thought before him, that on leaving behind him the corruptions of the atmosphere of the city, and entering the delightful retreats which every where surround the metropolis, he is sure of find-

ing beings whose minds are congenial to the scenery around them. In the clear verdure of the smooth meadow, he sees the natural love of cleanliness which, he imagines, must exist in the bosom of every inhabitant of the country: in the clear blue sky, unobstructed by the dark atmosphere which in the city dims its lustre, he perceives a semblance of the purity and innocence of the hearts which animate the gentle bosoms of the country maidens: in the charms which meet his ear in the "stilly hum" of the insects of the woods, the soft warblings of the feathered family, or the distant lowings of the meek domestic cow, he seems to feel that here, if any where, the "*mens sibi conscia recti*" must be the enviable birth-right of every occupant of the humble mansions before him: and when the gentle breeze conveys to his ear the whisperings of the mighty wood, and to his smell the balmy fragrance of the rich clover fields, he is sincerely impressed with a belief, that the happy possessors of all these blessings must, in the fullness of their hearts, hourly breathe forth fervent aspirations of gratitude to that Supreme Being who, in his goodness, has made them so rich in the plenitude of his sweetest gifts.

Nelle chete

Ombre de' boschi a' dolci furti amici,  
Dell' aure seduttrici  
Il dolce vaneggiar, de' lieti angelli  
Il lascivo garrir, fra sasso e sasso  
Il franger delle vive onde sonore,  
La terra, il ciel, tutto ispirava amore.

But how mistaken are these hastily formed ideas of a casual visiter to the country. When the establishment of a regular communication with the city has introduced into some section of the country a share of the refinement which characterizes formed society; there, indeed, something like civilization may be expected—but nothing more. The fact is, that until steam-boats were introduced into common use, every country settlement, a few miles distant from the city, and actually inaccessible by land carriage, remained in the primitive state of barbarism in which it was established by its original occupants. To exemplify this, it is only necessary to refer the reader, who has some topographical knowledge of the city of New-York and its propinquities, to the present flourishing condition of the ancient town of Communipaw, whose inhabitants, with a species of brute instinct, sometimes denominated "a reverence for good old fashions," still preserve the

antiquated and barbarous manners and customs, both of dress and address, which distinguished their ancestors.

There is, however, a certain other place, not far south of Communipaw, where a much greater degree of genuine barbarism prevailed, until the establishment of a regular steam-boat ferry altered the face of things. The topographically learned reader will at once conjecture, that Staten Island, (or as it was originally called, Staaten's Island, and afterwards, with some justice, Satan's Island) is the place referred to.

At the time in which the achievement hereafter related took place, Steam-boats were unknown, even by name, to the natives of Staten Island. Few of its inhabitants had ever been to "York," although its proud spires might be seen, every fair day, from their very doors; and these few consisted of the fishermen, the farmers, and the ferrymen of the Island.

During the shad season, the fishermen generally freighted every ferry-boat that plied between the island and the city, in addition to their own small craft: and wo to the luckless wight whose business compelled him to proceed by the usual conveyances to New-York. On such miserable occasions, the body of the boat, filled with piles of shad, which attracted myriads of flies—the stern, and the little smoky cabin, filled with fishermen and ferrymen, smoking segars, chewing tobacco, and drinking rum, which might be nosed half way across the bay—their ceaseless bawling and roaring, intermingled with "curses, *not deep, but loud,*" as the rum worked its way to their thick brain—these were the only attractions of a passage across the most beautiful bay on the face of the earth.

By farmers, are meant such of the islanders as were not absolutely amphibious; that is, those who were too lazy to catch more fish than would supply their own immediate wants, and who, to make up for this negligence, occasionally raised a few bushels of potatoes, a patch of cabbages, or a rood of turnips. But even such samples of industry were extremely rare; and the stock exported from the island to the Fly and Bear markets, consisted chiefly of apples, pears, black-berries and peaches, the culture of which required little or no labour, and the sale of which rarely produced any other good effect than a drunken frolick, of a week's duration, which usually ended in broken heads, bloody noses, and torn clothes, when these rural swains would return, ragged and pennyless, to the bosoms of their tender families, there to have their wounds healed, their linen washed, and their breeches mended.

But to the ferrymen—for "thereby hangs a tale," to wit,

the tale which is to follow. These worthies had, by dint of impudence, drunkenness, and intolerable bullying, succeeded in establishing themselves as the aristocracy of the island. There was no small policy displayed by them in maintaining this supremacy. It was their uniform rule to preserve union among themselves as a body. An affront to one was considered an affront to the body corporate, and punished accordingly. Their regular place of meeting was at a small, square, one-storied wooden building, at first denominated "Crab-Hall," but afterwards dignified with the appellation of "The Devil's Punch Bowl;" which name, at the time to which this narrative refers, was displayed in large, clumsy, red letters over the top of the door. In this respectable mansion might, at all hours, be seen a motley collection of boatmen, children, pigs, chickens and dogs; some lying down on the floor, others reclined on the rough benches which lined the walls of the interior of the house; some busily engaged in playing cards and dice, while the remainder were employed in tossing coppers, or drinking rum. At night, a cock-fight, a fist-a-cuff, or an oed-dance formed the amusements of such of this honourable body as happened to be on the island. When stress of weather, hopes of lucre, or any similar occasion happened to detain any of them in the city all night, they were in the regular habit of sleeping and taking their meals at the "Boatmen's Hotel, or Staaten Island Inn and Ferry House," an old fashioned stone building near White Hall, and tenanted by one "Auntie Herringbløb."

It one night happened that Joshua Martinow, and Little Silvy, (so big Silvy's brother was called, to distinguish him from his elder brother) having been both overcome with liquor, were compelled, by inability to pilot themselves, much less their boats, to put up for the night at Auntie Herringbløb's. Little Silvy was up long before Joshua had slept off his liquor, and after disgorging the ninepence demanded for his bed, manfully resolved, in order to make up for lost time, to proceed to Staten Island forthwith, with such freight or passengers as Providence might throw in his way. On reaching the wharf, however, Little Silvy found that wind and tide were both so much opposed to his good resolution, that he accepted, as thankfully as he could, an invitation from the skipper of a fishing smack; which laid in the slip, to take his bitters and his breakfast on board his craft. After having completed his gratuitous breakfast, the lesser Silvy finding no farther hopes of passengers or provender, quietly wended his way back to the Boatmen's Hotel, where he found that the lazy lodgers had not yet breakfast-

ed, although it was now nearly half past seven o'clock. After waiting a few minutes, however, Joshua Martinow, together with the other lodgers of the Hotel, made their appearance, and ranged themselves around the breakfast table. Little Silvy placed himself close by Joshua, (who was the only Staten Island boatman, besides himself, in the company.) not with the intention of repeating his disjeune, as he had already eaten as much as he could carry, but merely for the sake of consulting as to the best mode of mustering freight or passengers for the island. As their conversation increased in interest, Little Silvy had gradually approached so close to the table, that he appeared to be one of its regular customers; and when, at the conclusion of their meal, every man that had partaken of Aunt Herringblob's breakfast, had planked his two shillings, and the old lady had counted her money, with true old fashioned scrupulosity, she remarked that two shillings were wanting to make up for all the noses that had been at table. Every man, save Silvy, vociferously swore that he had ponied up his "quarter;" whereupon the landlady observed that Silvy the less had not paid his reckoning. Silvy, vapouring with wrath, insisted upon knowing "vether she meant for to say as he did'nt buck up his nine pence for his bed?" and intimated that "she'd better not be a comin' over him vid no more of them ere insinivations." Aunt Herringblob said "she accused no gentleman that was a gentleman, and acted as sich; but she would wish to know if Mr. Silvy hadn't had his breakfast at her ordinar, that was all." On canvassing the votes of the party present (in which Silvy was backed only by Joshua,) it appeared that there was a great majority of votes against poor Little Silvy; and notwithstanding all his own pertinacity in denying the fact, backed by the luminous oaths of Joshua Martinow, the landlady insisted on his planking two shillings. The excitement on her behalf was so great, that Silvy, seeing no chance of any honourable escape, said he was content to pay the two shillings, provided Aunty would let him know whether she undertook to give a person "as much as ever he could eat at a sittin'"; because, he thought "that ere must be a bad rule as wouldn't vork both ways." To this Aunt Herringblob replied in the affirmative. "Vell, but lookee here now Aunty," said the lesser Silvy, "suppose any vone comes here to eat a bit of dinner, and afore he's got enough, every thing's clean eaten up, vy. vot then?" "Why then," said Aunty, "I'll find more. Nobody needs ever go from my table without a belly full, and that of the best, thof I say it, that shouldn't." "Vell then, mind now, Aunty, that ere's your

rule." "Yes, that is my rule, and always *shall* be my rule, Mr. Silvy." "That's enough, Aunt. There's your' two shilling, tho' I must say, I takes it a little unkind in you, Aunt; vot's had mints of money out of a body, to treat me in that ere sneakin' way:—Don't you Josh?" "A fool and his money's soon parted," was Joshua's laconic reply, as he left the house followed by Little Silvy,

On reaching the wharf, Joshua Martinow and Little Silvy found, to their great satisfaction, that the tide had changed, and that there was wind enough to insure their reaching the island before night; a calculation not always to be made with certainty, at the early time in which these events took place. They accordingly determined to unmoor their several barks, and proceed forthwith to the island, there to concert measures for taking signal vengeance on Aunt Herringblob: all which was done; after first leaving word for such boatmen as might come to town, to ply oar and sail, in order to reach the island again before night, inasmuch as there was to be a great consultation held that evening, at "The Devil's Punch Bowl," on a matter of vital importance to the body at large.

Providence favoured their wishes; for the wind changed with their desires, and before old Sol had hidden his jolly face behind Tar Barrel Hill, there was not only a quorum of members assembled, but every ferryman belonging to the island was in his place. On the principle that "might makes right," Big Silvy, being the largest and strongest man present, took the chair, which consisted of an old flour barrel, whose top was well fastened by an iron hoop, in order to secure Big Silvy's bottom. After swallowing, with becoming gravity, a huge mug of gin and beer, his favourite beverage, Big Silvy intimated his readiness to proceed to business, by inquiring "vot they meant by sitting like a lot of dried mackerel, instead of telling vot they had to say." Hereupon Little Silvy, "sitting in his place" propounded as follows: "Neighbours ye all know that old Turk, Aunt Herringblob; and vot I wants to show, is the way in which she pumped my fob this ere mornin'. Last night, ye see, Josh Martinow and me staid up at York, being as how Josh va'nt altogether snug in his knowledge box, and his compass would'nt vork. Vell in the mornin' I gets up bright and early, pays my nine pence to Aunt for sleeping, tho' Lord knows, the bed-bugs would hardly let me close my eyes. I'm bit all over. Vy vot are you all a laughin' at?—If you don't believe me, vy look here:—seein's believin' I suppose.—But that's neither here nor there, so I'll go on with my story. Vell—as I vas a sayin' a'ter I had planked the cash, I goes down to

Jo Barrager's smack. Vell, Jo axed me to step in and eat my breakfast vid him, and I did the same, findin' as there was no vind and it vasn't slack vater yet. Then I goes back to Aunty's, and becace I jist sat down by Josh Martinow while he vas eatin' on his breakfast, Aunty swears as how I must pay two shillin' for lookin' on. Didn't she Josh?" Joshua confirmed Little Silvy's account of the matter, and proceeded to give them a much clearer statement of the whole affair than they were likely to receive "from the member last up."

This communication was received with no small indications of incipient wrath. Aunty Herringblob was presently christened with more harsh sounding names, than ever the genius of Burns invented for old Satan himself; and the determination to

Rouse up revenge from ebon den  
With fell Alecto's snake,

was unanimous. But so various and discordant were the opinions of the several boatmen, on the mode of executing vengeance, that the more knowing ones had fears that all their high resolves would vanish into air, unless some of the obstinate partizans would give up their own particular schemes. One was for burning her house—another for tarring and feathering her—a third for using her all up.

At last Big Silvy, having, with the assistance of an oar, which had been reclining close by him, restored silence, thus addressed them:—"D'ye think I'll sit here, ye bull-pups of Satan, and hear all this riot vidout speakin'? Sit ye down there, Jim Snell: as for you Josh Martinow, if you don't shut *your* fly trap in less than no time, I'll ram the but-end of this ere oar through your red gills, before you can say Jack Robinson. Tommy Jones, if you don't hold your jaw, I'll sink—" Before Big Silvy was able to finish his speech, the top of the flour barrel had been so unsettled, by means of his bodily exertions in endeavouring to restore quiet, that it gave way, notwithstanding its solidity, and the head and knees of the unfortunate chairman were all of himself that were visible—the rest of his miserable members being concealed by the flour barrel, in which he was encased. In vain did he bellow—in vain did he wriggle. Peals of laughter, long, loud and deep, succeeded each other so fast, that any one, within hearing, must have concluded, that Satan was holding his free and easy that night, on his own island, and in his own punch-bowl. At last, Big Silvy, stretching his lungs to the utmost of their bearing, bellowed forth, in a voice so tremendous, that, as tradition runs, the echoes were heard even to Toad Hill, a distance of six miles: "Only lift me up and I'll

lick the lot of you." The only effect of this threat was to redouble the deafening shouts of laughter, which continued without intermission, until at last Big Silvy, with one tremendous effort, snapped the iron ring, which had compressed the parts of the barrel together, and, in a twinkling, the staves were flying in every direction, over the heads of the congregated boatmen; nor was the rage of Big Silvy appeased, until he had reduced the oar, which he had before brandished, into a thousand splinters, over the heads and backs of all who came within his reach.

No de otra suerte que en sereno día	10
Balas de nieve escupe, y de los semos.	13
De las nubes relámpagos y truenos.	19
Súbita tempestad en monte ó prado,	3
Obligando que el tímido ganado	
Atónito se esparza.	

The moment which disarmed him was seized upon as the most favourable to make peace with this tremendous chairman. Every mouth was open with offers of rum-aling, brandy-cocktail, gin-twist, or any other peace-offering which was likely to appease the offended dignitary. After looking around him two or three times, with eyes that resembled those of a bull, when surveying the dogs that have been let loose to bait him, he at last broke silence by a most energetic horse-laugh: "Haugh, haugh, haugh, h-a-a-u-gh! Did you get it my lads? Vy, Josh, how's your cocoa-nut? Jemmy Snell, I takes it as your larboard day light's bunged up for life. Vy, Tommy Jones, an't you got whole sittin' room left? Vell, so being as that ere's the case, and you can't sit, gie us that ere seat, you lubber, and mind vot I tells you next time, vill you but?" The gentle chairman having been thus accommodated with a seat, and a *wet* having been duly presented to him, he waved his hand for silence, and thus delivered himself: "Now, hold your jaw, every mother's son of you, and hear me: Vy, vot are you talkin' about burnin' the voman's house, or tarrin' or featherin' on her, or any sich d—d palaver? Vy, the house is a stone-house, and as to tarrin' or featherin' the woman, vy, tar costs money and Aunt's no chicken—she's pretty vell feathered already. As to usin' her up, vy there's some reason in that ere. So look'ee; hear my notion. If I sees you snigger agin, Josh Martinow, I'll let you know vot a dead man's eye means, if I don't I'm —. Vy, instead of any sich trumpery things, let's eat her out of house and home: that ere's vot I calls usin' on her *right* up. Vot are ye laughin' at, ye judies? I says eat her out of house and home. Didn't she say as she'd find a man,

as much as he'd stow in his locker, for two shillin', and can't we get lots of fellows that 'll eat her out of house and home at a meal?"

This idea was no sooner suggested, than it was approved of by the whole body. The only thing that remained, was to pitch upon a champion. After much deliberation, Paunch Hogabout\* was selected as the man, on whose appetite depended the success of their undertaking.

Now Paunch Hogabout was a tall, lank, ugly, ragged, nasty-looking man, as one would wish to clap his two eyes upon. His skin hung about him like an old lady's loose gown, and hunger stared forth in every glare of his hollow eye. His chief employment was to saunter along shore, anxiously watching for those small water-spouts, so frequently observed to issue from the sandy beach, when it is heavily trod upon, and which always indicate the residence of certain shell-fish, which shall be nameless. On observing any of these indications, Hogabout would, with great dexterity, ferret the poor fish from their lurking places; nor would he leave the spot until every one of them had been removed from their sandy hiding-places to that cavity in his carcase which furnished him with a christian name. Although this was the chief employment of Mr. Hogabout, yet it is not to be denied, nor concealed, that he would occasionally disappear for the space of a week, or thereabouts, and that shrewd suspicions were entertained, that Paunch was then engaged in the commission of certain sneaking land-piracies, in the interior of the island; inasmuch as he looked less hungry than usual after his return; and would sometimes waste a whole day in dock walloping, before he resumed his piscatory rambles. Paunch, however, disdainfully repelled all these insinuations, and manfully supported "that he only vent to the Jar-seys jist to pick up an honest penny by vorkin'." Many well disposed persons were inclined to believe his own account of himself, and Paunch had nearly succeeded in getting a majority in his favour, when, unfortunately, a pair of fowls, a young turkey, a bunch of onions; and *sauce according*, claimed by an old lady, who resided about a mile from Paunch's commons, were discovered in loving conjunction with the exterior of his carcass; withdrawn from their hiding place, by the civil authority, (in the shape of a little shrivelled up old constable, who was the schoolmaster of the village;) and identified by the

\* The real name of this individual was Peter Houghwout, but we have endeavoured to spell it, as it was usually pronounced by the Staten Islanders.

old lady, as the very property she had missed the preceding day. All his protestations were disbelieved; but, by the good-natured interference of the old lady, Hogabout escaped the punishment due to his crime, and was permitted still to go at large.

This was a sad thing for poor Paunch. He, who had formerly been carried about to every election, to eat smoked beef, mouldy crusts and mould candles, for the amusement of the electors; who had been regularly supplied with the cold broken meats of every table within a mile of his habitation; and who, at Paass, was permitted to eat as many hard boiled eggs as he could swallow, free of charge; was now obliged to walk seven miles to the election meetings, and then to walk back again without having been offered even a mouldy crust, much less a mould candle. No broken meats were now lavished upon him, nor did Paass any longer shine a holiday for poor Paunch Hogabout. He had no resource but in his fishing grounds—in which he laboured unremittingly.

*Jamque fame patrias altique voragine ventris  
Attenuarat opes: sed inattenuata manebat  
Tum quoque dira fames, implacataque rigebat  
Flamma gulæ.*

It was about three weeks, after this unfortunate *dénouement*, that the honourable body of boatmen determined to pitch upon Hogabout as their champion; and great was the eloquence exhibited in the *éloge* pronounced by the elder Silvy on the qualifications of Hogabout as their functionary. "Vy," said the orator, "vy, now let's jist ax ye, ye bloody fools, vere vill ye find jist sich another vone as Paunch Hogabout? The man's hungrier as ever he vas—an't he? Vy, vot's the poor devil had more as—clams to live on, for more as three weeks? Vot more d'ye vant? I says he's jist the thing—I says he can eat lots more as any body else I knows, and so I says as how if you don't take Paunch Hogabout for the vone, vy, if I have any thing more to do with it, vy then say, "black's the vite of your eye, Big Silvy—that's all." This spirited resolution of Big Silvy settled the matter, and Hogabout was the man. They proceeded forthwith, in a committee of the whole, to communicate the affair to Hogabout, who was requested to keep himself in training for some days: but the poor devil said it would be utterly impossible for him to keep body and soul together two days longer; and entreated so piteously that they would fix on the very next day for the undertaking, (promising that

nothing should continue an hour undemolished before him,) that the tender hearted boatmen, fully satisfied by his starved appearance, and ravenous looks, that he required no training, acceded to his request, and directed him to be in readiness, at the lower wharf, by nine o'clock the next morning.

At the appointed hour, Hogabout, accompanied by a half starved Frenchman, who had been lurking about the island for some days, and who had, for want of better company, insinuated himself into the good graces of Paunch Hogabout, made his appearance, and was placed in the bows of the boat, where he sat silently ruminating upon the havoc he was about to make. The boatmen, being all placed according to their respective rank,—some at the fore-sheet, others at the main-sheet, and the party aggrieved, with one or two of the elder boatmen, in the stern-sheets—the fastenings of the boat were unloosed by some "*polissons*" on the wharf; up went the sails, and off sailed the boat, proudly dashing the foaming waters on either side of her bow, or in the more expressive language of her crew, "carrying a white bone in her teeth."

The poor Frenchman, who accompanied Paunch, having been let into the mystery of the excursion, expressed great anxiety to be Hogabout's adjutant, to which the boatmen partly assented; and the famishing Frenchman, in extacy at the prospect of a good dinner, with the characteristic levity of his nation, gave utterance to his feelings, in an appropriate song, of which the following fragment is all we remember:

Tout le salé  
S'en est allé,  
Est avalé;  
Le vin de condrieu  
Noua dit adieu;  
Père Mathieu  
Blasphème, au lieu  
De prier Dieu.

The breeze, however, soon slackened, and recourse was necessarily had to the oars; and, as it was considered that nothing so much whets the appetite as exercise, poor Hogabout was placed at one oar, and the Frenchman at another, notwithstanding all his murmurs.

About noon the boat reached the city, and, after having carefully moored her, the party proceeded in a body to the scene of their intended operations. Poor Hogabout, clam-fed, and lean as he was, looked considerably like the mermaid lately

exhibited in the city, that is to say, half fish, half flesh, or, in the slang before quoted, "not one thing in particular more as another." The Frenchman, who was quietly proceeding by his side, resembled a mummy so much, that he and Hogabout, together, certainly made quite a pair of spectacles.

At half past one o'clock, precisely, notice was given to the "honourable body of boatmen," and their "distinguished guest," that "dinner was sarved up;" whereupon the Frenchman, with that peculiar ease of manners which is so natural to his nation, took the lead, and was proceeding to the dining room with considerable expedition, when Big Silvy clapped his huge paw on the back of his neck, told him that "those as couldn't pay their own shot, mustn't dine with their party," and very politely kicked the petrified Frenchman out of the street door.

Hogabout now exhibited a degree of ferocity and ravenous intent, that had never before been remarked in him. Aunty Herringblob, eyeing him with much compassion, observed to Big Silvy, that she was sorry she had no chicken soup, or some nice little thing for that poor, lean, sickly-looking creature, inasmuch as she judged, from his looks, that he could not eat much. "Don't ye be a comin' over us vid any of them ere slim dinners as you gives us sometimes," replied Big Silvy; "that ere bloody lean fellow, as you remarks, is devouring hungry; and hunger, as you knows Aunty, is the best sarce a'ter all said and done."

After placing themselves along the table, they began to survey the subjects placed for their discussion. In the middle of the table, a pair of chickens, (one of which Hogabout had already transferred to his plate, and more than half devoured) at one end a large round of beef, at the other a monstrous cod-fish; and for *entremets*, a pair of roasted ducks, and a piece of cold corned beef, together with various trenchers of vegetables, &c. *passim*—composed the dinner. Before the "honourable body" had supplied their plates, Hogabout had despatched the pair of chickens, to the mute astonishment of the landlady, and the no small diversion of the boatmen. The roasted ducks, which had been partly appropriated by the other guests, next attracted his attention, and disappeared in a twinkling, accompanied with a dish of onions and a plate of potatoes. The cold corned beef, together with what remained of the fish, followed.

*Funt arder, edendi.*

*Perque avidas fauces, immensa que viscera regnat.*

The rest of the party had by this time finished their dinner, and were consequently at leisure to converse together : whereupon the following observations were made.

*Big Silvy.* Vy, Paunch, I declares as you han't got no appetite whatsomever. *Aunty H.* No appetite? I shall be ruined. Why I had enough on the table to last two days.—*Little Silvy.* Come, come, Aunty; none o' your old tricks—you knows the rules. The man must have his dinner. Hogabout, an't you dry?—*Hog.* Should'nt mind a mug o' somevot. *Little Silvy.* Aunty, gie him a quart of your beer, vill you?—*Hog.* (swallowing the beer at a draught.) Tommy Jones, I wishes you'd shove along that ere beef.—*T. Jones.* (placing the round of beef before *Hog.*) There it is Paunch, and very nice it is, I tells you.—*Hog.* (devouring at a mouthful a monstrous slice of it.) So it is. Aunty more bread.—*Aunty H.* There's no more bread in the house, and you've eaten up four whole loaves, all stark alone.—*Little Silvy.* Come, come, Aunty, none of your slum. You knows the rules, and I knows there's lots of bread in that ere closet.—*Hog.* More bread.—*Aunty H.* (going slowly to the closet and eyeing the remains of the round of beef.) Well I declare if he hasnt eaten it more than half up already.—*Hog.* More bread.—*Aunty H.* (handing him a loaf of bread, which he breaks in two and proceeds to masticate.) Well you may eat up the beef, but you'd better not come to my ordinar again—that's all.—*Hog.* More beer.—*Big Silvy.* Aunty, gie him a gallon of beer: I'll pay you for it.—*Hog.* More beer.—*Big Silvy.* Aunty's a gettin' on it for you Paunch. By goies, he's a'most eaten up the round of beef.—*Jim Snell.* Lord look down, vot a svollor the fellow's got.—*Big Silvy.* Hurra, Hogabout, hurra my hearty—two or three more svollors and that's done.—*Little Silvy.* Good—good—good by gum. See how he gnaws the bone, as if he hadn't tasted a mouthful.—*Hog.* (having completely demolished the round of beef.) More beef.—*Omnes.* More beef, Aunty Herringblob, more beef.—*Aunty H.* My eyes! why where am I to get more beef from? He's eaten me out of house and home already.—*Little Silvy.* Come, come, Aunty, you knows the rules: didn't I see a ham, I wants to know, a hinging up in the larder? Mind you told me, as you found gentlemen vid as much as they could stow away in their locker.—*Hog.* More beef—some ham.—*Omnes.* Fetch out the ham, Aunty, fetch out the ham.

Poor Aunty Herringblob was unable to withstand the vociferation of the boatmen. She knew that the ham must be produced, and be demolished before her eyes, unless she could come to some amicable settlement with this tremendous eater

and his employers. Having, with much difficulty, silenced the obstreperous boatmen, she informed them, in the most pathetic accent, that she was a poor widow woman, without any other means of support than her ordinary, and that the ham referred to had cost her no less than twelve shillings that very morning. She added, that she was willing, rather than offend any of her good customers, to let the man go shot free, provided he would not insist on devouring the ham, which was all that remained in her larder. To this proposal Paunch Hogabout would by no means listen. She then offered to give him six shillings, which was half the value of the ham, and to charge nothing for what he had already eaten, provided he would immediately leave her house. This offer appeared more reasonable to Hogabout, who, with the permission of the boatmen, agreed to accede to her terms, if she would add a quart of beer to seal the bargain. The unfortunate landlady, with many heavy sighs, complied with his request, and Hogabout cooled his throat with the beer and lined his pocket with the six shillings—a larger sum than he ever recollected having been master of at one time before.

The triumphant party, with loud shouts of boisterous laughter, escorted the victorious champion to the wharf, where the boat was moored. Without loss of time, they sailed from the slip, and, with the assistance of a fresh northerly breeze, they quickly receded from the city towards their native shores, most vociferously yelling forth some lawless song, the burthen of which, as well as it could be heard by the wondering stragglers on the Battery, was nearly in the following words:—

Life is all a *variorum* ;  
 Va regards not how it goes ;  
 Let sich cant about *decorum*  
 As has characters to lose.

*For the MORALITIES of the above MORAL TALE, vide post.*

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#### MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE BEDOUIN ARABS,

*From a Manuscript of J. L. Burckhardt.*

[Continued from page 255.]

*Feasts and Games.*—It is usual among the Bedouins, to kill a sheep and to feast upon it, among their own friends or family, if a slave or mare is bought by them.

Among the Arabs el Kebly, the game Beyat is in great fashion. In order to play it, they draw a square in the sandy

ground, which they divide by cross lines into forty-nine cases. The two players endeavour to place their pawns, (which consist generally of small lumps of goat's dung, dried in the sun,) in such a manner, that none of them ever finds itself situated on the same line between two of the adversary's. If the latter can move his pawns, so as to effect that object, he takes the enclosed pawn, and wins, at last, the game, by taking all his adversary's pawns. It is a complicated and difficult game, which I have seen played from morning to night, by all the idle persons of the encampment.

*Vaccination* makes every year new progress in Syria. It was imported, some years ago, into Egypt; but soon lost again. In 1812, a more effectual attempt was made in Cairo, by Mr. Laurella, the Physician of the Prince of the Druzes, to perpetuate the vaccine; in which he was supported by the liberal spirit of the government of Mohammed Aly.

*Matrimony*.—Instead of paying a certain price for a girl, it often happens that girls are exchanged between two families. Among the Howeytat, the price of a wife is one camel: But if a Bedouin of a foreign tribe wishes to take a Howeytat girl, he is obliged to pay five camels. If the wife runs away from her husband, and returns to her family, the latter is obliged to return the camels paid for her by the husband. Divorces are still more frequent among the Howeytat than among the Aenezes. The writer was once present at a divorce, in an encampment of the Arabs Kefaga. A man had accused his wife of having purloined some corn, to exchange it at a pedler's shop, against some glass bracelets; a practice to which it appeared she had been addicted for some time. In answer to this accusation, the lady used very obstreperous language. "Take care," said he, "if you do nothold your tongue, I shall divorce you." Furious at his menace, she called out, "May God burn your father and your grandfather, and deprive you of fortune and health!" (a common oath of the Arabs.) He only pronounced the word *Ent Tatska*, or "thou art divorced," which forthwith silenced his partner. She knew that there was no remedy left; for the word was once pronounced, and could not be retracted. She collected her bundle of clothes, and walked over the way, to the tent of her father. As we were smoking our pipes, after supper, seated round a fire, the young men discussed the merits of both parties; and appeared convinced that the divorced husband would apply next morning for a certain other girl of the encampment.

The sheep which is slaughtered at the espousals of the Bedouins, and by the blood of which the couple is legally mar-

ried, is not served up to the men, but another is killed for that purpose. It is exclusively left to the women to feed upon: for the Bedouins believe that the young married woman's dæmon, or evil spirit, has some connection with that animal; which is a sufficient reason to them not to taste of its meat.

It is usual for young married couples to pay visits, during the honey moon, at the neighbouring encampments; often at several days journeys' distance. They are accompanied by all their male, and the wife by some female relations. In whatever tent they alight, two sheep are killed; one for the men; and one for the women; and this is one of the few instances where women are permitted to partake of a feast. The couple remains sometimes for a whole fortnight, travelling about in this manner. It is to be noticed, that this is the practice of those only who marry for the first time.

The Southern Arabs are less chaste in their manners, as well as in their conversation, than the Aenezes. I have reason to believe that there is a good deal of loose intrigue among the Howeytat; and whenever the latter go to Jerusalem or to Cairo, they visit the public women of the town, which is not the case with the Aenezes, who come to Damascus or Aleppo.

It is a law among the Arabs El Kebly, that if a wife elopes with her lover, the family of the latter is exposed to the blood revenge of the husband and his relations; for it is looked upon as much the same to kill a wife as to take her away from her family. In the discharge of that blood debt, the writer has known five girls to have been placed in the disposition of the wronged husband, which he might either marry all himself, or distribute among his relations. Instances of elopement frequently happen.

Notwithstanding the facility with which the Bedouins change their women, it cannot be disputed that they are susceptible of ardent and constant love, which they prove by the most daring enterprizes, if it happens that the object of their wishes inhabits an inimical encampment. I have heard of a young man paying every night a visit to his mistress, who lived at five hours distance from him, and among his enemies; and have heard it reported of another, that after a separation of ten years from the object of his love, he was still so much enamoured, that he would not listen to any proposals of marriage with any other girls, notwithstanding the pressing demands of his parents. Nothing excites the young Bedouins more to love, than their being left alone, unobserved, for whole days, to guard the cattle of their parents, at a distance from the encampment. The boys get there acquainted with the young

shepherdesses of the tribe, with whom they remain, for a whole season, together. The boy endears himself to his young charmer, by a thousand little services : he searches for her sheep that have gone astray ; he draws up the water from the well, to give her cattle to drink ; he divides with her his only provision, a piece of dry bread ; and the young couple thus often contract a passion that accompanies them through life.

*Burial.* The Arabs El Kebly bury their dead generally, in the mountains or Wadys, where a kind of burial ground is formed, by the heaps of stones which are collected upon every grave. A long stick is stuck into these stones, just over the head, which I suppose to be in lieu of a lance. It is a custom among the Howeytat, that if a man dies, the women of the neighbouring encampments pay visits, in mass, to the widow, who is obliged to kill, on that occasion, a lamb. While on their way to the encampment, they sing, without interruption, all sorts of doleful chants and mourning hymns.

*Religion.* The Southern Arabs observe the rites of their religion, as to prayers and oblations, in the time of Ramadhan, when they regularly pray and fast, even during their travels. During the rest of the year, they seldom trouble themselves with prayers.

*Wahabees.* Abd el Aryz father of Ibn el Saoud, the present chief of the Wahabees, had sent summonses all over the Mohammedan world, to engage the people to join his creed. Some of his missionaries were arrested by the Shah of Persia, while others penetrated to the shores of the Atlantic. The Moggri-been Olemas entered into discussion with him, which gave origin to several written dissertations of both sides. The principal points in dispute are : 1st. The Wahabees' denial of Mohammed's still living invisibly among the followers of his faith : 2d, of his being able to intercede at the Almighty's throne, in favour of the departed souls of the faithful : 3d, their irreverence for the saints in general, and their influence in heaven ; which they demonstrate by demolishing all the chapels constructed in honour of them : 4th, their like sentiments with regard to the companions and followers of Mohammed : 5th. their severity of discipline : 6th, their refusing any authority to tradition, or Hadyth, as related of the companions of Mohammed. The champions of the established Turkish faith answer, and pretend that Mohammed is still alive ; that he hears the prayers addressed to him by the faithful, and grants them as much as is in his power, partly by the faculties he himself possesses of working miracles, and partly by his applications to the Deity. The saints, indeed, they say, were but mortals, and no more ;

but their virtues have entitled them to the favour of the Almighty, which they are at liberty to invoke, and often to obtain for those earthly inhabitants and faithful Mouslims,\* who devoutly pray at their tombs. The same is the case with the companions of Mohammed, for which it is the duty of all the faithful to pray : therefore the Turks seldom mention the name of the prophet, without adding prayers for his family, and his companions ; but the Wahabees only pray, in that case, for his family. The only tradition which the Wahabees admit, is that which contains the sentiments of the prophet himself, and his own explanation of the difficult passages of the Koran, as related by his companions. But they resist all tradition of later times ; even that which can be traced to the companions of Mohammed, as soon as they relate to *their own* opinions on religious matters, or to the opinions of the prophet himself, as reported by people who are not comprised within the class of "the companions." As to discipline, I have already mentioned several points, in which they (the Wahabees) disagree with the established religion. I only add, that all the Wahabees are enjoined to shave their head completely ; without having any hair lock on the top of it, as is generally done by the Turks ; or else to leave the whole head of hair growing. The Hadyth says, "shave all, or leave all." In general, the precepts of the "Sunné," which, although not given in the Koran, are yet strongly insisted upon by the prophet, and enforced by his own example, are more in vigour among the Wahabees than the Turks, who evidently transgress the most conspicuous of these tenets. Thus, for instance, it is a precept of the Sunné, contained in the Hadyth,—“gold and silver is only permitted to your women ; it is unlawful for men.” The loud cries over the dead corpse are positively forbidden by Mohammed.

It will be seen that those tenets show a spirit of reform much to the credit of the founders of this religion. Religious dissertations, however, are entirely banished from the conversations of the Turks ; and it is, therefore, rendered impossible that the Wahabees should get any partisans, in countries which they have not yet conquered ; where the defenders of the old faith circulate the most absurd stories of the principles of the new sect ; and where every word, contrary to the established doctrine, is looked upon as heresy, and punished as such. The tax-gatherers of the Wahabees, are called *Mezekas*, or *Nowab*.

In reading over the seven or eight thousand principal Hadyth,

\* The orthography of the manuscript has been strictly preserved.

acknowledged as such by all the learned Mussulmans, and comparing them with the present manners of the Turks, innumerable instances are met with, of a total neglect of these precepts. The acquaintance with the Hadyth is, in my opinion, absolutely necessary, to get a clear insight into the spirit of the Turkish religion, which the reading of the Koran alone does not give. Moral precepts are much more enlarged upon in the Hadyth, than they are in the Koran itself; and as it is generally Mohammed, the Arab, who speaks, his views and his mind, together with the customs of his times, may be better estimated, as it were, in his familiar conversation, than in the laboured language of the Koran.

*Government.* The Bedouin tribes of el Beker, and el Kebly, have all their Kadyhs; but the trial of the Mebeshae, is unknown amongst them, and seems to belong exclusively to the Aenezes.

The testimony of the ancients, with respect to the virtues upon which the Bedouins exultantly praised their nation, to wit, hospitality, bravery and eloquence, will still be found correct in its whole extent, in comparing it with the present character of the desert inhabitants. No chief can hope to extend his influence, and to rise into fame, unless he possesses these virtues in an eminent degree. Hospitality and generosity are necessary to acquire friends and to keep his own people attached to his interests. Bravery alone can put the Sheikh in possession of the means to be generous. He must rob his enemies, in order to enrich his friends; and without distinguished talents for eloquence, he is silenced in his arguments, by the meanest individual of his tribe, in all judicial controversies. The writer has often had opportunities of admiring the penetration, cunning, presence of mind, and affluence of speech, of the Bedouin Sheikhs. As they have no legal authority whatever over their Arabs, and can act only by the influence their reputation of superior qualities has acquired for them, it is necessary they should possess the talent to persuade and to convince, and should know how to handle the only weapon they possess, to silence the assembled orators of the tribe. A Sheikh must, moreover, be thoroughly acquainted with the politics of his neighbours, and the topography of the desert. In intriguing with his neighbours, and throwing among them the seeds of discord, he may possess himself of good pasturing places, which he would perhaps not have been able to conquer by force. In fact, his constant endeavours are, to make it known publicly, that he is superior to all his Arabs, in intellect, bodily strength, and generosity.

*Oaths.* I have often heard the Arabs swear, "by the forefeet of their mares;" or, "may thirst come upon me."

*Warfare.* If a Sheikh repairs to the tent of another Sheikh, in order either to settle the beginning disputes of their tribes, or else to take an opportunity, in the heat of discussion, to declare open war; it sometimes happens that the angry host orders the tent posts to be pulled out, in order that the tent covering may fall upon the guest. This is looked upon as an ignominious declaration of war. When peace is made, the two Sheikhs of the contending tribes swear, first upon the Koran, and then upon the sword, to hold peace "as long as the sea shall remain a sea, and no hair shall grow upon the palm of the hand." Among the Berri Szakher, and the Arabs el Kebly, the article of peace, called "digging and burying," is only with respect to the cattle which both tribes have robbed from each other; and it means, that no individual belonging to either of them, should have any reclamations to make hereafter, for the lost goods or cattle. But the debts of blood are not comprised within this stipulation of *statu quo*. The contrary is the case among the Aenezes. This condition is inserted at every peace made among the Arabs el Kebly; but takes place very seldom among the Aenezes.

*Blood revenge.* If an Arab has committed murder, or killed any of his enemies in battle, all his relations who cannot number five persons of their lineal ascendants or descendants, counting from the common forefather of themselves, and the culprit, (including the former and themselves) are liable to pay the debt of blood, either by their own, or by a stipulated fine; and, on the other hand, all those who stand in the same predicament with the murdered person, have a right to revenge his blood. As for instance, A. has killed somebody: he has two cousins, B. and C. Their common grandfather is D. The whole family, (*Hamoole*, as the Arabs call it,) of B. is connected with A. and his family in the blood debt: because, in counting the lineal descendants of B's grandfather, the latter and himself included, down to his child, he can only number four. On the contrary, C. and his family may be free from the effects of the blood revenge; because, if he have a grandson, he may count, in the same manner, five; which makes the required number of the *Khomse*. The numbers are, therefore, counted from the common forefathers, down to the last male offspring. It may thus happen, that if the brother of the culprit is an old man, and has great grandchildren, he is free of the blood; while his cousin, who may only have a son, is exposed to the blood revenge. These five generations, (the Arabs call them *Djadood*, whether they ascend or descend,

from *Djed*, grandfather,) must exist at the very moment of the deed having been committed, or, at least, before the judges assemble, who determine what is, or is not comprised within the Khomse. If such a case happens, the oldest men of the tribe assemble, to determine upon whom the blood debt falls. If any relation of the murderer pleads exemption, as being not comprised within the Khomse, the old judge takes a knife into his hands, and shuts his fist upon it. He then begins calling out the names of the first forefather, common to the culprit and his present relations and family, and in mentioning his name, he lifts one of his fingers, in which he holds the knife. "This first forefather," he continues, "gave birth to — so may God help me;" an oath which is repeated at every name; and he then raises the second finger. If he can thus continue to number five lineal descendants of the common forefather, the latter himself included, in the family of the culprit who has pleaded exemption, and to raise a finger at the mentioning of every one, the knife, on mentioning the fifth descendant, of course, falls out of his hands, and this serves as a sign that the man is free of the blood revenge; and it is then said, that the dagger has dropt out of the hands of the revenger. The Arabs relate an anecdote illustrative of this law. Resheyd, a Bedouin, had pleaded exemption from the blood debt, which one of his relations had drawn upon the family. He appeared before the judges, but had only four *Djedood* to number, and was therefore to be judged in consequence. At this very moment, a friend of his entered the tent to tell him that his wife had been brought to bed of a son. He now began anew his enumeration; he counted four, including himself, and then exclaimed, "Resheyd gave birth to Beshyr;" (his son, whom he thus called; meaning "a bearer of good tidings.") There were thus five *Djedood* in his family, and he was free. It is not necessary that the *Djedood* should be living; it suffices to prove that they have existed. In the enumeration of the *Djedood*, female descendants or ascendants cannot be counted. The family once declared to be in the blood debt, remains for ever exposed to the revenge, if the debt is not paid off; although the five *Djedood* and many more might afterwards be enumerated.

All the relations of the culprit, who are comprised within the Khomse, are either exposed to pay the blood with one of their own lives; or if the family of the person killed accepts of the fine, are obliged to contribute in mass, to the discharge of the debt. Every family thus circumstanced, contributes thus to the sum to be paid, in proportion to the number of its male

members, among whom the fine is apportioned; and it frequently happens that the culprit himself, if he has a large number of male relations, pays a very trifling part of the sum. There are several tribes of Aenezes and northern Bedouins, where the culprit alone pays the fine. The rest of the details on the blood revenge, given in the treatise on Bedouin manners, are correct.

Among the Bedouins of Kezek, the price of blood is the *Eafye*, or 1000 piastres; besides the *Zola*, which is called by the Southern Arabs *Tolba wa ghorra*; and consists, among the Turks of Kezek, in a mare, a sword, and a gun; and among the Christians, in a *maid* and a *mare*. The murderer's family is obliged to furnish the nearest relation of the deceased with a young girl; for which he pays nothing to her father; and he is at liberty either to marry her himself, or to cede her to some of his friends, who pay him the same sum they would have paid for marrying her to her father.

Among the Arabs el Kebly, the price of blood is fixed at a thousand piastres, if a stranger has committed the deed; but if an individual of the tribe itself has killed his neighbour, his nearest relations are obliged to pay a fine of 1000 piastres, and besides a *Tolba wa ghorra* of a mare, a girl, a slave, a gun &c.; this is generally subject to diminution from the generosity of the dead man's family.

It is a law among the Bedouins, that if a wife is killed for adultery, (a punishment which is invariably inflicted on her, not by her husband, but by her own father or brother,) her blood is asked from the adulterer, who was the reason of her being killed. He is thus generally driven into exile, with his whole family, until the husband relents; but debts of blood of this species are seldom expiated but with the death of one of the adulterer's family.

There are Bedouin tribes, who are in continual national warfare with each other, and slaughter, without mercy, all the individuals of their enemies they can lay hold of. The tribes thus circumstanced live generally at a great distance from each other; and this resentment is generally nourished, by strolling parties going to and fro. This is the case with the Howeytat, and the Aenezes of the Hedjed, who never take any prisoners of each other.

If an Arab is to swear before the judge, that he is innocent of the murder of which he stands accused; he does not swear that he has not killed him; but he takes an oath, "that he has not cut open his skin."

## LINES,

*Addressed to Mr. John D. Hunter on his returning to the simplicity of Indian life and manners, since his late arrival from England.*

Child of the forest ! is thy nature still  
Wild and untamed, as the cold gushing rill,  
That bursts in torrents from the mountain's side,  
And holds its headlong course, with hurried tide,  
For some brief space, then peaceful in the shade  
Forever winds, 'mid cool retreat and glade ;  
Nor seeks with ocean dark to blend its wave,  
Or hide its sparkling flow in deep unfathomed cave ?

Thou hast been where the noble and the gay  
In splendor dwell, and pass their glittering day ;  
Where every morning waked to new delight,  
And art prolonged with brilliant hours the night ;—  
In festive hall or bower the feast was spread,  
While mirth flow'd round, and glow'd the wine cup red ;  
Where sparkled wit, refined with sense and taste,  
And beauties rare the polished circles graced.  
Thou hast been where bright jewels shone around,  
And fairy forms, with varied garlands crown'd,  
Floated in air, and wove the mystic measure,  
That fill'd thy heart with wonder and with pleasure.

Then did thy spirit lingering look behind,  
And feel that happiness thou could'st not find  
Mid splendid scenes,—that golden fetters bind  
With slavish custom the immortal mind ?  
Say ! while soft music breathed upon thine ear,  
Did not thy restless spirit pause, to hear,  
In thought, the distant cat'ract's thund'ring roar ;  
And far beyond the festive chamber soar,  
To lay thee at its feet, and there enjoy  
Nature's sublimity, without alloy,  
Where seemed a thousand rivers rushing by ?—  
—Ah, yes ! I know it by that vacant eye.  
Thy spirit borne upon the mountain wind,  
Left the gay scene, with pomp and glare behind,  
And swept the desert world in that dark hour,  
To sigh among the trees, in autumn's leafless bower.

And while thy foot the silken carpet prest,  
Which Persian looms yield up, at King's behest,  
Say ! was thy step less free—less light its bound,  
Than when it trod the Indian's hunting ground ?  
Than when thy buskin brushed the morning dew  
From heath and flower, as o'er the turf it flew,  
And dashed the glittering drops, the red game to pursue ?

Soft was the velvet sod, and rich I ween,  
Where, clustering round the bubbling spring, was seen,  
Beneath the rock's cool shade, 'mid verdure green

The purple violet and daisy pied ;  
 Where buttercups in yellow lustre vied  
 With water lillies bright ; and many a flower,  
 With golden eye, peep'd out to deck the bower,  
 Where oft at noon thou'st paused thy thirst to slake,  
 In the pure wave of the cool mountain lake ;  
 And laid thee down, upon the fragrant sod,  
 Rich with perfume, by footstep seldom trod ;  
 Oft too with sinewy arm hast drawn the bow,  
 And laid the monarch of the forest low.  
 These simple joys for which thy spirit pants,  
 Impel thy flight again to sylvan haunts.  
 But *knowledge* opens to thee her tempting fount,  
 The "hill of science" bids thy genius mount !—  
 And canst thou linger on the desert plain,  
 Content in solitude profound to reign,  
 O'er that wild empire, nature's vast domain,  
 And all thy former anxious hopes restrain ?

— Thy lip has scarcely prest the sparkling shrine,  
 And canst thou the delicious draught resign ?  
 Slaked is thy thirst so soon, for light divine ?

— See how she bares her breast, and offers free,  
 The deep rich draught, exhaustless as the sea,  
 From that bright dazzling fount, to nurture thee.  
 There lay thy fever'd lip ; nor fear too long  
 Its grateful sweets to taste—the draught prolong.  
 Through life 'twill energy and vigour give ;  
 That thirst shall ne'er be quenched, but thou shalt live  
 To lead the Red Man thence, and bid him lave  
 His darkened soul in that bright flowing wave.

In some soft moment, did thy heart ne'er know  
 A wish, a fond desire ! thy cheek ne'er glow,  
 Thy bosom swell with rapture at the thought,  
 That some fond angel breast, with feeling fraught,  
 And sentiment refined, would mildly gleam  
 Upon thy path, with intellect's bright beam ?  
 With soft intelligence would light thy lot,  
 Would share thy lone retreat, and Indian cot,  
 And fly with thee to deserts deep and drear,  
 That the wild panther's howl should meet her ear  
 And fill her timid breast at midnight hour with fear ?  
 To be "thine own Medora," wild and sad,  
 To hang upon thy neck, and make thee glad ;  
 Come bounding like the deer at thy return,  
 Rise in the night to bid the beacon burn,  
 And breathless rush to meet thee, when her ear  
 Weary with list'ning, deem'd thy footstep near ?  
 To bind amid the ringlets of her hair  
 With deep dark glossy curls of beauty rare,  
 Those rich white flowers that scent the desert air ;  
 Then sportive bid thee praise her coronet,  
 Glittering with pearl, with trembling dew drops wet ;

And say, the wreath her polish'd temples bore  
She would not change for what an earldom's mistress wore !

No!—Then go seek thy desert solitude,  
'Midst scenes of grandeur wild, terrific, rude,  
In melancholy silence there to brood !  
List to the whirlwind as it rushes by,  
And ask thy seared heart without a sigh,  
If its hoarse moan can friendship's voice supply !

Go! thread the trackless forest's wild'ring maze,  
And bid thy watch-fire wake its evening blaze:  
Its cheering ray will warm no heart but thine,  
The ruddy beam on no bright face will shine ;  
But wildly gleam o'er bush and brake to show  
The tangled path—perchance the lurking foe,  
Or far beyond the untrodden hills of snow.

Child of the waste ! adieu—for thee I sigh,  
For thee the tear drop fills my straining eye ;  
As far beyond I pierce the gloom of fate,  
And see the ill thy lonely lot await.

By hill, by rock and stream, thou wand'rest slow,  
With drooping crest, with loose and slacken'd bow,  
Thy spirit sighs for joys thou should'st not know.

By some uprooted tree, or shiver'd rock,  
By whirlwinds torn, or scath'd by lightning's shock,  
Thou lay'st thee down, near the wild rushing stream,  
To live once o'er again thy vanished dream,—  
Thy lullaby the winds, and the young eagles' scream !  
While moans the distant sea\* upon thine ear,  
And shrieks the fluttering curlew loud with fear,  
As cowering o'er thy head, the coming storm to hear.

Sleep!—Softly sleep ! and when the lightning's flash  
Glares on thine eye, and the hoarse thunder's crash  
Shall rouse thee from thy dream,—and echo round  
Bellows amongst the rocks, with fearful sound,—  
While darkness sits in triumph there the queen,  
And shrouds in mantle black the troubled scene,—  
Thine outstretch'd hand feels no fond pressure near ;  
No voice of love breathes on thy lonely ear,  
With its sweet tones the dreary hour to cheer ;  
But hollow gusts shall sigh and meet thee there,  
As rushing o'er thy bosom lone and bare,  
They chill thy heart, and leave thee to despair !

C.

*New-York, August 11th 1824.*

\* Lake Huron, in the region of "Thunder Bay."

*A Few Days in Athens, being the translation of a Greek manuscript, discovered in Herculaneum. By Frances Wright, author of "Views of Society, and Manners in America."* London, 1822.

Few of our readers, probably, have ever seen or heard of the little work under the above title, the production of a lady who visited the United States with such kindly feelings; and whose misfortune, perhaps, it was, that her predisposition in favour of our institutions led her to view every thing good through a magnifying medium. If the simple statement of facts, that are creditable to our civil or social character, throws our grandmother over the water into a passion, and makes the old lady savage and scurrilous, what else could be expected, in the case of a downright panegyric by one of her own daughters, than that she should forthwith proceed to cuff, scratch, and bemaule the delinquent, with all the vigour that her advanced age and infirm health would afford? Some of the sages of English criticism declared Miss Wright's book on America to be, from internal evidence, the work of no Englishwoman, but of an American Jacobin!

We owe the amiable and accomplished authoress of "*Views of Society and Manners in America*," much regard for the good will she has shown towards us; and much gratitude for the flattering, though sometimes over-coloured picture, which she has drawn of those portions of our republic which she visited. For our own part, we have perused her "*Few days in Athens*," with a delight not merely arising from the spirit and beauty of the sketch, but enhanced by the reflection that the writer had been the encomiast of America; and that though she had travelled, unmarried and unattended, through several portions of our country, she was not only neither massacred nor gouged, but not even insulted or offended. It is truly a subject of wonder.

We extract a part of the preface, in which the author accounts for not giving the name of the supposed Italian scholar to whom she was indebted for the version of the Greek manuscript, referred to in the title.

"Since the establishment of the saintly domination of the Vandals through out the territories of the rebellious and heterodox Italy, and particularly in consequence of the ordonnance of his most orthodox, most legitimate, and most Austrian Majesty, bearing that his dominions being in want of good subjects, his colleges are forbidden to send forth good scholars,\* it has

\* *Je ne veux pas de savans dans mes états, je veux de bons sujets*, was the dictum of the Austrian Autocrat to an Italian Professor.

become necessary for the gownsmen of the classic peninsula to banish all profane learning from their lectures and their libraries, and to evince a holy abhorrence of the sciences and arts which they erst professed. The list of the class books now employed in the transalpine schools is exceedingly curious; I regret that I have mislaid the one lately supplied to me by an illustrious Italian exile. My memory recalls to me only that in the school of rhetoric, the orations of Cicero are superseded by those of the Marquis of Londonderry, and the philippics of Demosthenes by those of M. de Peyronnet; that the professors of history have banished the decades of Livy for the *martyrs* of Mons de Chateaubriand; and that the students of Greek, in place of the Odes of Pindar, and the retreat of the ten thousand from Cunaxa, construe the hexameters of the English Laureate, and the advance of Louis the XVIII. upon Ghent. In this state of the Italian world of letters, it is not surprising that the scholar, to whose perseverance, ingenuity, and learning the public are indebted for the following fragment, should object to lay claim to the honour which is his due."

Theon, a young Corinthian, had been sent to Athens to study philosophy. His friendship for Cleanthes, and the majestic eloquence of Zeno, had attached him to the doctrine of the Porch. From the misrepresentations of Timocrates, an unworthy pupil of Epicurus, banished from the Garden for his immodest conduct, Theon had imbibed, in common with the other disciples of Zeno, a horror and aversion for the principles and practice of the sage of Gargetium and his followers. Full of these impressions, he was seated one evening on the banks of the Cephissus, when his reverie was broken by the appearance of a stranger.

"The shape, the attitude, the foldings of the garment, were such as the chisel of Phidias would have given to the God of Elocution. The head accorded with the rest of the figure; it sat upon the shoulders with a grace that a painter would have paused to contemplate—elevated, yet somewhat inclining forward, as if habituated gently to seek and benevolently to yield attention. The face a poet would have gazed upon, and thought he beheld in it one of the images of his fancy embodied. The features were not cast for the statuary; they were noble but not regular. Wisdom beamed mildly from the eye, and candour was on the broad forehead: the mouth reposed in a soft, almost imperceptible smile, that did not curl the lips or disturb the cheeks, and was seen only in the serene and holy benignity that shone over the whole physiognomy: It was a gleam of sunshine sleeping on a lucid lake. The first lines of age were traced on the brow and round the chin, but so gently as to mellow rather than deepen expression: the hair indeed seemed prematurely touched by time, for it was of a pure silver, thrown back from the forehead, and fringing the throat behind with short curls."

This was Epicurus. He did not, however, announce himself, until the youth had followed him to his own dwelling, the temple, as his imagination heated by the gross falsehoods of Timocrates had painted it, of abominable and disgusting orgies. Very different, however, was the scene which presented itself to the hesitating Corinthian. Good humour, intellectual animation, and affection for their master, character-

ized the disciples of Epicurus. Temperance presided at their cheerful repast; while wisdom without austerity, and mirth chastised by modest decorum, protracted the feast of reason. Two females are described.

"Beside one of the lamps, a female figure was reclining on a couch, reading with earnest study from a book that lay upon her knees. Her head was so much bowed forward as to conceal her face, besides that it was shadowed by her hand, which, the elbow supported on an arm of the couch, was spread above her brows as a relief from the glare of the light.

"The student was still intent upon the scroll over which she hung, when the sage advanced towards her, and laying a finger on her shoulder, "What read you, my daughter?" She dropt her hand, and looked up in his face. What a countenance was then revealed! It was not the beauty of blooming blushing youth, courting love and desire: it was the self-possessed dignity of ripened womanhood, and the noble majesty of mind, that asked respect and promised delight and instruction. The features were not those of Venus, but Minerva. The eyes looked deep and steady from beneath two even brows, that sense, not years, had slightly knit in the centre of the forehead, which else was uniformly smooth and polished as marble. The nose was rather Roman than Grecian, yet perfectly regular, and though not masculine, would have been severe in expression, but for a mouth where all that was lovely and graceful habited. The chin was elegantly rounded, and turned in the Greek manner. The colour of the cheeks was of the softest and palest rose, so pale, indeed, as scarcely to be discernible until deepened by emotion. It was so at this moment: startled by the address of the sage, a bright flush passed over her face. She rolled up the book, dropt it on the couch, and rose."

This was Leontium; she whom Timocrates had described as a licentious, profligate minister to the infamous purposes of a teacher of vice. A few hours' intercourse with the pupils of the garden and their illustrious master dispelled the illusion by which the young stoic had been inflamed against them. He has the courage, even in the Portico, and in the awful presence of Zeno, to vindicate the character and doctrines of the much abused Gargetian. We can only give, in our extracts, the portrait of the stoic philosopher.

"At this moment the circle behind him gave way, and Zeno advanced into the midst: he stood by the head and shoulders above the crowd: his breast broad and manly: his limbs, cast in strength and symmetry: his gait, erect, calm, and dignified: his features, large, grand, and regular, seemed sculptured by the chisel for a colossal divinity: the forehead, broad and serene, was marked with the even lines of wisdom and age; but no harsh wrinkles, nor playing muscles disturbed the repose of his cheeks, nor had sixty years touched with one thread of silver his close black hair: the eyes, dark and full, fringed with long strait lashes, looked in severe and steady wisdom from under their correct and finely arched brows: the nose came from the forehead, strait and even: the mouth and chin, were firm and silent. Wisdom undisturbable, fortitude unshakeable, self-respect, self-possession, and self-knowledge perfected, were in his face, his carriage, and his tread."

We are also introduced to Cleanthes, the pupil and successor of Zeno, and Metrodorus the follower of Epicurus; names

well known in the annals of ancient philosophy. Our limits, however, do not admit of more copious extracts from the descriptive parts of this work. We can only select a few of the sentiments put in the mouth of Epicurus, as fairly illustrating some of the doctrines of that philosopher, according to the most rational accounts transmitted to us by his disciples.

"Epicurus stood in the midst of his expectant scholars. 'My sons,' he said, 'why do you enter the garden? Is it to seek happiness, or to seek virtue and knowledge?—Attend, and I will show you that in finding one, you shall find the three. To be happy, we must be virtuous; and when we are virtuous, we are wise. Let us then begin: and first, let us for a while hush our passions into slumbers, forget our prejudices, and cast away our vanity and our pride. Thus patient and modest, let us come to the feet of Philosophy; let us say to her, 'Behold us, scholars and children, gifted by nature with faculties, affections, and passions.—Teach us their use, and their guidance. Show us how to turn them to account—how best to make them conduce to our ease, and minister to our enjoyment,'"

"'Sons of earth,' says the Deity, 'you have spoken wisely; you feel that you are gifted by nature with faculties, affections, and passions; and you perceive that on the right exertion and direction of these depends your well-being. It does so. Your affections both of soul and body may be shortly reduced to two, pleasure and pain; the one troublesome, and the other agreeable. It is natural and befitting, therefore, that you shun pain, and desire and follow after pleasure. Set forth then on the pursuit; but ere you start, be sure that it is in the right road, and that you have your eye on the true object. Perfect pleasure, which is happiness, you will have attained when you have brought your bodies and souls into a state of satisfied tranquillity. To arrive at this, much previous exertion is requisite; yet exertion, not violent, only constant and even. And first, the body, with its passions and appetites, demands gratification and indulgence: But beware! for here are the hidden rocks which may shipwreck your bark on its passage, and shut you out for ever from the haven of repose. Provide yourselves then with a skilled pilot, who may steer you through the Scylla and Charybdis of your carnal affections, and point the steady helm through the deep waters of your passions. Behold her! It is Prudence, the mother of the virtues, and the handmaid of wisdom. Ask, and she will tell you, that gratification will give new edge to the hunger of your appetites, and that the storm of the passions shall kindle with indulgence. Ask, and she will tell you, that sensual pleasure is pain covered with the mask of happiness. Behold she strips it from her face, and reveals the features of disease, disquietude, and remorse. Ask, and she will tell you, that happiness is not found in tumult, but tranquillity; and that, not the tranquillity of indolence and inaction, but of a healthy contentment of soul and body. Ask, and she will tell you, that a happy life is like neither to a roaring torrent, nor a stagnant pool, but to a placid and crystal stream, that flows gently and silently along. And now Prudence shall bring to you the lovely train of the virtues. Temperance, throwing a bridle on your desires, shall gradually subdue and annihilate those whose present indulgence would only bring future evil; and others more necessary and more innocent, she shall yet bring down to such becoming moderation, as shall prevent all disquiet to the soul, and injury to the body. Fortitude shall strengthen you to bear those diseases which even temperance may not be efficient to prevent; those afflictions which fate may level at you; those persecutions which the folly or malice of man may invent. It shall fit you to bear

all things, to conquer fear, and to meet death. Justice shall give you security among your fellows, and satisfaction in your own breasts. Generosity shall endear you to others, and sweeten your own nature to yourselves. Gentleness shall take the sting from the malice of your enemies, and make you extract double sweet from the kindness of friends. Gratitude shall lighten the burden of obligation, or render it even pleasant to bear. Friendship shall put the crown on your security and your joy. With these, and yet more virtues, shall prudence surround you. And thus attended, hold on your course in confidence, and moor your barks in the haven of repose."

We are not aware that any second part of this work has been published. The present volume purports to be unfinished. That part of the Epicurean philosophy is alone dwelt upon and illustrated, which teaches that virtue is to be cultivated, as it is in fact identified with pleasure; and that as, by the instinct of our nature, we seek pleasure and shun pain, the business of philosophy is to direct our aspirations and controul our appetites to the attainment of that happiness, which is the only good. The speculations which the author ascribes to Epicurus and his disciples are among the most rational and noble, though not the most ingenious, which are to be found in the tenets of their sect. The half hour consumed in the perusal of "a few days in Athens," introduces us to the exhibition of the human mind, unenlightened by revelation, arriving at the highest conclusions it can reach, from arguments of mere convenience as to the result of an action, or *a priori* reasonings on human nature, which do not embrace the duties of man as a responsible agent.

As such only, we doubt not, this sketch was intended; and as such, it is highly interesting, without reference to the beauty of the narrative, or fine colouring of the descriptive scenes. To any one sensibly impressed with the divine origin and effects of Christianity, a review of the theories of the ancient philosophers, however ingenious, beautiful and sublime some of their reveries may appear, can terminate only in melancholy regret for the wasted energies of powerful intellects, and the dreary void in which all their investigations ended. It is a mournful reflection, that for seven centuries, 'Athens, the eye of Greece,' and the intellectual light of the world, advanced not a step in the discovery of truth; but contentedly inculcated the dogmas of philosophers, who, however they differed in every other particular, agreed in rejecting a future state of rewards and punishments, as not essential to their system of morals; who allowed, and sometimes commended suicide; who held that men might rival the gods in happiness; and referred the merit of every action to a doubtful result or a selfish motive. It is humiliating to the pride of hu-

man reason, to remember that the wise and brave and eloquent men of Rome, whose policy subdued and half civilized the world, when debating on the origin, capabilities and destiny of that immortal principle within them, by whose energy their own fame and the power of their empire were established, were soon lost in visionary conjectures or utter darkness. With no sanction for morals, no hope beyond the grave, the great and good and learned of the Pagan world might have been instructed by a little child who had been taught the simple truths of revelation; as the great founder of our faith and author of our hope instructed, when a beardless stripling, the hoary members of the Sanhedrim, and the doctors of the Jewish law.

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*Letters from the South and West; by Arthur Singleton, Esq.*  
Boston. Richardson & Lord. 1824. pp. 159. 8vo.

This is an amazing production! And we would recommend that the same be abridged, by some man of letters, for the use of schools; and published under the title of "The Bundle of Truths Improved," with the motto of

"The City-Hall cost very dear,  
And six-pence buys a pint of beer."

The "*work*" consists of six letters; the first from Philadelphia, the second from Washington City, the third from Virginia, the fourth from Kentucky, the fifth from New-Orleans, and the sixth and last from the Gulf of Mexico. The reader must not suppose from this, that the author confines himself to the description of the places whence he dates his letters; for, in the first, he gives us as much information about Wales (or perhaps more) than he does about Philadelphia; and, moreover, adds a very "bathetic" description of a Chinese mandarin. In the second, he dives into, and unfolds to his readers, the secret thoughts of the President, as he stands upon Capitol Hill "*casting* his thoughts northward, and southward, and westward, over our vast and free continent, and reflecting that he is the chosen monarch of all he surveys, and whose right there is none to dispute;" and, moreover, as he "views the opening canal, from the chain of the northern lakes, to the head waters of the western rivers."—"He beholds," adds Arthur S. Esq. "in the clear surrounding distance, the intelligent yeomen and dauntless mariners of the East, the slave-lording nabobs of the South, and the pioneering colonists of the West." All this,

too; we are to presume, from the strict accuracy of our author, the President sees from Capitol-Hill, without the assistance of a pair of spectacles, much less of a telescope. In letter fourth, we have some loose remarks on duelling and whiskey, and quite an essay on religion and camp-meetings, to which is added a sublime description of the public execution of a criminal, which ends in the following pathetic language: "Thus awfully ended this human being his mortal life, 'with edge of penny-cord and vile reproach;' and I feel a recoiling of heart, that I went with the multitude to behold it, and have been able thus minutely to describe it." In the fifth letter he describes "a *moscheto skreen* for street use," invented by himself, for which we wonder that he did not apply for a patent: however, he partly accounts for this omission, by stating that "the moschetoës do not bite unanimously, until evening; when they are in no wise mealy-mouthed, but steal upon the skin like the daughters of the horse-leech." In the sixth he is quite severe, to our honest thinking, upon the Hon. P. H. Wendover, our present worthy high sheriff, inasmuch as he thinks the star-spangled banner does not "show as noble as most other banners—the stripes are so narrow, and the stars so small, that it does not discover its appropriateness in distance." "However," he concludes, "I approve of the retaining the thirteen stripes, in allusion to the thirteen original states; and of adding a new star for every new state." The appearance of yellow fever "among the steerage passengers" gives the author a wide field for writing, and he expatiates very largely on the subject, in his usual happy and facetious manner; and winds up by stating, that he "repeated the sublime and solemn burial service over the dead bodies of the two last" that died on board; and also that "every commander ought to read, or cause to be read, on board of his ship, in a chaplain-like manner, the church service, on every sabbath on the ocean." Finally, the amiable Arthur Singleton, Esquire, leaves us, or rather we leave him "thus tempest-driven, after six years absence from his native state, to the tender mercies of the Ruler of the waves and the winds in the gulf straits of Mexico!"

But, in order to exemplify the propriety of the title we have suggested for the proposed abridgment, we will endeavour, by a partial analysis of one of the letters, to exhibit how admirably the style, manner, and matter of the work are adapted to the capacities of small children; and how strictly veracious the author is in all his statements of what he saw and heard. Let us take up the first letter, which we may naturally suppose is the most laboured in the collection.

The first particularity which strikes us is, that the author has followed the directions of Horace to the letter. *Multa dixit, et multa libura coëxerunt*,—inasmuch as it appears to have been written ten years ago, being dated in 1814, and stating that, “soon after his arrival, a report of peace convulsed the whole city into ecstasies.” On his arrival in Philadelphia, which he calls “the great metropolis of Penn’s Woodland,” “signifying brotherly love,” he forthwith “ascended the almost only eminence of the city, one of the two shot-towers, to spy down upon it. It appears not unlike a horizontal Brobdingnagian brick-kiln.” From this eminence he beheld the Delaware and the Schuylkill, “and the elegant light broad-spanned arch thrown over the latter by our townsman Palmer, recalls agreeable sensations.” From this particular remark, he proceeds to the following general observations: “Indeed, the houses are so thick, there is no room for land.”—“Every view is quakerified.”—“Still, it is a noble city; wealthy, substantial, convenient.”—“The national mint, or money mine, is in this city.”—“The water-works, whose hydrants supply the city with water, inducted for three miles in subterranean conduits, with their ponderous steam enginery, are proofs of the resistless submission of vast mechanical power to human ingenuity.” This last is a most ponderous sentence, and gives a favourable idea of the author’s powers of description and knowledge of hydraulics, hydrostatics, and steam enginery. “The Delaware is daily crossed by steam-boats; and by team-boats, which wheel along the water, propelled by horses on board in circular motion.” The author next draws our attention to the Hospital, and says that “in the anatomical theatre, over the circular table, is pendent a human skeleton; that the dead may instruct the living;” then to the Academy of Fine Arts, where he introduces us to “two large early dramatic paintings by West; purchased in London by his friend Fulton, for about four hundred guineas”—“a cartoon well done with the fingers’ end, and the snuff of a candle,” and, “among the busts, two of those proud, but perverted geniuses, Voltaire and Rousseau.”

This is all that Squire Singleton seems to have found worthy of notice in “Philadelphia, the great patroness of the fine arts.”

The Squire hereupon proceeds to descant upon the various tenets and ceremonies of the Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Jews, “and other Christian sects.” We consider the profound remarks made on these matters too valuable to be lightly passed over, and as but few of them require comment, we

submit to our readers the following extracts without farther preliminary remark:

### 1. Roman Catholics.

"A Catholic Church is usually known by a metallic cross on the dome, or a marble one wrought into the front wall. The ceremonies, at first view, are quite imposing, and somewhat ludicrously solemn. On the back wall, behind the altar, is commonly a superb painting, on a broad scale, of Christ upon the cross, and in the distance a view of Jerusalem as it was darkened at the crucifixion." P. 11.

"In front of the painting, along the altar, and around the pulpit, are kept burning, during the services, rows of magnificently tall wax tapers, some a yard and a half erect, and as stout as a baton, and lighted by a man," &c. Page 12.

We must here take the liberty of remarking, firstly, that there are no candles ever placed round the pulpit of a Catholic church; and, secondly, that these magnificently tall wax tapers, which never melt below the permanent erection of a yard and a half, and which are as stout as a baton, and lighted by a man, consist of small cylinders, composed of a material called tin, and are vulgarly denominated tin lamps.

"The first duty of a Catholic, on entering the church, is to bend a passing knee to the figure of Christ on the cross before mentioned; and then to hasten and dip his finger tips in the holy-water, in the marble fons near the doors, and to cross himself; that is, to touch the forehead," &c. "There is something rather pleasing in this memorial of the Saviour's sufferings. After this the worshippers enter their pews, except the discoloured ones, who remain bowed down in the aisle, and dropping on their knees." P. 12.

"A short time ago, the Catholics lost a Bishop in this city." P. 14.

"We should remember that, for many hundred years, we were all Roman Catholics; nor can I ever forget that the great author of the admired Telemachus was a Roman Catholic." P. 15.

### 2. The Quakers.

"Their largest meeting-house is a plain, but neat, and very capacious brick edifice, without any paint." P. 15.

No brick house in Philadelphia is ever painted.

"In public worship, the men with their broad hats on, sit on one side, and the women on the other side of the house; not in pews, but upon long benches."—"As a signal when the meeting is done, two elders, upon the upper high seat, shake hands." "They have but little poetry, or romance, in their natures." "They labour to make no proselytes." P. 16.

"The Quakers emphatically, and to their unfading honour, have ever been the foremost against slavery. Their phraseology is peculiar." P. 17.

"They wear three inches more of brim of beaver than is necessary." Page 18.

"In general, the Quakers disapprove both of singing, dancing, and painting." P. 19.

Now, we should really be infinitely obliged to Squire Singleton to inform us what all this has to do with Philadelphia?

Perhaps he has made some mistakes in his survey of Philadelphia, inasmuch as he appears, thus far, to have been perched on the top of the shot-tower which put our author so much in mind of a Brobdignagian lime-kiln. The fact is, we suspected, from the facility with which he saw so much from the top of the shot-tower, that he actually was a Brobdignagian himself; until we found him, in page 27, "expatiating along the sidewalks, near Chesnut and Fourth," where he took the sound of a kiss, exchanged by two young ladies, for the "snapping of some varlet's whip, and was startled by it."

If our readers are not yet tired of the company of Arthur Singleton, Esquire, we honestly confess we are. No offence to the author, in whose favour we have recommended an abridgement of these "Letters from the South and West;" nor to our readers, to whom it is perhaps superfluous to recommend the postponement of a perusal of the Squire's lucubrations until the said abridgement shall be compiled, of which we promise to give them due notice.

#### THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.\*

Sir William Temple, speaking of the Medical profession, has said, "that the study of physic is not achieved in any eminent degree, without very great advancement in the sciences; so that, whatever the profession is, the professors have been generally very much esteemed on that account, as well as of their own art, as the most learned men of their ages, and thereby shared with the two other professions in those advantages most commonly valued and most eagerly pursued; whereof the divines seem to have had the most honour—the lawyers the most money—and the physicians the most learning." Flattering to the medical profession, as this assertion may seem, it is not the less consonant with the experience of every enlightened age and country. In England, more especially, its truth has been amply verified by the fact, that of the numerous and valuable contributions to the Royal Society of London from its first institution down to the present period, two-thirds have been made by physicians.

As a corollary from this fact, it follows that from the extent of learning and talents possessed by the physicians of any given

\*An Inaugural Address, delivered before the Medical Society of the county of New-York, on the 12th day of July, 1824. By David Hosack, M. D. L.L. D. President of the Society.

country, no incorrect estimate may be formed of its advancement in knowledge and letters. Where ignorant pretenders and quacks are entertained with the honours due to men of science, and to those alone who are, by a regular education, prepared for the discharge of the duties of this arduous profession, it may be justly inferred, not only that the intellectual standard is not very exalted, but that there must be a general apathy for the interests of science and a shameful disregard of life. For proofs of this fact it is not necessary to refer farther than to the annals of our own country. Prior to the revolution, and while the mind of the people was hampered and kept under subjection by the colonial sway of a foreign government, the medical profession was in a low and degraded condition, wholly unregulated by salutary laws, and open to the impositions of men without education, talents, or virtue. Nor was the state of the profession much ameliorated for some time after the revolution. "Even after our revolution," had been achieved," observes a distinguished writer, "the excitement occasioned by that great event seemed, for a time, to unfit the mind for the calm pursuits of scientific and philosophical research. As was natural enough, men appeared more concerned about the public weal, and were more intent upon erecting and consolidating a system of rational and independent government, than about cultivating literature or science. Almost all the active talent of the country was accordingly enlisted in the service of the state, or at least embarked in that profession which presented the most direct road to political distinction." Medicine accordingly languished, and as yet a general gloom pervaded the prospects of science in general. Then arose Rush, Endowed by nature with an original and powerful mind; aided by all the resources of a liberal and ample course of instruction; nursed withal in the cradle of liberty,—Rush disdained to submit to the trammels of a foreign yoke, in science no less than in politics; and boldly erected, on the downfall of antiquated dogmas and obsolete prejudices, a new system of theory and practice, based on his own observations, and resting for its support on the immutable pillars of truth and experience. The power of his genius, the charms of his eloquence, and the purity, strength, and native simplicity of his style, elevated the school over which he presided to a rank that might have excited the envy of the proudest professors of Europe: and they have continued to exert an influence in its favour, even to the present day, when the spirit which called them forth has long since departed. The example of Rush was widely and deeply felt throughout the country. Emulous of the cha-

acter which Philadelphia attained under the auspices of this great man, New-York exerted herself, established her university, and, by a liberal and magnanimous policy, encouraged every effort which might have a tendency to shed lustre on her literature, and exalt her name in the annals of science. If her exertions have not as yet been crowned with the brilliant success to which her ambition might have aspired, it has not failed to produce the most important and useful results. By awakening in physicians a lively ambition to excel, and rousing them to active exertions, it has elevated the character of the profession throughout the state, and put to flight the host of pretenders and impostors, who, like locusts in Egypt, at one time darkened the land far and wide.

Among these beneficial results, the most important appears to us to have been the institution of state and county medical societies. Organized with the more immediate view of suppressing quackery, these bodies have, when properly managed, been found to be the most efficient instruments by which to diffuse a taste for science, and to excite that emulation among individuals, "without which genius is cold and knowledge inert." They are likewise admirably adapted to quell those petty jealousies, and allay those heartburnings which too often mar the happiness, and lower the dignity of professional brethren, when insulated and unconnected by a common and paramount interest. If the Medical Society of this city has not hitherto been productive of these desirable effects, it has been owing, not to a radical defect inherent in the institution itself; not to a want of talent or virtue in the profession; but to inexperience in the management of the Society, and to consequent apathy and carelessness on the part of the members. Many persons, too, admitted by the special favour of law to the rank of physicians, and enjoying the honours of the profession without possessing any claims thereto on the score of education, abilities, or even a proper sense of the dignity of the profession, have, nevertheless, by a bold and impudent audacity, so far obtruded themselves upon public notice, and so far embroiled the profession in their cabals and intrigues, as to deter many ingenuous and worthy men of undoubted learning and acknowledged abilities, from exchanging their peaceful obscurity and inactive ease, for scenes of turbulence and commotion. To this unhappy state of things there promises now to be a speedy termination. Our physicians are awakened to a sense of their proper interests, and begin to perceive that the promotion of private interest, and the advancement of the character and dignity of the profession, are not only not in-

compatible, but one and the same. Exclusive monopolies, therefore, having for their object, not the improvement of the science, or the extension to the profession at large of a public benefit, but the selfish view of introducing a single individual, or association of individuals, into an invidious or unmerited share of practice, the unsanctioned and shameful purchase and secret ministering of patent medicines; and, in short, all artifices which are intended to subserve the limited ambition of men without real capacity or learning, are now allowed, on all hands, to be inconsistent with this dignified and liberal object. It is a lamentable fact, we know, that these resources of petty minds are too often successful—too often encouraged by the world, even at the sacrifice of all that is truly elevated in science, and noble and disinterested and humane in conduct. Now, it is with the express view of bringing forth these practices to light, and exposing their followers to their proper level and merited contempt, that medical societies are (unless we very much mistake the motives of their founders) established and chartered by the state. And therefore it is that we are happy to see no small share of activity and zeal excited in the members of the city Society to promote the interests of the profession, and exalt its character to the elevated standard, which the resources abounding in an extensive and prosperous city, so markedly point out as the object of its ambition. On this last subject, more especially, the author of the address before us remarks:

“We enjoy numerous and peculiar privileges from our local situation. We occupy the most enviable city in the United States—a city distinguished for its large and rapidly increasing population— for the intelligence and enterprise of its inhabitants—its numerous literary and benevolent institutions—its immediate and unceasing intercourse with the most enlightened parts of the world: add to these, its unrivalled commercial advantages, more especially since the accession recently made to its resources by the great western canal. As members of one of the most learned faculties, these advantages impose upon us the duty to avail ourselves of those blessings with which we are so highly favoured, and of rendering them tributary to the best interests of our profession, and thereby of the community in which our lot is happily cast.”

“It is expected, and justly too, that the physicians of the metropolis should be the most learned and able of the profession in any part of the state, for the reason that, *ceteris paribus*, they enjoy more ample means of information, both theoretical and practical, than are afforded in less favoured situations. Seeing, then, that they possess more than ordinary opportunities for observation and improvement, the inference is unavoidable, that from them more will be required, and is justly demanded.”

The first object to engage the attention of the Medical Society, must undoubtedly be the suppression of quackery. Nothing, in our opinion, so disgraces a community which pre-

tends to be enlightened, as the encouragement of empirical practitioners and their secret remedies. Cures may, indeed, be performed at times, by these ignorant pretenders, and, in a moment of fearful alarm, resort may be pardonable even to their precarious and ignoble assistance. But what well instructed mind can willingly acknowledge gratitude to a selfish nostrum vender, who refuses to benefit mankind at the very time when he openly professes to have it in his power? Let the laws of the state, therefore, be enforced if we would purge from out our city this foul blotch. The most efficient means of remedying the evil is to form a census of all the physicians in the city who are legally entitled to practice medicine, and to exclude from the list all those who are not so duly qualified, and, if possible, expose them to the penalties of the law.

In order to regulate the more effectually the practice of physic, the Medical Society has framed a code of ethics, which has received the approbation of foreign writers, and is mentioned in terms of great praise by Dr. Hosack. Without entering into the merits of this code, it may be sufficient to state, that, in the opinion of not a few who have paid some attention to the subject, it is a very imperfect performance, and would have been far better supplied by a republication of Dr. Percival's excellent treatise on the same subject.

After regulating the practice of physic, the next object is to improve the state of the profession itself. This object is to be attained by a variety of means, all of which we think must centre in the efforts made by the Society. In order to promote these, it is highly necessary that all the talent and learning in the city should be enlisted, and this can only be done by all the physicians in the city uniting themselves with the Society, and by a punctual attendance of the members upon the Society, and a prompt and cheerful discharge of the various duties which they may be called upon to perform. A lukewarm disposition must evidently give a death-blow to all attempts at ameliorating the condition of the profession, and an ungenerous indulgence in private animosities must be, if possible, still more detrimental.

There are several distinct recommendations made in the address of the president of the Society, to the propriety and imposing necessity of all which the Society has already lent its sanction. The objects proposed in the discourse are,

1st. That the meetings of the Society be held monthly, and that communications in writing by the members be exacted at each meeting.

2dly. That the Society purchase proper instruments, and

employ competent persons to record the meteorological phenomena which occur in our city, regularly and statedly. The expense, which will be but trifling, to be defrayed by the Society.

3dly. That a report of the prevailing diseases for each month be prepared by special committees, appointed for the purpose, and that these be laid before the Society, and published in their transactions.

4thly. As a concomitant object with the last, that the causes and nature of epidemic diseases be made the subject of especial and close investigation.

5thly. That an additional number of lecturers be elected by the Society.

6thly. That a library, commensurate with the means of the Society, be instituted for the benefit of the members. Private donations are of course solicited, and the president promises not to be backward in manifesting his feelings to promote this great object.

The last we shall notice is, the duty which the Society have imposed upon a special committee of preparing biographical notices of such of the departed brethren as have by their talents, learning, and usefulness illustrated their names, and added to the honour and character of the profession in this city.

From the active and enterprising spirit of the gentlemen who compose this committee, we promise to ourselves an unambitious but effective display of the departed medical worth of the city of New-York.

In relation to the address itself, we have only room to say, that it is a spirited, business-like discourse, evidently composed in haste, and consequently without any reference to beauty of style or accuracy of diction. The president is entitled to the hearty thanks of his brethren, and of the community at large, for his never failing devotion to the cause of his profession.

#### SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE HENRY SLENDER.

"Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow."

It has long been a custom, and it is one that accords well with the kindlier feelings of our nature, on the decease of an individual remarkable for worth or talent, or who has occupied

a high station in life, in addition to the usual expressions of grief, to embalm his memory in a written record, or to evince our sorrow by a few flowers of funereal rhetoric. When the great and the mighty depart this life, and are great and mighty no longer, their deeds are trumpeted forth by the swelling breath of adulation; the panegyrist strives to eternize their memory by his eulogy; nations assume the sable vestments of wo, and their names are blazoned high on the eternal scroll of history. The muffled drum, the mournful measure, the reversed fire-arms, and crape-clad banner attend the soldier to his grave; and the deep-toned volley proclaims the commitment of "dust to dust." The memory of the statesman, the philosopher, and the orator, is celebrated by their respective associates; and the poet lives again in the tender strain of the surviving bard. Even the humblest and the most lowly receive some slight testimonial from the lowly and the humble who remain behind.

In a deficiency of all those tender ties, which bind man to his brother, and without which life itself were a gloomy void, the subject of the present obituary notice was singularly unfortunate. Left an orphan at an early age, he knew not a father's care, and to him a mother's kindness and a mother's love were things of nought.

With but small physical advantages, and still less of intellectual endowment; with an education sadly neglected; with few kind friends to advise or assist, and ever regarded with an evil eye by his competitors in the various walks of life he trod, Slender, with the principle of independence strongly implanted in his bosom, made his way through this bustling world; and by patient perseverance and indefatigable industry, acquired for himself notoriety and a name, if not riches and a local habitation.

Henry, or, as he was more familiarly called, Harry Slender, first saw the light at a beautiful little village in the Highlands, some time during the revolutionary struggle. The precise time of his birth is not yet ascertained; nor have I been able to collect any certain accounts of his early years. It appears that he was always a shy and lonely youth, shunning the usual sports and games of his companions, and, as a sympathizing stage-driver informed me, might be seen from morning till night, sitting by the side of a little creek near the road, sucking his thumbs, and eating raw shrimps. His appearance, (said the tender-hearted flogger of quadrupeds) forcibly reminded him of the pitiful condition of Jonah in the whale's belly, "withouten any fire or candle," although I never could exactly disco-

ver the analogy of their situations. It is a question, which I leave to casuists and physiologists to determine, whether or not the living upon these small deer had any agency in producing that spare and skinny habit of body for which Mr. S. was so remarkable. For my own part, I am inclined to the opinion that it had.

At what period he migrated to New-York is uncertain, as is also his mode of life and occupation on his arrival. My acquaintance with him commenced about the beginning of the present century, he occupying the lower story, that is, the cellar, of a house in the neighbourhood in which I resided. Harry, at this time, appeared in the character of an artist, that is to say, a painter of blinds, window shutters, hencoops, wheel barrows, and other articles that required but little delicacy of touch, or refinement of taste, in the execution. Our artist always worked "*sub Jove frigido*," which means, out in the street, and the cellar door was his easel. Like Sir Joshua Reynolds he delighted in simplicity: his only colour was a bright grass green; of which he used to be so profuse, that, in a little time, not only the pavement, but also the houses and fences of his neighbours assumed a verdant hue, quite beautiful to behold. Whether Harry would ever have attained the rank of member of the Academy of Fine Arts, is problematical. A sudden stop was put to his career by a violent fit of the painter's colic, occasioned by the fumes of the lead in his paint. I shall never forget the rueful countenance, the horrible contortions of body, and the awful bellowings of poor Harry on this occasion. He recovered from the colic, but he had literally got his belly-full of painting. So, shutting up his shop, and leaving his pots and brushes for the rent, he bid farewell to the palette and maul stick.

Harry now became a guardian of the lives and property of his fellow citizens, or, in other words, a watchman. Though by no means a powerful man, his watchfulness and intrepidity supplied the place of physical force, and he soon became noted as one of the most active and courageous, and least somnolent, of these nocturnal functionaries. But it was our hero's fate never to exercise one vocation long. One dark night, some wicked wights of the Tom and Jerry school, who were out on a lark, set upon our poor Charlie, surprised him unawares, took from him his club, and, after treating him with great rudeness, left him shut up in a stage coach, into which they had decoyed him. His pride could not brook this injury; so, the next morning, he repaired to the City Hall, and, with tears in his eyes, resigned his office and bade adieu to the cares of public life.

The last step in the eventful history of our hero was on ship board, in the character of sailor. With the concurrence of some kind friends, to whom Harry had now become somewhat of a burden, and who fitted him out, with the expectation of never more seeing his face, he embarked for Gibraltar. Those only who have been at sea, can fully appreciate the wicked wit and waggonery of seamen. Harry's simplicity of manners, unsuspecting nature, and uncouth appearance, afforded a fine butt for the coarse railery and practical jokes of these sons of Neptune. Besides sewing him up in a sheep's skin, and tarring and feathering him, when tipsey, under pretence that they were crossing the line, the ceremony of Neptune's visit was gone through, and the process of shaving was performed upon our neophyte of the ocean, in a very severe and barbarous manner.

It was during his residence at Gibraltar, that Harry acquired that skill and experience, in the treatment of yellow fever, which rendered his services so useful in our city during the last visitation of disease, and which, had he lived, would no doubt have entitled him to the birth of Health Officer, or Resident Physician at the least.

Blunder did not sojourn long in Spain, but, to the great surprise and mortification of his friends, returned to New-York sound in mind and body, the same old "two and six-pence" that he departed. On this voyage, besides picking up all the strange oaths and curious expressions of the seamen, Harry unfortunately formed a strong attachment to the bottle, which continued to grow upon him through after life, and, besides shortening his days, tended in a great measure to weaken the esteem and affection, with which his friends had before regarded him.

The salt water did not agree with our most bucolical juvenile. He had now become heartily sick of a sea life, and often and deeply did he sigh for the green fields, the rugged mountains, and tangled glades of his native Highlands.

But a gleam of good fortune now seemed to irradiate the darkened horizon of our wanderer. An old lady, to whom Harry had somehow or other endeared himself, by his fascinating manners, departed this life, and, amongst other bequests, left him the fee simple of a small farm in the western part of the state. Harry immediately betook himself on the wings of the morning, that is, as fast as the steam-boat and post coach, could carry him, to his new home; and fondly hoped, in the retirement of rural life, to spend the remainder of his days in peace and quietness. The farm was, indeed, rather a wild con-

cern, encumbered with rocks and stumps in abundance. But nothing could daunt our indefatigable youth. He rose early and worked hard all day. The trees of the forest were felled; stone fences were raised; a log house erected; and soon the desert, like a coy maiden who is only to be won by long and constant wooing, smiled and bloomed around him.

For a time every thing went on swimmingly with our backwoodsman. From ploughing the deep, he soon grew accustomed to turning a furrow; and became as expert at wielding a flail or a scythe, as he had before been at handling a marling-spike. He also became much skilled in the art of fattening cattle, the secret of which he had learnt abroad; and, though he could not add an ounce of fat to his own ribs, actually raised a small hog to such a degree of obesity, that it took the premium of a gilded cup, in the shape of an acorn, at a cattle show in the neighbourhood. Harry received much praise on this occasion; and, although an envious old grazier tried to make the people believe that it was only the contrast of Mr. Slender's spare figure, alongside the hog, that made it appear so fat, he was unanimously voted the prize by the judges.

Well would it have been, if our agriculturist could always have brought his pigs to as fine a market. But he was the foot-ball of Fortune, and destined never to remain long in the same place, or move long in the same sphere. The star of his nativity was a comet, and his wild and wayward fate doomed him to continual change and aberration. The causes which produced his vicissitudes in life may appear slight and trivial; yet causes, apparently as trifling, have shaken thrones and changed the destinies of empires.

The reader has already seen, how an affection of the stomach prevented our hero's eminence as an artist. He has now to learn how an affection of the heart put a sudden stop to his agricultural pursuits. Yes, it was love! Love, against whose arrows no heart, however guarded, no mortal frame, however meager, is proof.

"Love, who erects his throne,  
And builds his temple, e'en on akin and bone."

That wicked urchin, Dan Cupid, who is continually perplexing and harassing poor mortals by his sportive pranks, bent his bow, and transfix'd the heart of our tender youth with one of his keenest darts. And a woman, that lost Mark Anthony the world, lost for Harry Slender his farm, his log-house, his little hog, and well nigh his five blessed wits.

About a mile from the habitation of our hero, dwelt the rich Mynheer Van Bummel. Heaven had blessed him with an

only daughter; and, if ever the Dutch Venus appeared upon earth in mortal guise, it was in the person of the fair Jemima. Eyes, bright as the orient glances of morn; cheeks of the rose's deepest hues; lips vermeil-tinctured—a form, rich and luxuriant—but hold, vain pen: thou canst no more describe the beauties of Jemima Van Bummel, than could poor Harry, had he tried to daub her likeness with his solitary green colour. She was, as Mr. Wordsworth says somewhere, “a phantom of delight;” but a fat phantom was she. Far and wide rang the country with the praises of the fair one, and many a vow was made, and many a sigh breathed, at the shrine of her beauty. Among the herd of stricken deer, that were pierced by her charms, was our hero. It was not in the power of flesh and blood to resist the earnest, inquisitive, half bashful glance that Jemima threw upon Harry one morning as he chanced to meet her near her father's. It was like the electric shock, and our Cymon stood gaping after this beau ideal of fat and fairness, in mute amazement.—Like poor Tasso, his doom was fixed.

“Because to look and not desire to marry  
Was more or less than mortal, or than Harry.”

But alas! for Master Slender; the “sweet Ann Page” who had thus crossed his vision, proved as flinty and obdurate as did she of yore. Riches or beauty, singly, will make a woman proud and disdainful enough in all conscience; but conjoined—Lucifer himself is not more haughty. Not content with simply refusing his awkward, but well-meant, attention, the cruel fair one even went so far as to turn the person of her sighing suitor into ridicule; comparing him to a spawned shad, a starved mudpoke, a bean pole with a shirt on it, and other similies, with which young ladies of exuberant fancy delight to load poor lovers, that are so unfortunate as not to find favour in their eyes.

The effect this cruel treatment had upon the spirits of our rejected youth, was astonishing. He was so spare already, that to pine away was next to an impossibility. But grief was preying upon his vitals. He grew listless, melancholy and weary of the sun; and would lay for hours and days together, under the shade of some lonely willow, chewing a quid of tobacco, and indulging his sad reflections. Sometimes he would walk in a rueful manner, up and down the side of the horse pond, looking as if he was going to walk into it and drown himself, every moment. But most frequently would he walk into the ale-house of the neighbouring village, and, for a while, drown his sorrow in potent libations to Bacchus.

As might be expected, his farm soon became neglected. Wild weeds and briars overspread his once thriving garden. Though the heavens smiled, and, in their season, the gentle rains descended, his fields yielded no crops, because no seed had been sown. Every thing soon went to rack and manger; his fences were broken down; his implements of husbandry stolen; the barn was burnt by Harry's smoking a segar one night in the hay-loft, in a fit of abstraction, after coming from the tavern; and his hogs, from want of feeding, grew almost as lean as their master. This state of things could not last. Ruin soon came upon him, like a roaring lion, and duns and sheriffs, with their *fi. fa's.* and *ca. sa's.* soon stripped poor Harry of his house and farm, his cattle, his golden acorn, and his little hog; and left him once more little better than an out-cast upon the face of creation.

About this time, the fair object of his affections, and cause of his ruin, married a fat gentleman in the neighbourhood. Slender, on hearing this, seemed to awake from the dream in which he had so long been entranced, and rage and scorn took the place of love in his bosom. But rural objects, associated as they were with his distresses, had lost their charms for our unfortunate youth. So, with a heart swelling with honest pride and indignation, he packed up his duds, put his best foot foremost, and, one sultry morning, just as St. Paul's clock struck twelve, was seen, with his bundle on his back, slowly pacing down Broadway, with the air of a Spanish Hidalgo.

And now, behold our youth once more in the metropolis of the great state, the market for merit, and the home of genius; where talent of every kind always has full scope for its exhibition, where quackery is always sure of being detected, and where honest industry never fails of meeting its reward.

But no man can grow rich, by sitting with his hands in his breeches' pockets; and even modest merit must make some exertion, before it can be brought forth from its lurking place, and duly appreciated. Harry found that the streets were not paved with gold, or the houses tiled with pancakes, and that something must be done, to prevent the disagreeable necessity of starvation. So, having procured, by some means or other, an old wheelbarrow, he became a vehicular transporter of baggage, or, in other words, a porter; an occupation which, with few intermissions, he continued until his death. As Harry wore the badge of his profession, and had been regularly licensed to fetch and carry, nothing so much excited his indignation as to see interlopers in the business. It was in a praiseworthy assertion of his prerogative, as he was endeavouring to

take away a band-box from a ragged unlicensed negro, that he received a severe wound on the pate with a broad-axe, the scar of which he bore to his grave. Harry's head was dressed by a surgeon, and soon got well; and he had the pleasure of seeing the officious blackamoor put into the penitentiary for his pains. Another time, our sturdy porter, who disdained to give place with his carriage to any other vehicle, had his leg run over by a drunken cartman. Fortunately, however, his limb being none of the stoutest, got between two paving stones, and no bones were broken.

Harry had always a martial turn, and was very fond of exhibiting his person in the military costume; and had war broken out again, and his services been required, would no doubt have turned colonel or major at the least, and have borne his honours as well, and acquired as much renown, as any of the suddenly made officers of the present day. It was in his military dress, one summer's afternoon, that Harry regaled the spectators on the Battery, with an aquatic exhibition, on one of Mr. Jackson's patent mattresses; on which occasion our versatile youth, in paddling, skulling and splashing about in the water, completely bore away the palm from the Esquimaux Indian, who had exhibited a few days previously in his canoe. Harry, however, had well nigh paid dear for his renown; for, losing his equilibrium, his head popped under the surface, and he had like to have undergone the pains of submersion. Mention was made of this fact in the newspapers; and our hero, who, from his residence in Spain, and long exposure to wind and weather, had acquired rather a swarthy hue, was designated as "a coloured gentleman in regimentals."

But the time was fast approaching when Harry's career of usefulness and ornament, like other mundane phenomena, was to be brought to a close. In the summer of 1822, the yellow fever broke out in New-York. Slender was foremost in attendance upon the sick; and, as I am credibly informed, held the basin for the first man with the black vomit. Performing, alternately, the parts of physician, nurse, watchman and deputy health officer, he remained in the city all the season; faithfully filling each office, and rendering, with alacrity, to the sick, all those little services and attentions which none knew better how to perform than he.

Harry escaped the fever; but whether the poison, to which he had so long been exposed, still lurked in his system, or whether the large draughts of brandy which he took to counteract its effects, (and of which, to use his own words, he had drank enough to swim in) had given a shock to his constitution, I

cannot tell ; but, strange as it may appear, he was seized one morning with a violent fit of apoplexy. The best medical advice was immediately procured, and Harry was bled, cupped on the temples, blistered on the back of the neck, and had sinapisms applied to his feet; besides other extreme unctions of medicine and surgery. By this vigorous treatment he recovered from the apoplexy, and, for a few weeks, seemed doing well. But, alas ! how fallacious are the anticipations of futurity ! He was seized with an erysipelas of his left leg, which in spite of yeast cataplasms, spirituous lotions, and farinaceous applications, progressing rapidly, soon reached his abdomen ; and, to use the words of the surgeon, who made the post-mortem examination, produced sad work among the viscera therein contained. Thus perished, at the tender age of 48, Harry Slender, a person of whom it may with truth be affirmed, we shall never look upon his like again. I shall conclude with the words of the eloquent porter, who delivered his eulogy in the back room of Mr. Patten's porter house.

"Time, with his cruel scythe, has cut down one of the sweetest flowerets that ever blossomed on this terrestrial sphere. Death has wheeled off on his barrow the most precious load that ever freighted Charon's steam-boat. The grave has closed with its gaping jaws over one of the prettiest anatomies that ever walked abroad in the frail vestments of mortality. Fare thee well, Harry!—for thou wast the kindest soul that ever poted a gin cock-tail ; thou wast the truest soul that ever spat upon six-pence for good luck ; and thou wast the worthiest soul that ever stretched shanks behind a wheelbarrow."

The following beautiful and tender lines were written shortly after his death by a young poet of this city, who is also dead.

And thou art dead ! as thin and spare  
As mortal form could be ;  
And frame so lean, and bones so bare  
We never more shall see.  
Though finished are thine earthly days,  
And o'er thy tomb the cow may graze  
In rude simplicity—  
Still busy memory fingers yet,  
Thy well-loved face she can't forget.

I will not ask where thou liest low,  
Because I know full well—  
I saw thee to the churchyard go,  
I heard thy funeral knell.  
They brought thee in thine own wheelbarrow,  
And laid thee in thy grave so narrow,  
Without a stone to tell

Thy name, thy birth place, or thy station,  
Thy virtues, or thy occupation.

I will not ask of what thou died,  
Of dropsy or of fever:  
Whether thy leg was mortified,  
Or out of place thy liver.  
It was enough for me to know,  
That thou hast gone where all must go,  
Must go, alas! forever—  
The when—the how—the why, or wherefore,  
I never knew, nor do I care for.

And life's short day of joy and sorrow,  
Shall never more be thine,  
Its stormy nights, its cloudy morrow,  
Its darkness or sunshine—  
But yet thy name abroad shall ring,  
And far and wide shall poet's sing  
Thy praise in strains divine;  
And matrons old, and maidens tender,  
Long sigh for thee, young Harry Slender.

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WILD-GEESE.

Wild geese! wild geese! I love you well,  
For of the festive board ye tell:  
Of gravies rich, and sauces savoury,  
And tables set out in all their bravery.  
Of soup, of turtle, and dumplings of dough,  
Scenes where the starved soul longs to go!

When from the kitchen ye are brought up,  
How shines each knife, and sparkles each cup.  
And oh! what a world of hungry faces,  
Bursts then upon you with odd grimaces!  
The table-cloth white, and the china dishes,  
Loaded with fowls, and flesh, and fishes.

But alas! removed from the landlord's plate,  
How certain and sudden is your fate!  
When you're all cut up, your beauty is gone,  
And nothing is left but gristle and bone.  
So honest people can't live in peace,  
But are pick'd like you, wild geese! wild geese!

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"ON HEARING DISTANT MUSIC AT NIGHT."

Hush those strains—they wake to anguish  
Many a breast at peace before;  
They speak of eyes whose glances languish  
O'er soft hopes they own no more.

Their fainting close revives a tale,  
 Unknown but to the sufferer's heart;  
 Whose moistened eyes and forehead pale,  
 Proclaim Life, Love and all must part.

They rouse the soul with martial strain  
 Whose thoughts have long been weaned from glory;  
 They breathe the warrior's pride and pain  
 When weltering on his mantle gory.

They whisper love too oft deceiving,  
 Born to gladden by deceit  
 Each wo with transient hope relieving;  
 Then fading like these sounds so sweet.

July 27th, 1824

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WRITTEN IN A CHURCH YARD.

Here death has sent his prey,  
 The turf-wrapt mound below,  
 And marked the path, in his hour of wrath,  
 With records of earthly wo.

His grasp has chilled the blood,  
 Has seared breath's rosy glow,  
 Has dashed the schemes of Hope's gay dreams,  
 And laid the proud heart low.

But now they're all at rest,  
 How hush'd the pause they keep!  
 They're sunk too low for joy or wo,  
 To break their pulseless sleep.

Life's checquered scene is closed,  
 Its toils and cares are o'er,  
 They rest in the sleep unbroken and deep,  
 And they'll return no more. G.

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THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

The summer-moon rode clear,  
 For the clouds had roll'd away:  
 And mildly bright—by her own pure light,  
 She travell'd her nightly way.

She tipp'd the leaves with light  
 As they calmly lay at rest,  
 And she threw her smile, on the lonely isle,  
 Where the sea-bird builds her nest.

The stream lay smooth and still,  
 For the breeze had died away,  
 And calm and slow was the ebb-tide's flow  
 As it drifted down the bay.

Then the Fisher bore in sight,  
 His barque flew fast to land,  
 For he plied his oar, as he neared the shore,  
 Till he gained the welcome strand.

Success had crowned his toil,  
 He was safe from the wild wave's foam,  
 And his heart was light, his hopes were bright  
 As the moon beams round his home.

Then the voice of joy was heard  
 From his cottage on the steep,  
 And the happy song of the anxious throng,  
 As they hailed him from the deep.

It rose in thanks to Heaven,  
 'Twas raised for Heaven to hear,  
 Sweet as the strain o'er Bethlehem's plain,  
 For it rose from hearts sincere.

It rose—it paused—it fell—  
 'Twas done;—the strain was o'er,  
 And all was still, on their lonely hill,  
 As the waters on their shore.

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THE BANQUET HALL.

BY L. S. FAIRFIELD.

Midnight waned in the ebon sky,  
 And the deep-blue vault of heaven was still;  
 Save the warning voice of the angel's cry,  
 As he watched the fiends on Zion hill.  
 His warder note, in the depths of night,  
 Is heard alone by the minstrel's ear,  
 (For the high star-beam, as it gilds the sight,  
 Has a voice that fancy's heart may hear;)   
 And the sleeping earth in silence lay,  
 Dreaming of love or hate or wo,  
 And the lulling lapse of a streamlet's play  
 Rose faint and far in the moonlight glow;  
 And I wandered on in reverie lost,  
 Till the brutal roar of a revel rout  
 The circling current of fancy crossed,  
 And made the wak'd sense gaze about;  
 When the flaring lights of the banquet hall,  
 And the noisy rush of revelry,  
 And the mumery mask, and sparkling ball,  
 Burst on my ear, and heart, and eye.  
 And I stood and mused of the forms that there  
 Displayed their charms to the losel's view,  
 And the visored smile that masked despair,  
 And the scornful laugh that ne'er was true;—

The silent pain of a dazzling breast,  
 The feverish throb of a jewelled brow,  
 The painful wish to seem most blest  
 When sighing with excess of wo ;—  
 And the sight did chill my aching eye  
 As I mused of that gaudy misery.

The joys that live in a faithful heart,  
 Devoted to heaven and changeless love,  
 Were all unknown in that crowded mart,  
 Where pleasure's votaries torture prove—  
 The palled pursuit of joyless show,  
 The gay resort of gloomy souls,  
 Where truth would count the pulse of wo ;  
 Though truth her banners ne'er unrolls  
 In such a masquerade of guile,  
 If each dared look beneath a smile.

The glare waxed dim as I gazed alone,  
 And the fairy forms I saw were gone ;  
 And the rushing sound of mirth and glee  
 Retired like the waves of a stormy sea.  
 What pillows of fear will the revellers press ?  
 What dreams be their's of happiness ?  
 When those gemmed robes are laid aside,  
 Where will their mirth be, pomp and pride ?  
 The beds that ye press, I envy not,  
 Nor your heartless joys and painful lot.

I entered at morn—and it came full soon  
 To the banquet hall and the proud saloon ;  
 And many a vestige of revelry there  
 Told of past pleasure—but where, oh, where,  
 Were the forms, and the shadows, so bright and gay ?  
 Hide it from earth both love and lay !  
 The vacant chair, and the goblet broken,  
 And scattered viands, were many a token  
 Of what had been—and my lonely eye  
 Wandered over all, as a saddened sigh  
 Stole from my heart, at the mournful view  
 Of the wreck of those joys that man thinks true.

*New-York, August 5, 1824.*

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*Tales of a Traveller. Part 1. By Geoffry Crayon, Gent.*  
 Philadelphia. H. C. Carey & I. Lea. pp. 165.

Before entering upon the laborious task which he has undertaken, of superintending a compilation of the British Classics, Mr. Irving has thrown off, for the amusement of the reading public, which, in this country, comprises two-thirds of the adult population, another series of tales, which will be perused

by all ages, sexes and conditions, until English literature becomes a dead letter. The 'Tales of a Traveller' are to be published in four parts. The first has already been read by every body—for, who does not read the writings of Washington Irving? Unqualified amusement and delight are always produced by his lucubrations. Comment and criticism are superfluous; and, to extract from them would be, not only supererogatory, but ridiculous, as it would be supposing either that the public had not read the production, or, having read it, wanted the common perception of the arch, the humorous, the pathetic and the beautiful. In painting the lighter and livelier emotions of the mind, in every day life, our author is unrivalled at the present day, (if we except the Waverly novels;) and if, in describing the more powerful operations of the stronger passions, he never reaches the sublime or the terrific, he is always natural; and can appeal with equal facility and success to the mirthful or tearful sensibilities of mankind.

In the preface to the first part he has made a very capital use of the hint thrown out touching the Stout Gentleman, in the introduction to Peveril of the Peak. Any man who had seen the 'author of Waverly' would be, indeed, a Lion; and might be shown, at least in this city, for almost any price.

Of the relative merits of the first part of these tales, every one will form an opinion, according to his individual feelings, his lights, or the opinion of his neighbours. For our own part, we have found it much more amusing than Bracebridge Hall. The invention of Mr. Irving has lost none of its fertility; his style is as pure and vivacious, as in the Sketch Book; and his humour seems more frolicsome and irresistible. Of the stories told after the hunting dinner, 'the Bold Dragoon' is the most interesting. The narrative of 'the Young Italian,' is one of our author's finest efforts, in pathos and in deep interest;—the effects of the mysterious picture are described without a violation of probability; and the joke played off by the host, at the conclusion, is very happy, and relieves the gloom which the melancholy incidents of the story produce.

The half hour's unmingled enjoyment, which a perusal of this first part yields, terminates like all our genuine pleasures, with a sigh that it is so soon ended; and we wait with impatience, for a repetition of the same entertainment in the parts which are to follow.

*The Witch of New England ; a Romance.* Philadelphia, H. C. Carey & I. Lea. pp. 217.

The author of this story has borrowed his materials from the annals of New England, and has furnished additional proof of their peculiar fitness for the purposes of a writer of fiction ; since his narrative, though incondite, and without any regular plot, possesses, withal, considerable interest. The reading of the author has been too scanty, to furnish him with a fulness of matter for his invention to operate upon. He sometimes copies, word for word, from Mather's *Magnalia* ; and from passages too, which are now familiar to every one, from their having been, recently, so often quoted. In the conversations of his "*New England Witch*," he has introduced the genealogy of the fairies, as given by Spencer ; together with allusions from the Greek, Roman and Eastern mythology ; in addition to the notions of witchcraft, originating from certain parts of the scriptures, and the local vulgar superstitions, with which alone a pretender to the black art, of that period, can be supposed to have been familiar.

He unquestionably possesses some imagination, of a character adapted to the fabrication of romance ; but, like many writers of the same class, has no accurate ideas as to the distinction between prose and poetry ;—running too often into rant, in the former, and introducing attempts at the latter, which betray not only total ignorance as to the structure of verse, but a want of a poetical ear ; since no mortal ingenuity can discover rhythm in the series of lines commencing with capitals, which he has compiled as samples of blank verse. This is so common a mistake with metre-mongers, that we should not deem it worthy of mentioning, were it not that this author really appears to possess talents, and has written some good descriptions and powerful scenes, in this sketch, which he designates as a Romance. With more labour in digesting his materials, and more judgment in their use, he has invention sufficient to create a novel, which might do him credit and be creditable to our literature.

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#### THE MORALITIES OF PAUNCH HOGABOUT.

MR. EDITOR,

I vainly tried to snatch a few moments from my numerous and painful vocations, in order to add the "moralities" of

Paunch Hogabout—to his tale ; but having been disappointed in this, I send you a few words, more in the shape of an apology, than of a correct moral, for this very instructive tale.

The fact is, Mr. Editor, I am at present, and have been, for some time past, an apothecary's drudge, with a salary so slim, that I am fain to augment the sum, so as to keep myself and family from absolute starvation, by acting as deputy to a bookseller's hack ; and " I lead such a damnable life in this world," that I have no time to attend to morality.

The story of Paunch Hogabout is intended to illustrate by the interest of narrative, and the charms of a pure style, the baneful effects of avarice : and I insist that the same shall have a conspicuous place in the number, and be printed entire, without the alteration of a single syllable. I must say, you razed "Joseph" at a fine rate, lopping off all the best parts, and sending it forth to the world in that most hotch-potch manner in which it appears in your fourth number. I will tolerate no such liberties again.

You will have perceived, sir, that I am powerful in all ancient and modern tongues, with the exception of the vernacular, which I have never studied profoundly, inasmuch as I conceive it to be but a vulgar accomplishment. I have given no quotations from the Russian, German, Hebrew or modern oriental languages, because, to my great scandal, I have been given to understand that you could not get them printed.

By the bye, Mr. Editor, I wish to know why I was not waited upon by a committee on the part of the Atheneum. I speak nothing but Arabic in my own family, who all understand it perfectly well, except my youngest daughter, who has a slight tinge of the modern Greek in her pronunciation.

If any one conceive himself to be personally noticed in my story, and feel inclined to make any remarks on the same in the public prints, I would have such person know that I am pugnacious. Two horse pistols, bequeathed to me by my defunct grandfather, are in excellent order :—to be sure, one of them is a little hard on the trigger ; but the choice of them shall be offered to any one that abuses my thing, and whose character and standing in society shall render him worthy of my aim. Moreover, I have many good friends in a low way, and am powerful in Billingsgate.—If I think proper to plant Toad Hill on Governor's Island, or to locate Tappan Sea in the jaws of the Narrows, and any improper person shall take upon himself to object to the same, I wish to intimate to him my intention to plant my fist (I have attended Fuller) in the

bread-basket, and to put out of joint, the jaw bone of such officious meddler.

N. B. I find the word meddler is omitted in Mr. Walker's Dictionary.

With these few remarks, which I hope will be considered tender,

I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours as you shall comport yourself.

# BULLETIN UNIVERSEL DES SCIENCES ET DE L'INDUSTRIE.

We have this month received a prospectus of the above very valuable and extensive work, which is conducted in Paris, under the immediate superintendence of the learned Baron de Férussac. It is a continuation of the "General and Universal Bulletin of Scientific Notice and News," on an improved and more extensive plan. The object of the "Bulletin Universel" is to present a substantial analysis of all the works, and a complete abstract of all the academical memoirs and periodical collections, which shall be published throughout the civilized world; in order that it may form a *Methodical Repertory* of all facts relative to the arts and sciences, and a monthly exhibition of the successive efforts of the human mind among all nations.

An idea of the magnitude and importance of this vast undertaking may be formed, from the fact that upwards of three hundred of the most famous literati of France, most of whom are well known to the literary and scientific world, are engaged in conducting the various departments of the "Bulletin Universel." The work is divided into eight sections, each of which is published separately, and may be subscribed for separately.

The first section is devoted to mathematical, physical, and chemical science, and is subdivided as follows: 1. *Mathématiques élémentaires et transcendantes; Métrologie.* 2. *Astronomie et ses applications à l'art nautique.* 3. *Physique et Météorologie.* 4. *Chimie.* This department is conducted by forty-eight of the most eminent mathematicians, philosophers, and chemists. The subscription price here, is twenty francs a year.

The second section treats of Nautical Science and Geology; and is subdivided into 1. *Géologie et Minéralogie.* 2. *Botanique, Physiologie et Palæontographie végétales.* 3. *Zoologie; Anatomie et Physiologie générales et spéciales des animaux, Palæontographie animale.* This department is conducted by fifty-two gentlemen. Subscription twenty-nine francs.

The third section is devoted to Medical Science, and is subdivided into 1. Anatomie et Physiologie humaines et comparées. 2. Médecine. 3. Chirurgie. 4. Matière Médicale et Pharmacie. 5. Art vétérinaire. No less than seventy-five gentlemen are employed in superintending this branch of science. The subscription is twenty-nine francs.

The fourth section is dedicated to agricultural and economical science, and treats generally of Agriculture, Economie Rurale, Domestique et Forestière ; Horticulture, Pêche et Chasse. It is edited by twenty-two gentlemen, and the subscription is 20 francs.

Section fifth, of Technological Science, is subdivided into 1. Arts Chimiques. 2. Arts Mécaniques. 3. Constructions. 4. Arts Economiques. It is edited by sixty-four gentlemen. Subscription 24 francs.

The sixth section, which treats of Geographical Science, consists of 1. Géographie physique et politique. 2. Géographie Ancienne et comparée. 3. Topographie, Géodésie, Plans, Cartes de toute nature. 4. Statistique, Arithmétique, Politique, Economie Publique, et Commerce. 5. Voyages. To this there are forty-five editors. Subscription twenty-four francs.

Section seventh, of Historical Science, is subdivided into 1. Philologie comparative, et Ethnologie. 2. Histoire, Mythologie. 3. Archéologie, Numismatique. It is superintended by forty-one gentlemen. Subscription twenty francs.

The last section, of Military Science, is subdivided into 1. Législation, Organisation et Administration. 2. Art Militaire, Stratégie. 3. Tactique des différentes armes. 4. Artillerie. 5. Génie. 6. Marine. 7. Histoire. 8. Mélanges. It is conducted by eighteen gentlemen. Subscription fifteen francs.

From the great success of the Universal Bulletin of 1823, there can be no doubt of the success of this continuation. The prospectus states, with great confidence, their certainty of conveying, in this monthly bulletin, a full and correct report of every fact important to art or science. The communications, established with all parts of the civilized world, and the learning and industry of the correspondents, give sufficient warrant of their accuracy in this respect ; and, when the low price of subscription is considered, in connection with the mass of information issued in each number, under the authority of the most learned and scientific body of Europe, we think the enterprising publishers of the "Bulletin Universel," have no reason to doubt, that every man, desirous of obtaining much new and

valuable information, in a small compass, and at a moderate charge, will readily subscribe to one or more sections of their very interesting and useful work.

*Collection des Chefs-D'Œuvre de la Littérature Anglaise, mis en ordre et enrichis de Commentaires et de notices Biographiques, par Washington Irving.*

The prospectus of this proposed collection of the best British authors, from Chaucer to the writers of the present day, has been for some time before the public. We had intended to have inserted in this number, some remarks on the propriety of the selections, as stated in the list of authors which we annex. Want of room compels us to defer any commentaries until the next number.

LIST OF AUTHORS WHOSE WORKS WILL COMPOSE THE  
COLLECTION.

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| Chaucer's select Works, 1 vol.   | Cowley's [Abr.] select Works, Prior's  |
| Donne's select poems, Gower's select poems, Howard's [Henry, Earl of Surrey,] poems, Wyatt's [Sir Thomas] Poems. 1 vol.  | [Mat.] select Works, Waller's select Works. 1 vol.                           |
| Spenser's [Edm.] Poems. 2 vols.  | Taylor's [Jer.] select Works. 2 vols.  |
| More's [Sir Thomas, Lord Chancellor] Utopia, Raleigh's [Sir Walter] political Works and Poems, Sidney's [Sir Philip] Miscellanies and Poems, 1 vol.                  | Temple's [Sir Wm.] select Works. 1 vol.                                      |
| Bacon [Lord] Chancellor. His Novum Organum, with his Works in English, excepting his unfinished Works on Natural History, his treatises on Theology and Law. 2 vols. | Dryden's poetical Works. 1 vol.  |
| Shakspeare's Works, with the most approved Commentaries and Notes 12 vols.   | Locke's complete Works, excepting his theological Works and Letters. 5 vols. |
| Johnson's [Ben] select Works, 1 vol.   | Otway's Works. 1 vol.  |
| Beaumont and Fletcher's select Works. 2 vols.  | Swift's historical, political, satirical, and poetical Works. 6 vols.        |
| Hobbes on Government and Morals, Sidney's [Algernon] select Works 1 vol.   | Shaftesbury's [Earl] Characteristics. 2 vols.                                |
| Butler's [Samuel] poetical Works. 2 vols.  | Addison's select Works. 4 vols.  |
| Clarendon's [Lord] Works. 8 vols.  | Bolingbroke's [Lord] political and historical Works. 3 vols.                 |
| Milton's poetical Works. 2 vols.   | Watts's philosophical works and Poems. 1 vol.                                |
|  | Young's works. 2 vols.   |
|  | Pope's works. 3 vols.  |
|  | Gay's select works. 1 vol.   |
|  | Richardson's Novels. 10 vols.  |
|  | Montague's [Lady Mary W.] Letters 2 vols.                                    |
|  | Chesterfield's [Earl of] Letters 2 vols.                                     |
|  | Warburton's select works. 1 vol.   |
|  | Thomson's [James] works. 1 vol.  |
|  | Fielding's Novels. 5 vols.   |

- Chatham's [Earl of] works 1 vol.  
 Johnson's [Dr. Samuel] works. 8 vols.  
 Hume's philosophical works and History, with its Continuations 15 vols.  
 Sterne's works. 3 vols.  
 Akenside's poetical works, Collin's poetical works, Gray's poetical works, Savage's poetical works, Armstrong's poetical works, Beattie's poetical works, Cotton's [Sir R.] poetical works, Falconer's poetical works, 1 vol.  
 Smollet's works, 3 vols.  
 Robertson's works. 8 vols.  
 Blackstone's Commentaries, 4 vols.  
 Smith's Wealth of Nations. 3 vols.  
 Chapone's Letters on the Mind, Gregory's Legacy to his Daughter, Pennington's Advice to her Daughter. 1 vol.  
 Goldsmith's miscellaneous works 4 vols.  
 Burke's select works, 5 vols.  
 Cowper's works. 1 vol.  
 Berkley's philosophical and political works, 1 vol.  
 Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. 2 vols.  
 Gibbon's works 12 vols.  
 De Lolme on the Constitution of England, 1 vol.  
 Paley's Moral Philosophy. 2 vols.  
 Junius's Letters. 2 vols.  
 Fox's [Chas. J.] select Speeches, 1 vol.  
 Pitt's [William] select Speeches, 1 vol.  
 Ossian's Poems. 1 vol.  
 Burns's poetical works. 1 vol.  
 Sheridan's [R B.] works, including a selection of his Speeches. 3 vols.  
 Erskine's [Lord Chancellor] select Speeches. 1 vol.  
 Mitford's History of Greece. 2 vols.  
 Stewart's [Dugald] philosophical works. 3 vols.  
 Mackenzie's Novels. 2 vols.  
 Bloomfield's poetical works, Wordsworth's poetical works. 1 vol.  
 Campbell's poetical works, Roger's poetical works. 1 vol.  
 Crabbe's poetical works. 2 vols.  
 Southey's poetical works.

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 GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

[We have been favoured with the summary of facts which follows, in relation to the illustrious guest of the American nation, by a gentleman of this city, who was engaged in the service of our country during a part of the revolutionary war, in a situation which enabled him to obtain precise information as to the important services rendered to the republic by this distinguished patriot, at a time that tried the souls of men.]

The Marquis de la Fayette, (a name which awakens so many associations, and familiar revolutionary recollections,) at the age of nineteen, in the possession of a large income, and but lately married to the amiable daughter of the Duke de Noailles, was chiefly remarkable for his enthusiastical attachment to the principles of liberty, and his reverence for the character of Washington. Naturally of a kind and benevolent disposition, firm in his principles, and strong in his attachments to his friends, he applied, at this early age, to the commissioners from Congress, residing in Paris, (but while they were not yet recognized by the French government, and the success of the American cause was extremely doubtful,) for recommendatory letters to Congress, soliciting to be employed in the American army under General Washington, and requesting them to procure him a conveyance to the United States. The Commissioners, struck with the nobleness of his manners, and the frankness with which he proffered his services, readily assented to his request; but informed him that, although they were perfectly satisfied he would be cordially received, they had not then any vessel at their disposal; nor had they any ways or means to procure one. He answered that he would provide one at his own expense; and employed a friend, who obtained one, in which he embarked for the United States. His family, and that of his wife, having been informed of his intentions, applied to the King for an order to prevent his departure

but providentially for the United States, the order arrived twelve hours too late; as he had already made sail for the land of liberty. A subsequent order was issued, alike ineffectually, directing the ships of war to detain the vessel wherever found.

Having thus eluded the vigilance of his connexions, and of the government, he arrived in the summer of 1776, at the port of Charleston, where we find him rewarding, in his usual benevolent manner, the brave garrison of Sullivan's Island, under General Moultrie. Having received the congratulations of the city of Charleston, he proceeded to Philadelphia, where the Congress of the United States then sat, and by whom he was cordially welcomed, and recommended to General Washington. The Commander in Chief, whose intuitive perceptions enabled him so well to appreciate with candour the characters of men, discovered so much disinterestedness in the conduct of La Fayette, that he immediately offered him a commission in the army. This, however, he declined; stating that he would, with the permission of the Commander in Chief, act as a volunteer; and when he should have given proofs, by his services, that he merited a commission, he would be ready to receive that honour; that he wished to identify himself, in every respect, as an American citizen; and was only desirous to follow the example of general Washington, in every situation, whether in war or in peace.

He then acted as volunteer aid-de-camp to the Commander in Chief, in which capacity he distinguished himself for his gallantry, at the battle of Brandywine, where he was wounded.

In July, 1777, little more than a year after his joining the army, Congress passed the following resolution:

"*In Congress, July 31, 1777.*—Whereas the Marquis de la Fayette, out of his great zeal to the cause of liberty, in which the United States are engaged, has left his family and connexions, and, at his own expense, come over to offer his services to the United States, without pension or particular allowance, and is anxious to risk his life in our cause:—*Resolved*, That his service be accepted; and that, in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family and connexions, he have the rank and commission of a Major General in the army of the United States."

The delicate situation in which this resolution of Congress placed the whole line of the revolutionary army, is worthy of serious reflection. Officers of all ranks, from subalterns up to brigadiers, who had fought and bled in the cause of freedom, previous to the arrival of this stranger among them, partially acquainted as he was with their very language, manners and customs, yet felt such a conviction of the propriety of the measure, that not a word, nor a whisper, of complaint was heard, against this unprecedented promotion. No cabals, no esprit du corps, no murmurings, no reproaches were heard. All was perfect harmony; and he infused into the hearts of all around him, a redoubled union of patriotic determination to promote the best interests of their common country.

In 1778, at the request of the Commander in Chief, he repaired to Rhode-Island; and for his assistance to the American army, under General Sullivan, in conjunction with the French fleet, received the particular approbation of Congress.

At a momentous crisis in our revolutionary war, Washington assembled a council of his confidential officers, and communicated to them, with his characteristic equanimity, the difficulties under which our cause was labouring. The paper currency was reduced to its lowest value; the army was in want of the necessary supplies; their pay was greatly in arrears; and apprehensions could not be suppressed of the danger of their being disbanded, in case no remedy could be found. From the apathy and reluctance with which the several states responded to the appeal of Congress on this subject, the Commander in Chief felt much anxiety. The numerical force

of the army was not of so much consequence, as the impression made upon the public mind by the knowledge that a revolutionary army existed.

Under these desponding circumstances, the Marquis de la Fayette volunteered his services, and proceeded immediately to France, with a view to obtain supplies. He embarked at Boston, in the frigate *Alliance*, the only one remaining to the United States; all the others having been taken or destroyed by the British ships of war. Such was the low state of our finances, and the paper money so reduced, that the Naval Department was under the painful necessity of having recourse to the employment of British seamen, taken out of the prison ships in Boston, in order to complete the necessary crew of the *Alliance*. On his passage to France, his life was endangered by a conspiracy formed by the seamen to destroy him and all the officers; but, providentially, one man's heart failed him; he revealed the secret; the leaders were arrested and confined; and the *Alliance* arrived safe in France. He hastened to meet Dr. Franklin and the Minister of Foreign Affairs; and, having laid his despatches from Congress, and from General Washington, before them, a cabinet council was immediately called, at which the King presided. The King immediately consented, of his own accord, (a circumstance redounding so much to the credit of the good and mild Louis the XVI. that it ought not to be omitted,) that General Washington himself should be instantly authorized to draw bills of exchange on the Royal Treasury at Paris for six millions of livres. The ministers overruled this proposition; but the Marquis had the satisfaction to return to America, in company with several ships of war; laden, in part, with arms, clothing and money; and shortly relieved the wants of the army. The greatest part of the money went into the Bank of North America; and very much assisted that able financier, Robert Morris, Esq. in completing the specie payment of that bank; so essential at that moment to re-establish the credit of the United States. He also brought the joyful intelligence, that a French fleet and army would soon arrive on our coast.

After this period of gloom, in 1781, the horizon appeared to brighten, General Washington having completed his lines of circumvallation round York-Town, Cornwallis being hard pressed by the allied French and American armies, information was received by General Washington, that the French fleet under Count de Grasse was preparing to get under way for the purpose of attacking the British fleet, which had just then appeared off the Cape with 18,000 troops, for the relief of Lord Cornwallis. Washington, much agitated and alarmed at this determination, immediately sent for the Marquis De La Fayette, requesting he would repair without delay, on board of the Admiral's ship, and state to Count De Grasse the perilous situation in which he would leave the allied armies of America and France should he persevere in his intention of attacking the British fleet. The Marquis was instructed to impress strongly on the mind of the Count de Grasse, that it was the deliberate opinion of the commander in chief and of Count de Rochambeau, that the enemy was manifestly making every effort to relieve their besieged army; and that should the French fleet proceed outside the Capes to attack them; it was more than probable the British fleet might slip into the Capes, and land 10,000 men in the rear of the allied armies, cut off their supplies from the Chesapeake bay and James river, and compel them to raise the siege and retire into the upper country. The Marquis, on this occasion, made use of the powers of his great mind, and after all the arguments and entreaties he could make use of, at length prevailed upon the Count to consent to remain at his anchorage. The Marquis returned on shore, where he met General Washington, who was anxiously waiting his return; and we may easily conceive the relief afforded him by the report of the Marquis, that the Count de Grasse had consented to remain and protect the army at all hazards. I have understood that these facts came out in France in

justification of the conduct of Count de Grasse, in not going out of the Chesapeake to attack the British fleet; as his force was represented to be superior in number of ships to that of the enemy.

This important event, which the great zeal and talents of La Fayette contributed to accomplish, immediately led to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis's army. This event, when communicated to the great and good Dr. Franklin, by the bearer of Washington's despatches, the Count de Lauzun, led him immediately to exclaim, clasping the Count in his arms, "THANK GOD, MY COUNTRY IS FREE."

*Copy of the last General Orders issued by Major General La Fayette, to his favourite corps of Light Infantry.*

"In the moment the Major General leaves this place, he wishes once more to express his gratitude to the brave corps of light infantry, who for nine months past, have been companions of his fortunes. He will never forget that with them alone of regular troops, he had the good fortune to manoeuvre before an army which after all its reductions, is still six times superior to the regular force he had at that time."

The surrender of Lord Cornwallis's army having nearly terminated the Revolutionary War, Congress passed the following resolution.

In Congress, November 23 1781.

Resolved, that Major General the Marquis de la Fayette be informed that on a review of his conduct throughout the past campaign, and particularly during the period in which he had the chief command in Virginia, the many new proofs which present themselves of his zealous attachment to the cause he has espoused, and of his judgment, vigilance, gallantry and address in its defence, have greatly added to the high opinion entertained by Congress of his merit and military talents.

In 1784, when our Independence had been acknowledged and confirmed, "The Congress of the United States appointed a committee consisting of 13 members, one from each state, to receive him, and in the name of Congress to take leave of him in such a manner as might strongly manifest their esteem and regard for him; that congress continue to entertain the same high sense of his abilities and zeal to promote the welfare of America both here and in Europe, which they have frequently expressed and manifested on former occasions; that the United States regard him with particular affection, and will not cease to feel an interest in whatever may concern his honour and prosperity; and that their best and kindest wishes will always attend him."

*Conclusion of the Marquis's Reply.*

"May this immense temple of freedom ever stand as a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, a sanctuary for the rights of mankind: and may these happy United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity which will illustrate the blessings of their government, and for ages to come, rejoice the departed souls of its founders. Never can congress oblige me so much, as when they put it in my power, in every part of the world to the latest day of my life to gratify the attachment which will ever rank me among the most zealous and respectful servants of the U. S.

A biography of General La Fayette has been published in France, in two volumes duodecimo; of the merits of which we know nothing. Robert Waln junr. of Philadelphia, has also a memoir in the press. General de Coudray Holstein, who is at present in this city, is also engaged in composing a biography, which will be published in the course of a few days.

JOHN FOOTE, Jun. of the Theatre, is preparing for the press a continuation of Baker's Biographia Dramatica, from the year 1811. The continuation will contain a list of nearly two thousand dramatic productions, which have appeared since that period, with notices of their authors.

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE BEDOUIN ARABS ;

*From the Manuscript of J. Burckhardt.*

[Concluded from page 380.]

**Robberies.** The son of Ibn Fayz, the great sheikh of the powerful Beni Szakher, had the misfortune of being taken prisoner or Rabet, by an Arab of the tribe of Rowella in 1812. His father was obliged to pay for his ransom three thousand piastres ready money, in Spanish dollars, thirty camels, two fine mares, two coats of mail, and a fine sword ; which may be estimated, altogether, at between eight and nine hundred pounds sterling.

**Dakheel.** If any one should dare to inflict any bodily hurt on the individual who has become the protected subject or Dakheel of another Arab, the Bedouin laws punish such an aggressor with much more severity than if he had committed any other action, however criminal. The protector 'whose ground,' as the Arabs say, 'has thus been walked over,' has the full right of killing ten persons of the aggressor's family, without incurring the effects of the blood revenge. It becomes extremely difficult, in such cases, for him to come to a compromise. The writer knew an Aeneze, who had already paid two fine mares and twenty camels, to an Arab of the tribe of Hamyde, because he had wounded a man whom he knew to be under the other's protection. But the latter is not yet satisfied ; and whenever he meets the former, he obliges him to make him a present of whatever strikes his fancy, as a new *abba*, or a gun, a lance, &c.

**Hospitality** among the Bedouins may be called a law, as well as a virtue. The most avaricious individual is obliged to show his hospitality to the stranger ; because the scorn of his tribe would follow him through life, if he were to turn out his guest ; and hospitality has thus become a public duty. I have known many Bedouins whose generosity, as far as relates to innate sentiment, seemed very dubious. They exercised it, less for self satisfaction and the desire of obliging the stranger, than to have it said in the Dowar that such a one treated his guests well. The women of the encampment immediately spy out whatever has been done for the guests ; and it is known all over the tribe, whether the dish set before them was well buttered or not ; or whether a fat or lean lamb has been killed. Other Bedouins, indeed, are truly hospitable and benevolent.

They express, by the most ingenuous signs, that they think it an honour and a good fortune for them to possess the stranger under their tent. They treat him with the sincerest demonstrations of the most disinterested friendship; and often offer, as a present, whatever article of tent furniture is seen to attract his notice.

To find yourself an unprotected stranger, among a nation of half savage robbers, not only in the most perfect security, but even, as it were, in the bosom of your own family, when seated under the tent of a generous Arab, impresses you with a singular esteem for the character of these wanderers of the desert; who live only by plunder, but religiously respect the persons and property even of their enemies, as soon as they are thrown under their protection.

The Bedouin women participate much less than their husbands in the fame of hospitality and generosity. I have generally observed, that whenever a woman commands in a tent, and this is almost as often the case in the desert as in the cities of Europe, she exerts her influence in curtailing the liberality of her husband towards his guests; either from innate avarice, or else in order to purloin from the provision destined for the entertainment of the stranger, a few handfuls of flour, &c. with which she buys, from the pedler of the encampment, a trifling article of raiment or ornament.

If strangers alight at the tent of an Arab, who happens to have no sheep present to kill for their entertainment, he may take one from the herd of his neighbour, without his leave; and it is even left to his generosity, whether he will afterwards reimburse his neighbour or not. Whereas if this appropriation was merely for his own use, or, as the Arabs say, 'for his women's' sake,' he would be obliged to pay the owner at least five times the value.

Many Bedouins and peasants to the south of Damascus, are rather backward in feeding the horses of the stranger who alights at their house or tent. It is the custom to throw, about sunset, the barley sack which the horse is to eat, and which every rider carries with him, before the landlord; whose duty it is to fill it. It is known of all tribes and villages, whether they are in the habit of feeding the strangers' horses well or not; and travellers direct their route accordingly. Beni Szakher have the reputation of filling the barley sack better than any other Arabs. They have made it a rule among themselves, that if any guest should be uncivil enough to ask for an increase of the portion of barley already copiously given to him, the landlord is to pour out before him a whole sack of

barley, and to tell him not to stir until his mare has eaten the whole.

*Saluting.* The Bedouins who are not accustomed to the intercourse of town and country people, seldom say Salam Aleyk, in saluting each other. They content themselves with the expression "Salam," though this is contrary to the precepts of the Koran. Among the Arabs el Kebly, the men salute each other by one kiss on the right cheek, and two or three on the left; and if they are old acquaintances, they add one kiss more on the left shoulder. The friends of the family, on their return from a long absence, kiss likewise the women and girls on entering the tent; provided there be no great company of strangers. The women who meet their female friends belonging to another encampment, or others returning from a long absence, make to each other such extravagant demonstrations of joy, that a bystander can hardly refrain from laughing. I had once the curiosity to count the number of kisses that passed between two young girls, who met each other unexpectedly, and found them to amount to twenty-seven. They were applied in such a regular, measured manner, that it appeared as if they wished themselves to count the number. The Bedouins look upon it as very ill breeding, if a person sit down among the company without saluting all his assembled friends. But every one retires without taking leave.

*Women.* The whole labour necessary to be performed in the tent, rests, as I have already said, with the women. They pitch the tent, fetch water upon their back at two or three hours' distance, and load the camels if the encampment is to move. In fact they are indefatigable in their industry, while their husbands are basking in the sun. It is not uncommon to see their husbands treat them like slaves; command them with the harshest expressions; and if they do not immediately obey, throw stones at them; a treatment which I frequently witnessed. The Bedouins say, that if left to their own will, or treated in a friendly manner, the women grow impertinent and get the better of them. This is true enough; for I have entered many tents where the lady commanded. I have likewise seen happy couples; but even then, the wife is not treated according to her merits. The husband never begs, but always commands; and a man would be laughed at by his companions if he was seen to behave towards his wife in a friendly and delicate manner. A boy of ten years of age already begins to raise his voice in the tent. His mother has no authority over him; and his sisters must obey his commands. If he is fifteen, even his mother is commanded by him; he disdains to bear a hand

in the interior business of the tent; he will make her get up to fetch him water; he eats by himself, or with his father; the women must content themselves with what is left in the plate; he is now called a man; and his family is the first to respect him as such. I, however, repeat here, that the attachment of the Bedouins principally towards their mothers, is exemplary. But the son, although he loves and reveres his mother, cannot help recalling constantly to mind that she has the misfortune of being born a woman; while nature created him a man, the lord of the desert.

*Horses.* It is a matter of courtesy among the Bedouins, to acquaint the enemy with the breed of those horses he may have robbed from the encampment. This is a general practice, and proceeds from an attachment to the horse; for it is a pity, they say, that a mare should only be esteemed for her qualities, while her noble breed should remain unknown.

*(Here follows a nomenclature of the different breeds and subdivisions of the Bedouin horses.)*

The horses of the different breeds have no peculiar characteristic mark, by which they can be distinguished from each other. I have, however, met with Bedouins, who pretend to know the mare's breed at first sight; but they are mere quacks, who impose upon their credulous neighbours, when they are consulted about a mare, taken from a distant enemy. The Sacklawry make, perhaps, an exception. Their beautiful long necks, their high haunches, and, above all, the beauty of their eyes, seem to be unequalled by any other race in the desert.

The Bedouins, in general, odd as it may appear, have very little knowledge of horses, and of what constitutes their beauty. In buying a horse, or mare, they merely consult its breed and swiftness, and call some experienced jockey of their tribe to examine the animal, as to its marks of good or bad omen. To know these marks and their signification, as for instance, two stars on the forehead, some black hairs in a white spot, &c. is the *ne plus ultra* of a connoisseur. But I never heard any discussion about the comparative excellencies in the make of a horse; and the Bedouins have no standing rules to judge by on the subject. They believe that the towns-people are much better judges of the subject than themselves, because they are supposed to have read in books what relates to horses and their secret marks. I have often been called upon by Bedouins to examine their mares. They would then tell me, "My mare is an Obryan, and runs as swift as a gazelle; but I beg you to look whether she is fine in her make, and has no bad marks."

What I have already said concerning the genealogical tables of horses is correct. The Arabs of the desert know nothing of it; but the origin and breed of each horse is as well known as that of every individual. In travelling along the mountains of Sherar, south of the dead sea, alone with my guide, we were repeatedly met by horsemen. My guide always distinguished the mare from afar, before he could clearly see the rider. "It is the grey Hadeba of such a one," said he, "therefore do not mind the horsemen, for we are friends."

The enumeration of one mare or horse to every six or eight tents, which I was led to adopt by repeated visits in the Aeneze encampments, is likewise applicable to the Arabs el Kebly; and the latter, taken altogether, might perhaps be found to have only one horseman among ten tents.

Among different Bedouin tribes, in number from 250 to 300, who wander about in the desert,—included in the triangle, of which Syria is one side, the course of the Euphrates the second, and a line drawn from Anah on the Euphrates to the northern extremity of the Red Sea, as the basis,—there is no tribe that possesses finer horses, and in greater quantity, than the Rowalla, one of the four principal branches of the Aenezes; who pass their winter months in the Hedjed and the mountains of Shemmar, and approach, in summer, the frontiers of Syria and Mesopotamia. Of the Bedouins nearest to Syria, the Ehhssenne, another branch of Aenezes, who live in summer to the east of Damascus, Homs and Hamah, and in the environs of Palmyra, and principally the Beni Szakher, to the east of the dead sea, excel in the noble breeds of their horses.

If any quantity of fine Arab horses were wanted to be bought up in Syria, I would recommend two places as most proper for making the purchase. Hassia, a village on the Caravan road, from Damascus to Homs, about eight hours distant from Homs; and Aera, a village of Druzes in the Hauran, two hours north of Bosra. A Frank, of whatever nation he may be, with letters of recommendation from the Pasha of Damascus, would find himself in perfect security in these places. It is almost impossible to purchase fine horses in the Syrian towns, and that for several reasons. The Turkish governors are generally passionately fond of horses. They buy up, or ask in presents, or take away by force, whatever fine horse is in the town; and in order to get possession of a horse in the stable of a grandee, a present of double its value must be made; for he would think it a shame to have it said he stole a horse. Besides, horses that have been only one

year in the hands of a Turkish horseman, are no more fit for any European market; because the playing of the Djerid, and the exercises of Turkish horsemanship soon spoil their legs, and throw the strongest horse upon his haunches. It is also a rule among the Bedouins, never to bring their horses to market into a town, without the certainty of selling them; for should they return without having effected a sale, a horse, whatever its breed may be, greatly diminishes in value. The Bedouins believe it has some bad marks; and its master finds it very difficult to dispose of it afterwards. It is, therefore, necessary to be stationed at a place where the Bedouins are continually passing to and fro, and where their best horses can be daily seen. The cheapest way of getting fine horses from the Arabs, is to buy up in Syria some blood mares, which may be got from the village chiefs at from 1000 to 1500 piastres; and afterwards to exchange them for the stud-horses of the Bedouins. A mare worth in town 1000 piastres, may be exchanged against a horse from the Bedouins, which will fetch, in the same town, double that price. The Syrians neglect the commerce of Bedouin horses, because they are extremely shy of having any dealing with the Bedouins, whose name alone inspires them with terror. What I have seen of Egyptian horses has convinced me that the breed of this country is infinitely below that of the desert.

*Camels.* The Arabs el Kebly, and all the Arabs of the Hedjar have not only noted breeds of horses, but distinguish likewise particular breeds of camels, of that species which they call Hedjeen; by which appellation those camels are designated which are destined merely for riding, and not for carrying any burthen. I am not sure whether the Arabs of Syria make any like difference in the breed of their camels. I never heard it mentioned; and rather believe it is not the case. It seems that the camel acquires an additional degree of swiftness and strength, the more the country in which it is bred approaches the tropical climes. The breeds of camels are traced to the remotest origin by the Arabs el Kebly, in the same manner as are those of their mares; but neither of them are recorded by written genealogies.

*(The writer here gives the names and values of the different species.)*

I have heard in the desert of camels performing journeys of six, eight and ten days, in one day. Towns-people relate such stories; but the Arabs contradict them. I know instances where camels have walked for five days and as many nights running, and have thus performed a journey of from twelve to

fifteen days caravan travelling. This is the utmost which the camels in Northern Arabia can perform. Among the Howeytat, who pride themselves upon the breed of their camels, I saw one which had gone or trotted in one day over a space of three and a half common days' journeys; and it was looked upon as an extraordinary performance. I venture to say that there is no Hedjeen in Egypt able to go from Cairo to Suez, (a distance of 28 hours march,) in ten hours; which would be at the rate of about eight miles per hour. Mohamed Aly Pasha, who is very fond of travelling on camels, and, of course, has the best of them in his possession, in his frequent excursions to Suez, has never been able to perform the journey, in less than fourteen hours. The despatches sent over land from Yembo, where the Pasha's son is at present in garrison, to Cairo, (a journey of about 30 days,) generally arrives here on the thirteenth day.

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LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

MR. EDITOR—An old friend, with whom I usually spend a few weeks every summer, showed me, during a visit I made him last July, a letter which he had lately received from one of his foreign correspondents—no less a personage than the celebrated Dr. KITCHINER. By his permission, I took a copy of the letter, and herewith send it to you, “to do with as seemeth best in your eyes.” I hope the Doctor's notes will, to use his own words, “prove not unamusing.”

Yours, &c.

II

LETTER FROM DR. KITCHINER.

*My Dear Friend*—I am truly indebted to you for the specimens of Kous-kous, from the Columbia river, and, also, the Gombeau, from Louisiana. The first excels any caviare I have ever tasted; but I think the latter will not, at first, suit the palates of our gourmands. The flavour of the sassafras is too piquant for an unpractised palate.

\* \* \* \* \*

Knowing your *gout* for antiquarian lore, as well as for the delicacies of the gastromomic art, I am happy to send you a copy of an old ballad, which will gratify both tastes. I copied it from an ancient and time-worn Cambrian manuscript, which was lent me, during a visit to the river Taafe, which I lately made, to obtain the secret of cooking the celebrated trout of that river. The manuscript contained the original Welsh, as well as the version, but as I believe that language is, to you, ‘a

sealed scroll,' I will not 'fash ma thum' to transcribe it. In the copy, I have retained all the original contractions, and give it to you '*literatim*,' but not '*punctuatim*,' for it exhibits a noble defiance of punctuation. As it throws great light on the *gastrology* of the 'olden people' of this island, I have ventured to add a few observations by way of illustration, which I hope will not prove unamusing. \* \* \* \* \*

Farewell.—In the Swedish manner I wish you 'bonne digestion.  
Yours,

WILLIAM KITCHINER.

KYNGE ARTHURE'S PUDEN.

1. When gode Kynge Arthure whylome reigned  
O'er all y<sup>s</sup> English londe  
He had Knyghtes errante 24  
Under hys commande
2. Y<sup>s</sup> Kynge for Sonday mornenge bade  
Hys cooke withoute delaie  
To have a greate bagge-puden made  
For to dyne upon y<sup>t</sup> daie
3. Y<sup>e</sup> cooke y<sup>n</sup> toke hys byggeste potte  
Y<sup>t</sup> 90 Hhds helde  
And soone he made y<sup>e</sup> water hotte  
Wyth which y<sup>t</sup> potte was fyllede
4. Hys knedynge troughe was 50 y<sup>ds</sup>  
In lengthe & 20 wyde  
And 80 kytchen wenches stode  
In ordere bye its syde
5. Fulle 60 sakes of wheatene floure  
They emptyed in a tryse  
And 15 Bbls of melases  
& 7 casks of Ryse
6. For every pounce of floure they toke  
Att leaste 2 poundes of plums  
Y<sup>e</sup> lumps of suete in it were  
As bygge as my two thumbes
7. Y<sup>e</sup> puden bagge was of toe-clothe  
Ech yd was worthe a groate,  
Beinge too small they peeced it wyth  
Y<sup>e</sup> Queene's stuffe pettykote.
8. From 4 o'clock before sunryse  
They boyled it untill noon  
When y<sup>e</sup> cooke he swore if it boyled anie more  
It wd turne to poyson soone

9. Att length they gott y<sup>e</sup> puden oute  
Wyth much adoe and clatter  
& y<sup>n</sup> wyth iron crowe-bars rolled  
It on a puter platter
10. It toke 200 Servynge men  
To lyft it on y<sup>e</sup> table  
& everie knyghte sat down to eate  
As much as he was able
11. Y<sup>e</sup> kynge y<sup>n</sup> drew hys shynynge bronde  
& swore by gode saint Toddy  
Yt he wd eate a peece of itt,  
As bygge as his owne bodie
12. Eache valorouse knyght swore bye y<sup>e</sup> rodd  
Yt he wd doe soe too  
& eate as much as any kynge  
In Chrystendome could doe
13. Grayse beinge saide y<sup>e</sup> graycious kynge  
Bowed rounde to everie manne  
& thrust his sworde upp to y<sup>e</sup> hylte  
& oute y<sup>e</sup> gravie ranne
14. It was so gode yt everie knyghte  
Stuffed tyll hee almost dyed  
what they cd not eate yt daie  
They had y<sup>e</sup> next daie fryed
15. Ande nowe God blesse yt noble Kynge  
Hys knyghtes & table rounde  
& when he nexte suche a puden boyls  
O! may wee there bee founde.

## ANNOTATIONS.

Stanza 1st. *Knyghtes* 24. THE "ROUNDE TABLE," or collection of knights errant attached to King Arthur's court was the most celebrated institution in the annals of chivalry, and was the model which succeeding monarchs followed. The name is derived, says Selden, from the form of the table at which the court was accustomed to dine during the Christmas holidays, at which time all the knights were bound to be present, and renew their fealty. The architect who erected it was a resident of Merchwyr Tydwyl, and was nephew of the celebrated Merlin. His grave is yet to be seen with the following inscription:

†  
I H S

"Ye baines off Llywellyn app Tydwyl

"Lye in y<sup>s</sup> halie grounde

"He was a rite-gode wode-crafte manne

"And maide y<sup>e</sup> Table Rounde

Ob. A. D. 537."

Stanza 2d. It seems to have been the custom at King Arthur's court, that all the knights present, should dine at the king's table on Sunday; and we may in this stanza learn the antiquity of the English custom of having a plum pudding for dinner on Sundays. Vide the old ballad of 'Good Queen Bess.'

"They thought they sinned on Sunday if they dined without a pudding."

Stanzas 3d and 4th. The magnitude of King Arthur's kitchen establishment proves that he well understood the secret of 'Dutch courage,' and that he fed his 'bully-boys,' in proportion to the work he wanted of them. I doubt whether any monarch of the 'holy alliance' can show such magnificent culinary utensils. Indeed, our forefathers had very enlarged notions on the subject of eating and drinking. The 'Heidelberg Tun' is an evidence of this. That vessel is of such capacity, that while the present generation are drinking the wine from the bottom, they are pouring in at the top that intended to wash the throats of their great grandchildren. Harmann Von Skunchbrüch in his 'Staaten der Bavaren'—a work on the 'Statistics of Bavaria,' mentions another, of which he writes, quaintly enough I confess, that it cost so much, and held so much, that the wine in it, by the accumulation of compound interest, if it had not all been drank up in the second year, would in the year 1739, have cost twenty gold florins per gill. Vide page 1983. vol. 17th.

Stanzas 5th and 6th present us with the component parts of this "morsel of dainties," and it is enough to make one's mouth water to read them. From them we also learn, that the Cambrians were largely engaged in the West India trade, and also carried on a considerable traffick to Charleston for rice, and to Malaga for raisins. From some expressions of Aneuryn and Taliesin, in the fragments of the "Triads," we are informed that the Muscadel raisins of Barrell's brand were most esteemed; and Hoel ap Owen ap Gwyllwyn in his letter to Madog ap Owen Gwynedd, (commonly called Madoc,) disproving his claim to the first discovery of a new continent, quotes a passage from Llywarc-Hen, expressly stating, that

the ships from Aberystwyth, were accustomed to bring home "barrells of BLACK HONEY from *Yaymaykya*."

Stanza 7th exhibits a delightful specimen of good housewifery. It is evident that the Queen, Guanharanhua or Gunaera, (for she is called by both names by Taliesin,) was overseer of the kitchen, and when she found the pudding bag too small, she is represented as piecing it with her "stuff petty-kote" to enlarge it. Such an instance of her desire to do every thing in her power to serve her husband, is so pleasing, and so unlike the conduct of the wives of the present age, that I am almost impelled with Don Quixote to declare myself her champion against the calumnies which have been cast upon her reputation. We also from these stanzas learn the antiquity of the woollen manufacture in the west of England, where it still continues to flourish. Whether the "*stuff*" of which the petticoat was made was camblet, serge, bombazett or kersey, we unfortunately are not told.

In stanza 8th, we find the origin of the old proverb, that "a pudding over boiled is poison." In my note to the recipe for a plum pudding, in the "cook's oracle," I have proved that the meaning of this phrase is, that it cannot be over boiled.

Stanzas 10th, et infra. What a delightful picture is here presented of the bustle in the kitchen to dish up the ambrosial morsel, and the magnanimous attitude assumed by the knights, on taking their seats at the festal board. Then the king, drawing his sword *excalibur*, (which is a gaelic word, meaning  *slicer*, and is used in the same sense as *cheese toaster* at the present day,) with a great flourish, and announcing the eagerness of his appetite—it is indeed a picture for painters to study. St. Toddy, who seems to have been the king's favourite and patron saint, was one of the missionary companions of St. Patrick. He preached chiefly in the southeastern part of Ireland, and was accustomed to baptize his converts, with a mixture of potsheen and hot water, to which they, in gratitude, gave his name, which it bears to this day. Llywarc-Hen, in his hymn to St Tasy, (or David,) mentions this fact, and adds that the success of his labours was astonishing.

And notwithstanding the craving of appetite, the court, more pious than courts in the present age, would not set down to eat, until grace before meat had been pronounced; when that was done, like true knights, and honest trencher-men, they did their devoirs to the pudding.

I am much pleased with the refined economy which they observed in those days, and which is evinced in the fact, that

the remains of the pudding was warmed over for breakfast the next morning ; a mode of treatment, which you may believe, *meo periculo*, is much better than eating it cold.

I have recently seen a fragment of the Welsh verses among the Celtic manuscripts in the British Museum, and found a marginal note upon it in the hand writing of our friend Laurence Templeton Esq. stating that the author is supposed to be Aneuryn-Llwyrdych, or Aneuryn of the Silver-mouth, who, with Taliesin, was considered as chief of the bards of Wales in the middle of the sixth century, and whose heroic exploits against the Saxons, are celebrated in the fragments of the Triads.—Vide archæology of Wales, vol. 2d.

W. K.

TO A LADY, ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER WHO HAD JUST  
TAKEN THE VEIL.

(From the French of Gresset.)

Shall grief perverse, with midnight gloom,  
Thy fairest days o'ercast,  
While prostrate by thy daughter's tomb,  
Thy ceaseless sorrows last ?  
Ere the glad morn her gates unfolds,  
They wake thee with a sigh,  
And evening's pensive shade beholds  
Tears dim thy lucid eye.

Just was the debt to sacred grief  
For her whose fate I sing,  
Whose bloom was lovely, as 'twas brief,  
And perished in its spring.  
The earlier hours of passionate love  
A secret joy mysterious knew,  
To jealous sorrow dear ;  
I did not then forbid their flow,  
But gave thee tear for tear.

But short the term that nature gives  
To unavailing sighs ;  
The constant grief that longer lives,  
Seems morbid to the wise.  
Thy dear remains, oh shade beloved !  
In their dark prison pent,  
Sleep on by all our moans unmoved,  
Nor hear our sad lament.

Nor funeral dirge, nor anguish wild  
Relentless fate can stay ;  
The mother mourns in vain her child,  
For death retains his prey.

Still, still, the heartless monster calls  
 For victims, still he waves  
 The sickly torch that man appals  
 Still howls around our frightened walls,  
 And covers earth with graves.

Still under the same cypress shade,  
 A common urn beneath,  
 Sees parents with their children laid,  
 Who followed them in death.  
 Down to that grave, by anguish worn,  
 Despairing should'st thou go,  
 Friendship a double loss must mourn,  
 Our tears anew must flow.

Or dost thou, with enforced sighs,  
 Mourn like the common train,  
 Who in their solemn liveries  
 Decorous sadness feign?  
 That it was sweet to weep, a school  
 Of years maintained; but false their rule,  
 And false their poets sing;  
 From grief so lingering and so dull,  
 No joy can ever spring.

Deep in the glooms of savage wood,  
 The turtle wails her mate,  
 But reconciled to widowhood,  
 Forgets at length her state.  
 So faithful grief will strive in vain  
 Its cherished misery to retain  
 Nor lift its funeral pall;  
 Time will at last a triumph gain,  
 Who triumphs over all.

See by the smoking altar, where  
 Her Iphigénia bled,  
 The mother stand in wild despair,  
 And ask to join the dead.  
 But other cares her bosom knew,  
 The wings of time as swift they flew,  
 Brushed off the parent's tears;  
 Our Iphigénia's memory, too,  
 Must yield to fleeting years.

Since then those pinions, broad and strong,  
 Must bear, perforce, away  
 Thy melancholy, nurse so long,  
 Why wail the dull delay?  
 Chase the black poison from thy soul,  
 And time anticipate,  
 Thine altered mood let use controul,  
 And reason vindicate.

Not so complained the Grecian dame,  
 But armed her noble breast;  
 Her nature's weakness she o'ercame,  
 Her natural sighs repeat.

'For why should I consume,' she said,  
 'With vain regrets my heart?'  
 When smiling in its infant bed,  
 I knew one day its fragile thread  
 The fatal shears must part.'

Ah no! your rules, ye stoics cold,  
 In vain would I enforce—  
 Great God! thy temple's gates unfold,  
 And show our sole resource.  
 A hand divine alone can heal  
 The wounds the bleeding heart must feel.  
 Vain human counsels were  
 Beside the sacred altar kneel,  
 The comforter is there.

Go, christian mother, to the shrine,  
 And wipe thy griefs above,  
 Submissive to the power divine,  
 That sustains in its love.  
 Tho' rankles yet thy recent smart,  
 Eternal wisdom own,  
 That breaks the tenderest ties apart,  
 To fix the undivided heart  
 Upon itself alone.

Ere the decree of fate went forth,  
 Already she had died;  
 Snatched from the dangerous snares of earth,  
 Heaven claimed her as its bride.  
 From that vain world its votaries part  
 With each delusive tie,  
 Shut out by every firm restraint,  
 Lived, for her God alone, the saint,  
 And knew no other tie.

Self-dedicated to the rite  
 Behold the victim move,  
 Where stands prepared the altar bright  
 Of everlasting love.  
 The incense mounts, the wreaths are hung;  
 Attends the sacrifice;  
 But whence those shrieks the crowd among?  
 Her bridal hymn I should have sung,  
 I chant her obsequies.

So fades a rose untimely strown,  
 Of all its petals shorn;  
 Plucked, with its budding charms half blown,  
 An altar to adorn.  
 Its perfumes sweet, at morning light,  
 Through all the fane it staid;  
 Eve came, and dark descending night  
 Saw all its glories fled.

Just heaven! we mourn her young career  
 Cut short by sudden blight;  
 But own thy wisdom; every year  
 Was numbered in thy sight.

We should not mete by length of days.

The term the samty spirit stays,

Its trials to endure ;

Death to the wretch whom none can praise,

Alone is premature.

X.

*L' Economia Della Vita Umana di Dodsley, tradotta da B. Aloisi, Edizione Americana. Nuova Jorca, 1824.*

We have seen, of late years, with no small satisfaction, in this money-making city of Gotham, (a city, which once, we confess, we had surrendered to the wra<sup>th</sup> of the muses, as incurably arithmetical and *misc<sup>ed</sup>*) strong and decided indications of literary taste. Among the various unexpected developments which have led us to this favourable inference, we are particularly gratified to find that a knowledge of the language and the literature of Italy has, for some time past, been considered as essential to a course of liberal education. Professing, as we do, the highest admiration of this 'beautiful idiom,' and desirous to see every facility afforded its still more extensive circulation, we are disposed to regard, with a favourable eye, every effort, however humble, to promote so desirable an object.

But the very interest we feel in its success, and the pride we profess in following its progress, compel us to resist all such awkward or indiscreet interference as threatens to retard what it openly professes, and we are ready to believe, most sincerely wishes to advance. Of course, it will be always understood, that in the exercise of our censorial prerogative we shall only take cognizance of such offences as come within the limits of the critic's jurisdiction. On this subject, the law, as far as we can ascertain from the universally recognized practice of the craft, is exceedingly simple and precise. Signor Aloisi, for example, desirous that his name shall be included among those who have contributed to extend, in this youthful republic, the knowledge of his native tongue, resorts to various expedients, well or ill calculated to promote the success of his design ; but, as yet, he has the prudence to remain on the safe side of our Rubicon, the press. Now, it has been uniformly ruled, we believe, that until the individual in question has committed the act of publication, (be his disqualifications what they may, be he ever so incompetent to the faithful discharge of the task he has undertaken to perform,) to cite him for imputed offences before the critical bench, would be clear-

ly to call him *coram non judice*, and a writ of prohibition might issue, in such case, from the superior court of public opinion. But Signor Aloisi, at last, not having the fear of Priscian before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the *cacoëthes scribendi*, wilfully, and with malice aforethought, publishes a book; and this, we contend, renders him amenable to our revisory tribunal for all offences committed in said publication. Let him, therefore, quietly submit to take his trial at the bar of legitimate criticism; and we hereby warn him to repress that rebellious spirit, which youthful offenders too frequently exhibit, under the wholesome operation of censorial discipline.

We charge, then, Signor B. Aloisi, first, with having perpetrated a bad translation of Dodsley's *Economy of Human Life*, and secondly, with having attempted to make it serve as an introduction to the study of the Italian Classics. The second charge is admitted, and avowed indeed, by the translator himself; and constitutes no offence, until the first is sufficiently made out.

In furnishing the grounds of our opinion with respect to the first charge we begin by premising, as an incontrovertible truth, that every translator is expected to be able to write, in the language of the translation, with, at least, grammatical propriety; and is bound moreover (although, on this subject, there are different opinions,) to give a shrewd, and sometimes a successful guess at the meaning of the original. This, we think, on the whole, is as little as can well be required; yet we know that some have considered even these requisitions as hard and unreasonable, maintaining that much may be accomplished by diligently groping in the pages of a dictionary. Having had an opportunity, however, in the course of our critical investigations, to witness the effects of this system, in *translating* Milton into French, and *oversetting* Shakspeare into German, we must be excused for insisting on the first mentioned qualifications at least.

Dodsley's *Economy of Human Life* was published anonymously in 1750. It was considered at the time a very successful imitation of the style of the oriental moralists, and almost universally ascribed to the pen of the celebrated Chesterfield. When the name of the real author, however, came to be known, the public admiration suddenly abated; and what was excellent, if written by a lord, was pronounced feeble, as the production of a bookseller. The work has, undoubtedly, its merits. With much of the form, and something of the spirit of Eastern imagery, it inculcates in simple and impressive language the soundest lessons of practical morality.

The excellence of the design conceals, in a measure, the occasional defects of execution, and Time, the great critic, has pronounced it not unworthy of the reputation it continues to enjoy. It was translated into Italian prose by Luigi Guidelli, and published in Florence in the year 1761. There exists, we believe, another translation, by Luzi, in Italian verse, published also at Florence, which was afterwards republished at that place, and, in 1816, at Naples.

As the principal characteristic of this production is the oriental style which it affects, it is obvious that in all translations this peculiarity should be constantly preserved. The translator, then, has little else to do than to render the original with almost literal exactness; and, far from being obliged, is not even permitted, to convert its Eastern into European idiom. This restriction renders a translation a very easy task indeed, inasmuch as it requires in the translator no command of language, nor elegance of style. A very slender acquaintance with the original English, and an ability to write grammatical Italian, are all the qualifications that are requisite, and we seriously think, that we have very great reasons to complain that Signor Aloisi is either destitute of these, or has executed his task with equally culpable negligence and haste. There are faults in the present case, the more reprehensible, because, as we are told by the writer himself, the translation is to serve in the hands of those who are desirous of acquiring Italian, 'as an introduction to the study of the Italian classics.'

We shall now, in support of the assertions we have made, enumerate the errors and defects of Signor Aloisi's translation under two simple and comprehensive divisions.

First—Errors arising from misapprehension, and, in some cases, the most inexcusable ignorance of the meaning of the original.

Page 11. *Acquisti*. This is an evident mistranslation. *Acquirements* mean mental attainments, *acquisti* by itself has no such meaning.

Page 14. *Tutto l' annoia*. This is given as a translation of *He loitereth about*.

Page 22. *Giammai*. This sentence is utterly misunderstood. In the original the second clause is intended to modify and restrict the first; in the translation, the two clauses imply an unexplained contradiction. It is evident that the translator has mistaken *yet* (*nevertheless*) for *yet* (*hitherto*.) Independent of this, there is an error in using *giammai* without a negative particle, in a negative sense. We are aware, that Mazzoleni in his *Raccolta di rime oneste* cites the authority of a classical

author for the use of *mai* instead of *non mai*, but this example has very seldom been imitated, even in poetry.

Page 26. *Soggiorno*. An error which destroys the force of the argument. In the original, the author wishing to enforce the necessity of contentment, tells us that our *station*, (relative place in society,) is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal. *Soggiorno* means simply our *abode* on earth, without any reference to our *rank* or *condition* in life.

Page 26. *Sovente benefica quando non lo crediamo*. To do what we ask not, and not to do what we ask, are not, we believe, synonymous expressions.

Page 27. *Parecchi*. This is a pleasant mistranslation. *Several* (respective) is mistaken for *several* (*divers, various*.)

Page 27. *Rimbrotta*. This is evidently a word achieved by dint of dictionary. Baretti is a dangerous guide. He should have added *lagnarsi* to the meanings of the verb *to repine*. Signor Aloisi deserves to be *rimbrozzato* for not knowing better.

Page 27. *Un animo contento è un ascoso tesoro, ed un argine agl' incomodi*. What a perilous thing it is to be ambitious of excelling the original. If the translator had adhered to the simplicity of Dodsley, he would have escaped the absurdity of making a *hidden treasure* act the part of a *rampart* or *defence*, for which it seems to us peculiarly disqualified.

Page 30. *Pazzia* is not the kind of madness meant in the original.

Page 30. *Sedotti*. This word expresses one of the significations of *debauched*, but not the one alluded to by Dodsley. It has evidently been transferred from the pages of Baretti.

Page 31. *Della donna*. What woman? Not woman in general; for this would be a shameful satire on the sex, and no woman real or allegorical, to which the allusion can be made, is mentioned by the translator, who has been betrayed by false delicacy into false grammar.

Page 39. *Non sono d' alcuna stima*, for *teemeth with evil* is a strange mistranslation. The translator appears to have hallucinated somehow between *teem* and *seem* and *esteem*.

*Se tu non vuoi distruggere*. This is predicated of grief in the original.

*Orli*, may apply to the *edge* of a precipice, or the *border* of a garment, but not to the *borders* of a mansion.

*Ad una picciola salita*. This does not mean *by* (*by means of*) a *gentle ascent*.

*Allegrezza—Giulività*. These terms do not imply criminal excesses of merriment, but rather innocent cheerfulness and hilarity.

*Riottoso Mirto!!!* What in the name of all the muses is this? Is this seriously meant as a translation of *riotous mirth*, and does Signor A. really imagine that by putting o's to the end of English words, they become suddenly metamorphosed into 'genuine Tuscan'? We surely need not tell the merest tyro in the language that *riottoso* is no more the Italian for *riotous*, than *mirto* is for *mirth*.

Page 41. *Tale la rabbia circonda l' uomo de sventure.* Independent of the improper use of *rabbia* for *ira*, the meaning of the original is altogether misunderstood. Dodsley is speaking of the mischief that the angry man occasions to others, not of the misfortunes that result to himself.

Page 42. *Indebolire* does not mean *to warp*.

Page 44. *La ruggiada che cade dalle rose nel grembo della terra.* A beautiful figure in the original is here entirely spoiled by the substitution of *terra* for *spring*.

Page 45. *Riottare!* Again!

Page 52. *Ave* is translated *austerità*.

Page 57. *If her foot abideth not in her father's house. Se trascura le cose della casa paterna.*

Page 60. *Consider thou, who art a father. Rifletti che sei genitore.*

Page 70. *To do good. Far bene.* This means *to do well*, which is quite another matter.

Page 79. *The army flieth. L' armata vola.* *Flieth* for *fleeth* in English is sometimes used, but never *l'armata vola* for *l'armata fugge* in Italian, unless when speaking of a mounted corps of hippogriffs.

We have neither time nor inclination to enumerate all the instances in which the English has been strangely misunderstood or negligently rendered. Exclusive of these errors, the translator seems disposed, with singular perversity, to convert the quaint and metaphorical style of the original into tame and common-place prose. For instance, *ad aperturam libri*,

Page 52. *Humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.* In tutte le sue azioni ha per guida l' umiltà e la mansuetudine.

Page 53. *She speaketh, and her servants fly; she pointeth and the thing is done: for the law of love is in their hearts, and her kindness addeth wings to their feet.* This sentence is thus despatched. I domestici godono in osservare i suoi cen- ni, perch' ella è amorosa e benigna.

Under the second head of errors, we include all the inele-

gant or ungrammatical Italian; and here, we beg leave to observe that although we were not born

‘Nel bel paese là dove il sì suona.’

yet we have, in various ways, acquired enough of the *bell' idioma* to know that the following solecisms would expose the perpetrator to the unsparing anathemas of a genuine Della Cruscan.

Page 11. *Spensieroso*. Adjectives in *oso*, as *focoso*, *sfrondoso*, *nervoso*, *pensieroso*, are of the kind which grammarians call amplificative, and do not admit of a negative prefix. To express the opposites of their several attributes, the adjectives *sfocato*, *sfrondato*, *snervato*, *spensierato*, would be uniformly employed.

Page 13. *Senza dispiacerti della perdita*, instead of *senza che la perdita ti dispiaccia*.

Page 16 and 17. *Eccedere* is here used twice in the sense of *eccellere* or *oltrapassare*. We believe that in all good writers it is used invariably in a bad sense corresponding to its etymology. It is, besides, a neuter verb, and its employment in the present instance is therefore doubly erroneous.

Page 19. *Azzopire*, instead of *azzoppare* or *zoppicare*.

Page 20. *La torrente!* A female torrent!

Page 21. *Nè lascia la prosperità*. *Nè lascia esposta*. Page 26. *Nè di*. Page 38. *Nè fa*. Page 86. *Nè abusati*. Page 101. *Nemmen lusingati*. Does not Signor Aloisi know that the second person singular of the imperative mood is never joined, in Italian, to the negative particles *non*, *nè*, *neppure*, *nemmeno*. This peculiarity in the language is derived from the Latin, in which the same rule is observed. There is this difference, however, that the Romans substitute the subjunctive *ne eas* instead of *non i*, whereas the Italians always use the infinitive mood *non andare*. Alfieri has been very severely, and very properly, criticised by Cesarotti for having once violated this rule in one of his tragedies.

*Dovrà soffrire*; a Gallicism. *Soffrire* is an active verb.

*Occupati de' tuoi affari*. Another Gallicism.

*Non dubitar alcuno*. An Anglicism; for *non diffidar d'alcuno*. *Dubitar* is, moreover, a neuter verb, and very unjustly pressed into active service.

*Non usar oggi ciò*, &c. *Usar* is also a neuter verb, at least in the sense of the text.

Page 23. *Siccome—tale* instead of *siccome—così*, or *quale—tale*. This error is repeatedly committed. Page 41, 84, 89.

Page 33. *Nel boccio!* What sort of a botch is this? It can-

not be an error of the press ; for the article is also of the masculine gender. A reference to the original informs us that the translator meant *boccia*, *bocciuolo*, *bocciuola*, or *bocciolina*. Any thing but *boccio*.

Page 38. *Adilettati—anellati*. Page 90. *S'addiletta*. Are these barbarisms intended as foils to set off the *pretto toscano* of this translation, or are they seriously offered as specimens of 'Tuscan in its purity'?

*Dalla sua bocca non esce che lamenti*. A Gallicism, and a violation of the laws of syntax committed at the same time.

Page 39. *Se non vuoi appassire i fiori*. We here enter our solemn protest against the arbitrary tyranny which the translator exercises over quiet, peaceable, and well behaved neuter verbs. They are all, without any authority or provocation whatever, forced into a state of unnatural and portentous activity. The only thing they can do, we think, is to establish forthwith a system of *armed neutrality* to defend themselves against this wanton violation of their undoubted and acknowledged rights.

Page 45. *Quello privo di Padre*. Poor *quegli*! After being deprived of his father by fate, he is robbed of the commonest rights of his species by Signor Aloisi! Unless his grief has turned him into a stock or a stone or a dumb beast, we hold it very unkind to call a reasonable creature *quello*!

*Assisti coloro che non hanno alcuno da recarli aiuto*. Then, we say help the pronouns first! They are scurvily treated. No wonder that so many of them are driven, though much against their will, into the *accusative case*.

*Tapri la bontà il core*. Number, gender, and case being driven from their ancient dominions, person, of course, could not hope to escape. We shall presently see that mood and tense are made to share the lamentable fate of their companions.

Page 47. *Resiste l'influenza*. Another neuter verb made active.

Page 51. *Riterrà la soavità quando sia svanita la freschezza*. Mood and tense dispossessed at once. This completes the defeat of the inflexions.

Page 72. *Tavola affollata*. An Anglicism.

Page 73. *Pa' uguale*. The phrase in which this *comparative degree of equality* is found, is not in our edition of the original.

Page 84. *Si messe in società*. *Messe* is only used in poetry, and then for the sake of the rhyme.

Page 93. *La pena che prende.* A Gallicism, scrupulously avoided by classical writers.

These are but a few of the errors with which the book abounds, and we appeal to our readers, if we would not be justly chargeable with gross neglect of the duties of our office, if we allowed such a mistranslation to pass into the hands of the students of Italian, without warning them before hand, how very far it is from being a specimen of 'the Tuscan in its purity,' or a proper 'introduction to the study of the best Italian classics.'

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*Tariff, or Rates of Duties, payable after the 30th of June, 1824, on all Goods, Wares, and Merchandise, imported into the United States of America in American Vessels, under the act passed May 22d, 1824, entitled "An act to amend the several acts imposing duties on imports," and the several revenue acts thereby amended, now in force. By D. S. Lyon, Deputy Naval Officer of the Port of New-York. New-York. C. S. Van Winkle. 1824. pp. 140.*

Partial and unadvised legislation is the vice of all popular governments. This fact, however, argues nothing against their excellence. It is but another proof that the imperfections of our nature must necessarily attend the most perfect of our works; and that the best of all political institutions are not faultless. Measures thus inconsiderately adopted, affecting only minor interests, and not invading constitutional principles, are seldom considered by the great body of the people, and are not, in fact, of sufficient importance to cause much excitement, or produce extensive injury. But when one of the great sources of a nation's wealth, agriculture, commerce or manufactures, is materially affected, this improvident mode of legislation becomes oppressive and ruinous, and incalculable in the extent of its consequences; and even in this case, the evil might be foreseen, and, in a great measure avoided, were inconsiderate laws confined to parts of a system, instead of effecting the destruction of the whole, and establishing on its ruins one of untried, and too often doubtful principles.

To such an extent has the commerce of this country suffered from this evil, that it may fairly be said to have attained to its present prosperity in spite of opposition, and in defiance of law. Year after year have propositions been offered in

our legislature, and too many of them adopted, uncalled for by the wishes of the people, or the necessities of the times ; and without a single promise of benefit to any other class, tending to loss or embarrassment to the merchants. And even where they have been rejected, the mere fact that there are men of character and influence among us who can advocate them, is sufficient of itself to render uncertain the hope of profit from the most promising adventure. A bold, hazardous and too often unprincipled spirit of speculation is the consequence ; which if successful, is called enterprize—if defeated, misfortune.

The effect of all this, we doubt not, has been to retard us years in our march to solid and substantial power; and though our strides have been rapid beyond all precedent, yet man cannot tell what we might have been, had our agriculture, commerce and manufactures been uniformly cherished by a sound discriminating and judicious course of measures. Under present circumstances it is by no means certain, that the fundamental principles upon which they are now regulated, may not be changed within two years, and ruin, with a double weight, fall upon him who is now quietly pursuing his avocations, relying upon the prudence of his legislators.

A system, however erroneous in its principles or structure, still improves by age ; its asperities are worn down, its inconsistencies reconciled ; its contradictions amended ; the legislature, the courts, and those who are subjected to its operations, unite to perfect it. Sound and well-established rules of construction are brought to bear upon its details ; decisions are made, and regular and settled rules aid its imperfections, till at length, well understood, and as the known law of the land, it is acquiesced in and supported. The government bases its calculations, and the merchant his schemes, upon an intimate acquaintance with its particulars.

But with us, scarcely has it approximated to this point, when some sudden gust of popular caprice, some full swell of popular delusion, sweeps the fabric from its foundation, and, to use a hackneyed but applicable expression, “ leaves not a wreck behind.” The labour of years is lost in a day ; a new order of things is introduced ; new schemes, new plans, new calculations must be made—the highest hopes, the best ordered arrangements, the most promising undertakings, are disappointed and defeated ; difficulties arise at every step ; the government and the people impelled by opposite interests, find themselves in angry collision with each other ; producing distrust and suspicion on the one side, and an unwonted feeling of authorized oppression on the other.

But the frequent alteration of fundamental principles is not the only evil of which we complain. There is another, serious in its consequences, and tending to produce much angry feeling; it is, that when the change is made, it is done so imperfectly, as sometimes almost to defeat the intentions of the legislature, or at least to envelop the subject in doubt and uncertainty; this arises from the vague and loose manner in which our acts are framed.

Professional men well know the difficulties attending this department. In England, though the drafting of laws is a separate and distinct occupation, and consigned to a few men of ability and experience, the books of reports are filled with cases arising upon ambiguities of expression. When the acuteness of a Hale was found inadequate to draft an act which could defy professional criticisms, we may safely say that it is a department which demands the best talents and the greatest acquirements. But speculation on this subject is useless—the constructions of our courts, and the endless list of amendatory and explanatory acts, which crowd our statute books, fully prove the fact.

These remarks, we conceive, apply with great force to our acts imposing duties on imports and tonnage; laws which, independent of their governing principles, are of ten times the importance of any other. To these we shall confine our reflections in the remainder of this article, and in due time state some facts, which we think will substantiate our remarks.

A tariff we define to be the regulations prescribed by the laws of a state, imposing duties on articles introduced from other countries, or entirely prohibiting their introduction. If our definition be correct, a tariff act covers a field as broad as the wants or ingenuity of man. The furs of the north, the metals of the south—the fruits of the tropics—the spices of India—all that is made by the millions of England, of France, of Germany, or the hundreds of millions of China; in fine, all that is produced on the earth or dug from its bowels, and capable of transportation, comes in some way or other under its supervision. To this act we must look for the extent of our license, to take advantage of those great natural resources which the God of nature has given us; whether to make up for consumption that which our labour has produced, or to exchange it for the luxuries of our neighbours; to aid our rich and prosperous country in her march to greatness; to spread her population to the shores of the Pacific, and reclaim from savage barbarism the boundless regions of the west. Here our gallant navy must look for its strength, our government for

resources, our people for the means of protection. It is a stupendous act of legislation, and, as such, should be approached with profound, mature, and disinterested deliberation.

All this we believe a tariff act to be, and if accused of exaggeration, appeal to any reflecting mind in full confidence of a favourable verdict.

Such, and so important in its consequences, being a tariff act, we apprehend that it demands pre-eminently three things : stability, precision and definiteness in its terms, and an extensive and minute enumeration of the articles subjected to duty or prohibited ; in every one of which requisites, our tariff acts have been pre-eminently defective. In fact, the source from which they emanate, and the process by which they find their way into our statute books, render it, almost an impossibility that they should be otherwise.

The principles of the proposed system are first examined and settled in the counting room or manufactory, as the case may be, and delivered to some counsel learned in the law, to be framed into an act. In due time it is presented to the proper committee in congress, and by them reported to the house. A day is appointed to discuss its merits ; all parties prepare for war ; addresses, memorials, petitions, remonstrances, pour in from every quarter ; the question is fully discussed in anticipation ; and on the important day our legislators repeat to each other what their petitioners and remonstrants have repeated to them. Clause after clause is altered, amended or stricken out, and in due season the bill becomes a law ; but so changed, that its best friends are ready to disown it. The precision of its terms, its definiteness, its consistency, if it ever had any, are destroyed ; and then, composed of two or three sections, in which a hundred articles out of the ten thousand of daily importation are specifically enumerated, and the remainder embraced or attempted so to be, under general heads, it is delivered to the comptroller for an explanation. The great duty has been performed—a new machine is set in motion, and congress disperses to watch its operations. Here, however, the difficulty but begins : by the next arrival, an article is introduced not specified in the act, and dutyable under several of its general clauses ; the merchant and the collector differ in opinion, and the treasury, as the legal expounder of our tariff acts, is resorted to. After some delay, a decision is made, which, from the inherent difficulties of the case, is considered the mere ipse dixit of the department, and satisfactory to neither party. In the mean time the same article is introduced in another port, at a lower rate of duty, and the market in the

first effectually ruined. The act is found to be but a blind guide, open to all the objections of all parties, and capable of such construction as may suit the most opposite interests.

The grand error on this subject we believe to be, poverty of information in our legislators: they are, and they must be, ignorant of, or but imperfectly acquainted with, ten thousand of the articles upon which they legislate; and what information they have must be gained from foreign, and in many cases interested sources. They, too, as their laws testify, in common with the generality of men, are too apt to consider technical names as having but one plain definite meaning, and that, too, almost as precise as a mathematical truth, and consequently, to stand in no need of explanation. That this is a delusion, needs but a moment's consideration on the prodigious effects resulting from the genius and operations of multitudes, each one devoted to the improvement of some particular art; the intermixture of foreign substances, the change of material, the alteration of form, of feature and of use, and the thousand new operations to which articles of daily importation may thereby be subjected, and the effect too of common usage upon terms of common application. And we believe also, that such an examination would lead any candid mind to the result, that a legislative hall is not the place to form a tariff act; that no popular assembly ever can be collected in our country, necessarily subjected from its very form of government to party feeling and sectional interest, whose members may be considered masters of the art. Accordingly, every one of these acts, from the first to the last, is strongly marked with this feature; and as from the great extent of sea coast and border our collective districts are numerous, and furnish an army of interpreters, the consequences to our mercantile community are curious, and, in the generality of cases, oppressive.

For a series of years, sheet brass was introduced into Philadelphia free, and India Madras handkerchiefs into Boston at 15 per cent.; while New-York paid in one case 15, and in the other 25 per cent. Our port became in consequence a shut port to these articles, and we paid 10 and 15 per cent. profit to our neighbours, under a law professing to bear equally upon all. A similar practice existed with regard to saffron. We might point out a number of other discrepancies in the former laws; but as the act of 1824 has its full proportion, at least sufficient to establish our position, we shall make a few observations on its provisions.

The intention of its framers, as a rule of construction, is, we regret to say, of frequent application in the explanation of

this act; but what that intention is, is not so easily ascertained. As it is to be gathered from the debates in congress, a very general belief is, that the law was made for the encouragement of our domestic manufactures and the industry of the country, and that, consequently, whenever this rule of construction is applicable, this object is to be kept constantly in view, as the governing principle. Another party, however, contends that it is a simple revenue bill, and always to be construed in favour of the government, without reference to any other question. As the one or the other principle is adopted, very important consequences result in many cases to the commercial interests. For example: by the 1st section of the act, a duty of 30 per cent. ad valorem is imposed on all manufactures of wool, or of which wool shall be a component part, with certain exceptions, to wit, worsted stuff goods and blankets, which pay 25; the 2d clause of the same section imposes a duty of 25 per cent. ad valorem on all manufactures, not specified, of cotton, flax or hemp, or of which either of these materials shall be a component part, and on all manufactures of silk, or of which silk shall be a component material, coming from beyond the Cape of Good Hope; on all other manufactures of silk, or of which silk shall be a component material, 20 per cent.

A mixed article, we will suppose composed of silk, cotton, and a small proportion of wool is introduced, and we assume for a moment, that the United States have not the capacity, from climate or some other cause, of manufacturing this article. Now, in ascertaining the duty on this article three different rules of construction are contended for; one, that the act is a revenue act, and therefore though there may be but a handful of wool in 10 yards of the manufacture, it is subject to the higher duty of 30 per cent., in order that the lower may not overrule the higher rate of duty, wool being a component part, and the act to be construed strictly in favour of government. The second, that the act was made for the encouragement of our domestic manufactures; and that, inasmuch as the article cannot be manufactured in this country, the intentions of congress will not be answered by the imposition of the wool duty of 30 per cent. on an article composed principally of silk; that such imposition would be oppressive, and that therefore the article is subject to the lower duty, on silk, as the regulating material. The third, without taking into view either of these principles, contend that silk, as the last in enumeration in the order of the bill, must be considered as an exception to the articles which precede it; and that, therefore, this manufac-

ture, under any circumstances, and in all cases, would be subject to the lower duty of 25 or 20 per cent.

The general principles of construction are not only unsettled and doubtful, but the act abounds in defects as to its minutiae. Stuff goods, for instance, is a term of very unsettled meaning; so much so, that while a piece of stuff goods imported in the piece, pays by law a duty of 25 per cent., the same article, by the simple process of cutting and stamping, has been declared to lose its distinctive character, and to be subject to a higher duty as a "woollen manufacture."

In the same clause blankets are also excepted from the woollen duty. There can be no question but that congress meant to include *blanketting*, and yet so imperfectly is this intention expressed, that while a rose blanket is subject to but 25, blankets imported by the running yard pay 5 per cent. additional.

Carpets and carpeting are subjected to 50, 25, and 20 cents per square yard. We are by no means certain that rugs are not fairly classible under this head. If they be so, the practical result would be to subject this costly and valuable article to a duty of only about 12 per cent., while all other carpeting would pay at least three times as much.

In the same section, we find the clause "on iron cables or chains, or parts thereof, 3 cents per pound, and no drawback shall be allowed on the exportation of iron cables or parts thereof." A question has arisen whether this clause does not impose a duty of 3 cents per pound on all chains. The Treasury has decided in the negative. As inhabitants of a commercial city, we rejoice in this decision; but were we manufacturers of trace chains, we should contend *totis viribus*, upon the argument that the act is a revenue act, and upon the authority of the exception contained in the latter part of the clause, that this decision violated all the rules of construction; and, more especially, as the duty upon this article would, by reversing the decision, be increased to between 40 and 50 per cent. It is to be observed, too, that there are no limits in the clause withholding drawback, and that where a collector may err in construction, he may, at least, find a *prima facie* reason for refusing the drawback upon iron cables, imported before the passing of the act, upon the faith of government, and with an express view to exportation.

Farther; in the same section, "on laced boots or bootees 50 cents per pair;" we defy any man to explain this as it stands, whether the duty is imposed on laced boots or laced bootees, or on laced boots, and bootees whether laced or not.

By the same act, cut glass, and all other glass, except window glass, bottles, vials and demijohns, is subjected to duty by weight; now there are a number of articles of extensive importation, made up of glass and some other materials, particularly, small looking glasses with paper frames, and glass knobs for furniture. In the strict execution of the law, the officers of government are compelled to do one of three things, in ascertaining the amount of this duty; either to separate the materials, or to charge duty on one or the other alone; the first is an impossibility, and the other two are frauds upon the government or the importer.

On coach laces, &c. 35 per centum ad valorem; on all other laces 12½ per centum ad valorem." We are satisfied that had our legislators been possessed of a proper degree of information on this subject, this duty could not have been thus regulated. By the former act, thread lace was subject to but 7½ per cent.; the coarser kinds to higher rates. The distinction was wisely and properly drawn, 7½ per cent. being exactly that maximum which this article can bear with a due regard to the interest of the fair trader and public revenue. Five thousand dollars worth of this article can be concealed about the person without exciting suspicion; and the direct consequence must be, that this article will be driven into contraband channels, and the government, instead of receiving 7½ per cent. on its introduction, will be deprived of this revenue entirely, while it demands but 12½ per cent. on articles which can easily bear 25 or 30.

There is yet a long list of articles upon which the duty is still entirely unsettled, principally of mixed manufacture, and other articles of extensive consumption, and well understood, when taken individually, which in consequence of the general clauses of this and the former acts, have been enveloped in doubt and uncertainty. Perfumes are some of the most important; the distinction between those articles and medicine, has never been well understood at our Custom Houses, and they are known to be so indiscriminately applied, particularly the whole class of essential oils, that the duties have been generally imposed rather on the importer than the article. Thus, essential oils, when entered by a perfumer, pay duty as perfumes, when by a druggist, as medicine; consequently, the one pays a profit to the other on articles strictly within his own line.

We might go on and point out a number of other defects in the present act, ambiguities both patent and latent, to use a legal phrase, but we refer our readers to their friends the importers, and we promise them a rich harvest of grievances.

To remedy these evils, it has been proposed to impose the

same duty on all articles upon their introduction. But independent of the injury to our revenue, we conceive that this system never can be adopted in this country; our interests are too separate, too much at variance, and our circumstances and habits too often change. There is, we conceive, but one mode, and that is by enacting a tariff act in extension—let the chemist, the dealer in hardware, in dry goods, the grocer, the mechanic, the manufacturer, each be called upon for a catalogue of the articles in which he deals, the tools of his trade, and the productions of his manufactory, with such remarks as to their material, their mode of manufacture, their varieties, and their use, as may be sufficient to present a full and lucid exposition of the subject. From these reports, let an act be framed, to fill a volume if necessary, (and we presume it would,) properly arranged and digested by men of ability and experience, and accompanied by such notes and comments as may be necessary to elucidate doubtful points—full, definite, and precise; and let this be the law of the land.

We are aware that the completion of such a work could not be effected without great expense and immense labour; but this we conceive to be no argument against its adoption; the commerce of our country has made us what we are; and it is fair that some part of the treasure which it is daily pouring into the lap of government should be expended to add to its stability and improvement.

The adoption of such a plan, we conceive, would have several important results; the doubt and uncertainty which pervades the present system would be cleared away; there would be but one duty to one article, and that ascertained without hesitation, by a simple reference to the act. The host of interpreters which at present derange the system, would be removed, by destroying the necessity for an exercise of their powers, and the inequalities arising from this source entirely removed. The duties would be in all cases uniform throughout the United States, and those injurious monopolies arising from errors of construction in the ministers of the law, and which at present contribute to such an extent to disorder the system, effectually prevented. As a farther consequence, the treasury department would be relieved from an immense mass of applications, each one demanding a minute and sometimes laborious investigation, and when so investigated, in many cases, resulting in the unsettling an established rule, and rendering uncertain, what common usage, and the general opinions of men may have settled, as the true construction of doubtful points.

But the most important result would be, a good prospect at

least of that permanency and stability to our commercial system, so necessary to preserve its energy and vigour. The business of legislation on this subject would be reduced to a point. As a particular branch of industry might need encouragement, those articles alone which are produced by it might be selected by our legislators, and altered as to its rate of duty. It would never thereafter be necessary to alter the duties on all manufactures of iron, in order to increase that on an iron chain, as the surest mode by which this object could be effected.

If, however, we are to continue upon the present plan; if the regulation of interests so important, is still to depend upon acts of two sections, and three or four octavo pages, let these acts at least, however limited in their operation, be complete in themselves; let there be throughout, broad landmarks which the most erring judgment cannot mistake, a definiteness and consistency which can leave no room for questionable inferences; and let them, as far as may be, be their own interpreters, by such express declarations on their general intent and meaning, as may allow but one rule of construction, and that so plain that he that runs may read.

We have examined with attention the little volume whose title heads this article, and pronounce it, without hesitation, to be a sound and able construction of our tariff acts. We are aware that Mr. Lyon in some few cases differs from the treasury, but this we consider as no objection to the book, as those differences can be easily noted, and the congress, or the courts of law, have yet to decide which of the two is right. For ourselves, we believe that Mr. Lyon's construction in most cases, will be finally adopted; and we should not hesitate at present to act upon his principles, had we a large interest at stake, at the risk even of a tedious and extensive course of litigation. The work is one of immense labour and great care, and we would recommend it to our mercantile friends as a sure and safe guide. The memoranda at the beginning of the volume will be found particularly valuable. Twenty years experience as an officer of the customs, in its most important branches, and the assistance of the able lawyer who presides at the head of his department, are recommendations possessed, we believe, by no other work of the kind than Mr. Lyon's as yet published. We do not mean by these observations to detract from the merit of Mr. Degrand's tariff, as we have not had an opportunity of examining it with such attention as to give a correct opinion upon it; we presume, however, that it has been compiled with the usual care and ability of that gentleman.

The subject upon which we have treated, we confess, may be uninviting to many of our readers, but it has nevertheless an important bearing upon the interests of all of them. It does not affect the merchant alone, but extends in its consequences to all classes of society, however remote from the scenes of commercial enterprise, and however unsuspecting of the fact. The hardy son of the West, whose practical knowledge of navigation may never have been extended beyond the petty manœuvres of mere river craft, and who may have heard of, but cannot realize those floating castles, which, under the controul of man, have joined nations, three thousand miles apart, and have converted the science, the intellect, the genius, the luxuries and the comforts of all mankind, into common property, yet depends, perhaps, upon the proper management of these very laws, whether he shall go on to the end of his days, labouring without profit and without encouragement; or whether, as he pursues his pilgrimage, its cares may be lightened, its sorrows alleviated by social intercourse and kindly sympathy. It is the common concern of all.

But though remote, and less burdensome in its immediate effects to other classes of the community, the subject is of vital importance to the mercantile interest, and demands from our rulers a serious and disinterested attention; and we hold, that while legislating on this subject, they are bound in their deliberations not simply to regard the general effect, the broad bearing of their acts upon commerce as a system, but to consult the interest of the merchant as an individual, as a single member of society, pursuing with anxious solicitude those schemes, having private emolument, it is true, for their end, but resulting in lasting and important advantages to our national character and resources, which have been formed and pursued upon the faith of government, and in reliance on the permanency of the system which that government has adopted.— They should consider him as a being formed by themselves, that they have induced him to launch his bark, and to commit himself to the winds and to the waves under a full promise of advantage to his interest, and of reward for his enterprise.— That they have trained him up to his pursuits, in full reliance upon them as the protectors of his rights and the promoters of his prosperity. They should consider, too, that he has not been ungrateful; that through his exertions our political institutions, from the command of resources, have gained a stability and strength which may defy the attacks of a foreign enemy, or domestic faction; that our seaboard presents a line of magnificent cities; that our harbours are crowded by the ships

of all the world ; and that through these avenues the wealth of Europe and of the East has been scattered over our land, fertilizing it to its farthest borders.

#### ORIGINAL BUSTS AND PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

*Artists who painted and modelled Original Portraits of Washington.*

*Charles W. Peale, of Philadelphia.*

1. Charles W. Peale, born 1741, painted 14 original portraits from the life, from 1772 to 1795 inclusive. That done in 1772 is in the possession of George W. P. Custis, of Arlington. That of 1781, in the Baltimore Museum. Those of 1783, 1786, and 1795, in Philadelphia Museum. One of 1783, in Annapolis State House. The others unknown.

*Houdon, of Paris.*

2. Houdon modelled his bust by a cast from the life in plaister, Mount Vernon, in 1783.

*J. Wright, of Philadelphia.*

3. Mr. Joseph Wright painted his portrait at the Head Quarters, Rocky Hill, New-Jersey, in 1783, now in the possession of Mr. Powell, Chesnut-street, Philadelphia, at the same time with Mr. Dunlap.

*Wm. Dunlap, of New-Jersey.*

4. Mr. William Dunlap, born in 1776, painted his portrait at Rocky Hill, New-Jersey, then Head Quarters, in 1783, at the same time with Mr. Wright, now in possession of Mrs. Van Horne, at Rocky Hill.

*Pine, of England.*

5. Mr. Pine painted his portrait in 1778, now in the possession of Henry Brevoort, Esq. New York.

*Trumbull, of Connecticut.*

6. Colonel John Trumbull, born 6th June, 1756, painted his whole length portrait in 1790, now in the City Hall of New York.

*Ceracchi, of Rome.*

7. Signor Ceracchi, modelled two busts ; one the size of life, cut in marble, now in the possession of Richard Mead, Esq. Philadelphia ; the other of colossal size, a cast of which, identical with the original, is in the possession of the Academy of Fine Arts, New-York.

*Robertson.*

8. Archibald Robertson, born 8th May, 1765, painted his portrait in 1792, in his own possession, 79 Liberty street, New-York.

*Wertmuller, of Sweden.*

9. Mr. Wertmuller, painted his original in 1793; in possession of Cornelius Bogert, Esq. Jamaica, Long-Island.

*Savage.*

10. Mr. Savage painted and engraved the Washington family about the year 1794. Where the original is deposited is unknown; it was about 20 years since in his Museum, New-York.

*J. Peale.*

11. Mr. James Peale, brother of C. W. Peale, born 1750, painted two originals; the date, &c. of the first unknown; but the second was painted in 1795, now in his own possession, Philadelphia.

*R. Peale, son of C. W. Peale.*

12. Mr. Rembrandt Peale, (born February 22, 1778,) in 1795, at the age of 18, made an abortive attempt whilst his father was painting Washington, to paint him also.

*Sharpless.*

13. Mr. Sharpless painted two small portraits in crayons, one in profile, the other a more front view, in 1796; one of them is in the possession of Judge Peters of Philadelphia.

*Note.* The above tally with each other, with very trifling differences; no more, however, than might have been expected from the various points of view in which he was taken, the various styles in which they were executed, the difference of light and shade, and, more particularly, the various periods of his life in which he sat to the above artists; for Washington in his youth did not look as he did in his latter days, any more than any other man does. When he sat for his last portrait to Stewart, he no more looked the man of former years; and having lost his teeth, he was totally disfigured by a most formidable set of artificial ones, which made him ever after appear like another person; hence the occasion of all the dissatisfaction about his resemblance. We doubt not, in the least, that Stewart has given us a correct likeness of the man, when he sat to him, although totally differing from all other portraits—so that those who wish to view Washington as President, may look at Stewart's; but such as wish to behold him in his prime,

must view the earlier portraits, especially by those artists of most merit. Indeed, we consider them all (the originals) more or less alike, but certainly there are some greatly superior to others; and we hope it will not be looked upon as invidious when we specify the busts of Houdon and Ceracchi, the portraits of Trumbull, Robertson, Pine, and Stewart, as the best we have seen, with regard to likeness, according to the periods to which they were done.

*G. Stewart, of Newport, Rhode-Island.*

14. Mr. G. Stewart painted his original portrait in 1796, at Philadelphia, several copies of which, perhaps equal to the original, (at least by himself) are in the possession of various individuals. One of them belongs to Mr. Pierpoint of Jamaica, Long-Island. Mr. Stewart's portrait (being the last Washington sat for,) has been engraved by Heath, and is in every one's eye; few persons ever imagining he had more looks than one, this has been looked to as the only standard for Americans to behold Washington from;—but it is, in reality, very different from the above-mentioned originals.

#### *Remarks.*

We shall add a few remarks on the chief characteristics of those sculptured and painted portraits of Washington which were done from life, by artists the most respectable for talents, and which he actually sat for; premising with a few introductory reflections.

It was a wise decree of Alexander the Great, that none should paint his portrait but Apelles, and none but Lysippus sculpture his likeness; we feel the want of such a regulation in the case of our Washington, whose countenance and person as a man, were subjects for the finest pencil, or the most skilful chisel. But we are cursed as a nation in the common miserable representations of our Great Hero; and with the shocking counterfeits of his likeness by every pitiful bungler that lifts a tool or a brush, working solely from imagination, without any authority for their misrepresentations and deceptions, and bolstered up by every kind of imposture.

This evil has arisen to such a height, that it is necessary, for something to be done with a view to rectify the public sentiment, on this point, now so warmly agitated, so as to undeceive posterity. For these reasons we have drawn up this list of artists, who painted and sculptured him from life, as far as is ascertained; and give the various circumstances under

which they executed their likenesses, that the public may know where to find the true standard, of what were genuine likenesses of Washington, at the respective periods of his life in which they were done; with a comparative view of those originals most worthy of confidence, which we necessarily limit to six of the best artists, who took his likeness at those periods of his life most interesting to us; and which at the time they were done, met the decided approbation of the most competent judges, no one ever imagining it necessary to procure a set of certificates, as to their authenticity or genuineness for verisimilitude, with which spurious or imaginary impositions are bolstered up.—Therefore,

1. If we wish to behold the countenance of Washington in his best days, we must look at the bust of *Houdon*; who gives the air of the head and costume of the hair of the day, but with closed lips; in his best manner, and of whose competency to the task he undertook there can be no doubt.

2. If we wish to behold his complexion, and expression of the eye with an averted aspect; let us look at *Pine's* portrait in military uniform; the excellence of the painting, and its correspondence with the other genuine originals, speaks volumes as to its character.

3. If we wish to behold Washington, not only in his countenance, but the full display of the air of majesty and figure of the man, with eye averted, we shall find it in *Trumbull's* brilliant whole length.

4. If we wish more particularly to see the graceful play of the lips in the act of speaking, and the peculiar expression of the mouth and chin at the same moment, we shall see it in *Ceracchi's* colossal bust.

5. If we wish to behold Washington, when he began to wane in his latter years, when he lost his teeth, but with full vivacity and vigour of eye, looking at the spectator, we must behold *Robertson's*; it is somewhat remarkable that *Robertson* and *Stewart* only make him look at the spectator.

6. If we wish to see President Washington, as delineated from the life, in 1796, by one of the first portrait painter's of his day, let us look at the original picture in the possession of the artist, *G. Stewart*, now in *Boston*. The head only is finished in this picture. The drapery has never been added.

This last differing so essentially from all other portraits, has been the cause of all the dissension about Washington's likeness; although we have not the least doubt the artist gives us a true representation of the man when he sat to him; and thus we explain why we ought to receive all these originals as cor-

rect likenesses at the time they were done, for it is impossible that one picture can represent him with his teeth, without them, and with a new set of formidable ones, at the same time.

From whence we conclude, that it is a self-evident absurdity to speak of one picture, as being a standard likeness of Washington; for it must take three originals at least to give a tolerable idea of his looks at three different periods of his life; and the three only competent for this purpose are those of Trumbull, the best by far of those done whilst he had his own teeth; that of Robertson, when he wanted his teeth; and lastly, that of Stewart, when he had this want supplied by a set of artificial ones.

It is particularly requested, that should any person be in possession of a well authenticated original likeness of Washington, other than above specified, he will be so good as to communicate it to the secretary of the American Academy of Fine Arts, New-York, by letter, or otherwise.

American Academy of Fine Arts, New-York,  
Sep. 20th 1824.

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*A word of defence in favour of that much abused and long-suffering people, the Medical Experimentalists, usually denominated Quacks.*

It is a common, but a just remark, that none are so unsparing in their invective, so inveterate in their hatred, and so bitter in their persecution, as professional enemies. Perhaps no class of men can better testify to the truth of this observation than the denounced, degraded and despised fraternity of Quacks. Every epithet of abuse that the ingenuity of malice can invent, or the rage of jealousy inspire, has been heaped, with merciless aggravation, upon those unlucky wretches who have dared to evade the requisitions of the doctorate, or have sought to usurp the rightful prerogatives of the regular physician. It is easy to see the source and secret of this violence. It is easy to see that the acknowledged merit and growing reputation of the empiric, has brought down upon his devoted head the angry anathemas and furious vengeance of the dogmatist. The active and enterprising mountebank has overleaped the puny walls that are intended to guard the sanctuary of medicine from the approach of unhallowed feet, and the pollution of unconsecrated hands; and his more legitimate brother, the initiated priest of the temple, seeks, like another Romulus, to strike the intruder to the ground, and to kill him

with the epithet of *Quack*. Yet, although the interests and the feelings of the profession are arrayed, in strong hostility, against the pretensions of the unlicensed practitioner, it might have been expected, that there had been left among them kindness or candour enough to induce some generous spirit to protest against such indiscriminating and unrelenting persecution; or at least, to deprecate the wrath which he had not the courage to oppose. It is true, the empiric, secure in the possession of the confidence of the many, is raised by their protection above the idle malice of his envious calumniators; and safe from the sting of the serpents, may laugh at their harmless contortions. Yet, as the impotence of rage is no excuse for its extravagance, I hope I shall be applauded by every lover of humanity, if I venture to uplift my feeble voice in behalf of this injured people, against the noisy outcries of their boisterous assailants.

The first and most honourable characteristic of the quack, is his freedom from the shackles of prejudice, and his love of the experimental philosophy. Free from all slavish adherence to the doctrines of his predecessors, 'nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,' his mind is left at liberty to adopt the fair inference from the facts before him. Redeemed by the liberal spirit of his sect from the thralldom of authority, listening not to Hippocrates, nor to Galen, nor to Avicenna, but guided by the result of experiment alone, he is your true Baconian philosopher. In this way, the great Paracelsus accomplished for medicine, what Verulam did for philosophy. The syllogisms of the Stagyrte did not retreat with more rapidity before the blows of the *Novum Organon*, than the hot and the cold, the moist and the dry of the Coan sage, when assailed by the salt, sulphur and mercury of that priest and prince, and pride of *Cantambancos*, Aureolus Philippus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombast ab Hohenheim.

This glorious revolution, or rather restoration, in medicine, has produced at least, among the followers of the philosopher of Einsiedlen, a remarkable simplification in all the divisions and details of the divine art of healing. The empiric is thus released from the necessity of devoting his valuable time to the useless acquisition of a farrago of anatomical and physiological nonsense, which the candidate for the regular diploma is absurdly obliged, if not to learn, at least to listen to, and which serves no other purpose than that for which, perhaps, it was intended, to make a pedantic display of ostentatious erudition. The human body is now considered by this medical Baconian precisely as it ought to be, the object of extemporaneous ex-

periments; experiments which this hardy philosopher conducts with the same quiet composure, as if he were analysing an unresisting and insensible mineral.

The same happy simplicity pervades his system of prevention and cure. A few roots obtained from the Cherokees or the Chickasaws, those great observers of nature, along with the elixirs, the balsams, the oils, and the essences, prepared from these materials, constitute the whole of the charlatan's pharmacopeia. And such is his extraordinary skill, that out of a stock not too large to be carried in his pocket, all mortal and incurable maladies to which wretched humanity is subject, may be speedily, safely and radically cured,—cured, let it well be observed, always by the blessing of Providence; for the quack never impiously ascribes to his own interference, the glory of the sick man's recovery. He asks not the praise, which he knows is not his; and so great is this meek man's humility, that he never is heard to complain, although, in return for his services, he receives nothing more than pecuniary recompense, which, as moralists very properly tell us, is the vilest of all compensations.

Another admirable trait in the practice of the charlatan; is this, that his doses are not subject, like those of the graduate, to perpetual and disgraceful vacillation. The regular physician is under the necessity of accommodating his remedies to the age, the sex, or the constitution of his patient, the symptoms which attend the disorder, or the period in the progress of the complaint. This infallibly begets a very narrow and contracted view of things, and gives rise to a niggardly habit of dealing out powders and potions by means of deliberate drops and graduated grains. The experimentarian, as the great Dugald Stewart would call him, is above such contemptible meanness. He never stoops to the base and mechanic economy of measuring and weighing the medicine he dispenses. He disdains to attend to these trifling minutiae, and confiding in the power of his nostrum, and the guardianship of Providence, disregarding with noble intrepidity, age, strength and sex, time, place and circumstance, he attacks, puts to flight, and exterminates, with one unconquerable weapon, gout, rheumatism, cramp, 'serpigo and the rheum.'

Talk not to me of your Celsuses, ancient or modern, of your Sydenhams, eastern or western, or your Boerhaaves, European or American! Which of them, think ye, could boast of possessing the no-cure-no-pay 'Balm of Gilead,' the matchless 'Quintessence of Gold,' or the marvellous 'Elixir of Life?'

Another highly praiseworthy feature, for which the genuine.

quack has ever been remarkable, is his generous and irrepressible anxiety to relieve the afflicted wherever they are found. If he meets with a sick man, imposed upon by the pretensions of the regular physician, or sinking fast into the grave, beneath the weight of legitimate prescription, he is ever ready to warn the patient of his folly, in rather dying by the hand of the doctor, than living by the aid of the quack. Filled with honest indignation that the sufferer's health should be sacrificed to support the dogmas of the schools, he boldly interposes, protests against the practice of his rival, and generously assumes the entire management of the cure. If his kind propositions are rejected, the good man is not so to be repulsed. To rescue the infatuated victim from the dangers of impending death, he is ready to surrender, what all have acknowledged to be far the most valuable treasure that man can possess—his reputation for integrity and truth. The end justifies and consecrates the means. 'salus populi suprema lex,' and the never-wearyed quack perseveres till he finally accomplishes, at least, the wiser part of his purpose. For though the patient recovers his judgment too late to be restored to his health, the schoolman, the dogmatist, the follower of forms, the author of the irreparable mischief is at last discharged in disgrace.

'Tis true, trifling accidents sometimes occur. The lancet, with fatal perversity, insists upon opening an artery, instead of a vein, or a dislocated joint unkindly refuses to retire to its place, though politely requested by the gentlest and most emollient of poultices. Carcinoma, sphacelus and phagedæna will relentlessly hold on their fatal course, in spite of the repeated entreaties and mild expostulations of goose grass, tansy and dock. 'Inward bruises' will sometimes rebel against 'parmaceti,' which once was 'the sovereignest thing on earth.' Even the most vigorous exhortations of the wonder-working Hohenlohe will fail, unless the postage of the letter from the sufferer be paid; and I have been credibly informed that a patient of the great Dr. Graham was buried to the eyes in pipe clay for a month, and yet, after all, ungratefully died of consumption. But how can this be helped? Death *will* come at last, when the time is appointed. Even he will die 'cui salvia crescit in horto,' and the quack must not be blamed because man is not immortal.

If the mountebank had nothing better to urge in his defence than the authority of antiquity, for the principles of his practice, this single consideration ought to screen him from contempt. He belongs to a family far more ancient and more nobly descended than that of his arrogant antagonist. Zoroaster

ter the inventor of magic, was cotemporaneous, if not identical with Ham, and, we have good reason to believe, was not a university graduate. Thoth, the first Hermes, Isis, Osiris and Anubis, Chiron, Orpheus, and even Esculapius, cured diseases by Abracadabras and the thirty-six herbs of the Horoscope; and who will pretend that the practice of those illustrious charlatans was sanctioned by the 'luculentum testimonium,' or the 'amplissima potestas?' The Cabbiri and the Magi, the Druids and the Gymnosophists were renowned through all antiquity; and, doubtless, we might trace the origin of the fraternity to the very gates of Eden, if we knew where to look for the records of antediluvian empiricism.

And now, let me ask, shall the doctrines and opinions, the conduct and the character of men like these, whose intellectual empire is as old almost as time itself, be put down by the flip-pant pretensions of an upstart school, or displaced by the overweening conceits, and the new-fangled notions of philosophers of yesterday?

But the quack has no reason to despair. The restoration of his legitimate sovereignty, we hope, is at hand; for already has the arrogant licentiate paid ample, though reluctant homage to the genius of the mountebank. Amulets and Abracadabras, cobwebs and camphor bags, robs and rusty nails, scullcap, cubebs and sarsaparilla, tar water, tractors and acupuncture, have all been successively admitted into regular practice, and remain to this day as glorious testimonials of the triumph of empiricism. Even the assembled councils of nations have shown their legislative wisdom, by purchasing, at any price whatever, the secret of a sudorific, and the composition of a cataplasm. Yet such has been the desperate malice of their defeated adversaries, that the noble confidence of conscious skill has been denominated impudence and effrontery, and that admirable promptness in the application of their remedies has been called, by their persecutors, uncalculating and unprincipled temerity. Even this is not all. In the exuberant malevolence of hatred, they have been charged, by their jealous rivals, with gross and dishonourable ignorance. Shade of ab Hohenheim! Ignorance! Are those men ignorant who know the language of the stars, and the secrets of the dead; who can arrest a hemorrhage by a nod, and disperse a tumour at the word of command; who can extract a calculus by means of an algebraic equation, and set a broken leg, like Cato the elder, by '*huat hanat ista pista sista!*' Is it ignorance, ye spiteful calumniators, to cure stone by sternutatories, gout by gargles, cancers by cornplasters, and any

thing by panaceas ; to purify the air with the fumes of poison, and to repel pestilence with pyroligneous acid ? But, we doubt not, if the truth were candidly acknowledged, the most atrocious offence, in the eyes of his persecutors, that the quack has committed, is the heinous and unpardonable sin of curing the sick, with unenumerated simples, and of riding in a carriage without permission from a college. The graduate is indignant that disease keeps her ground, unappalled at the approach of the diploma, and yet retires in dismay before the wand of the mountebank. But the charlatan has very little to apprehend from the wrath of the regular, for 'Superstition is as potent as ever,' and nothing will prevail upon the goddess to desert her votaries, or to release her victims.

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#### ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The importance of an undertaking of such magnitude as that proposed in Mr. Irving's Prospectus of the Collection of English Literature, must, of course, have been maturely considered by him before he determined to assume its editorship. We cannot, however, conceal our regret, that Mr. Irving has not unfolded to the community the principles on which he has grounded his proposed selection ; inasmuch, as a knowledge of English authors and their productions, is indispensably necessary to the formation of a correct idea of the relative value of selections, made from the entire range of English Literature.

In pursuance of our promise, in the last number, we shall endeavour, by a brief, and perhaps imperfect, list of such English writers as are worthy of notice, to enable our readers to form some general idea of the merit of the collection laid before them in the catalogue published in our last.

We shall commence with the earliest writers in the English language, and shall, for the present, confine ourselves to the prose writers, who flourished from the time of Edward the Third to the splendid age of Queen Elizabeth. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that, in consequence of the scanty materials with which we are provided for so early a period of English literature, nothing more will be presented, nor, indeed, can be reasonably expected, than a mere *catalogue raisonné* of these primitive authors.

The first prose writer on record, in the English language, was Sir John Mandeville, the famous traveller, who flourished in the time of the gallant Edward the Third, whose reign was

alike remarkable for his victory over the armies of France in their own country, and their language in the courts and higher circle of England. His 'Itinerary,' which he himself wrote in English, French, and Latin, and which was also translated into Italian, Belgic, and German, abounds in miraculous accounts of the wonders he had seen in his extensive travels. The singular mixture of truth and fiction, of all that he had seen, and of all that he had read or heard, that was strange and wonderful, renders his book at least a curious and amusing, if not an instructive, production; and it is no small proof of the merit of his writing, that his work is, at this day, in demand among those who search for what is singular and antiquated, while the numerous 'Journeys' and 'Pilgrimages' of the many who travelled at the same period have not attracted the slightest notice.

Another of the earliest English writings is John de Trevisa's translation of the 'Polychronicon.' This is a very curious history of England, and, although remarkable for much inaccuracy and more superstition, contains, at least, an authentic, and, by no means, uninteresting, history of the manners and customs of the English, the Britons, the Saxons, and the Irish. It was afterwards continued by Caxton, the first English printer, from 1357, the period to which it is brought by Trevisa, to 1460, the first year of the reign of king Edward the Fourth. If to this we add 'the Concordance of Stories of Robert Tabiar, which brings down the history of England to the commencement of the reign of Henry the Eighth, together with the historical writings of Froissart, Leland, Harding, and Hall, we have an entire history of England, up to the days of Elizabeth, written in separate parts, at the time the separate occurrences described took place, which would be alike valuable to the antiquary, the historian, and the general scholar.

Wickliffe, the founder of the Lollards and the most accomplished scholar, acute logician, and powerful disputant of his day, likewise flourished under the third Edward. 'He has,' says Hume, 'the honor of being the first person in Europe that publicly called in question those principles, which had universally passed for certain and undisputed, during so many ages.' His writings against Catholicism has a circulation so extensive, that all the attempts of his most powerful opponents were insufficient to destroy even a single one of them; and more than a moiety of the English people were converted by the arguments of this learned and venerable reformer.

Reynold Pecock, the generous and noble minded opponent of the Lollards and of Wickliffe, their great master, may justly

be considered one of the most moderate of polemical theologians that ever existed. To his high eloquence and profound zeal for the Catholic cause, he united a temperance and candour equally indicative of his unaffected learning and unbigoted piety. His most noted work, entitled 'Conclusions,' exhibits a strain of thought so similar to that which pervades the Ecclesiastical Polity of Hooker, that it is perhaps no more than just praise to assert that Pecock furnished Hooker with the foundation of that most admirable production.

Of Chaucer, it would be presumptuous to say much after the admirable account of his writings, furnished by Godwin, and the exemplification of his style and peculiarities in the valuable edition of his Canterbury Tales, by Mr. Tyrwhitt. His works are known to all who have the least pretension to an acquaintance with English literature; and perhaps his character, as a writer, cannot be better described, than in the language of old Caxton, who styles him 'the worshipful father and first founder and embellisher of ornate eloquence.'

While theology was gradually improving, other sciences, such as would naturally attract the attention of a people slowly emerging from primitive ignorance, were not overlooked. The law was making rapid strides, and Sir John Fortescue himself, during the reign of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth, threw more light upon this intricate science, in his treatise *de Laudibus Anglia*, than all the other writers and legislators had given it together, from the time of the English Justinian, Edward the First. Chivalry, too, at this time, was in high repute, and Caxton's numerous translations from the French authors rendered it extremely popular. Henry the Seventh was himself so enthusiastic an admirer of chivalry, that he commanded Caxton, who was no less an enthusiast than his sovereign, to translate the 'Book of the Feats of Arms, and of Chivalry,' which had been originally collated by Christina of Pisa, from the writings of Frontinus, Vegetius, the Art of Battles, &c. The universal curiosity for the romantic and the marvellous, which characterized the age preceding the reign of Elizabeth, undoubtedly tended more than any thing else to pave the way for the revival of learning under that illustrious princess. The French romances, when clothed in an English dress, by the unwearied exertions of Caxton, were read by all who were sufficiently accomplished to read their own language, and excited a general emulation in the inhabitants of the whole realm to possess this somewhat rare qualification. The high-toned sentiments and generous feelings, the romantic bravery and contempt of danger, and the gallant submission to every peril and privation for the safety

and happiness of females, which stamp all the ancient romances, naturally tended to soften the manners and to improve the minds of such uncultivated readers. Thus, it is clear, that, however useless the ancient romances may be, at the present time, yet they hold a conspicuous place in the history of the progress of literature. Their contents were of a nature admirably suited to rouse the curiosity of a people so superstitious as were the English before Elizabeth, and thus reading became necessary to all who would peruse these wonderful productions; and the lofty and gallant conduct prescribed for all who would be knights, gradually infused a degree of refinement into the rude society of that early period, which was admirably adapted to prepare them for the splendid constellation of genius which burst forth in every direction under the happy reign of the virgin queen.

But this happy change, which only glimmered under the seventh Harry, began to glow with a steadier light under his successor. The custom, at that time, prevalent of removing to foreign countries, there to acquire the language of the ancients in their purity, had a prodigious effect in the advancement of solid literature. The institution of grammar schools in the larger towns, and the encouragement given to the most learned men of all countries to settle in the colleges, tended greatly to render learning fashionable; and the noble institution of Woolsey's College at Oxford, to which the most profound scholars of Europe were invited, laid at once the foundation for an extensive and liberal plan of education.

3. The translation of the historical works of Froissart, was one of the earliest productions of this reign. This translation was made by Sir John Bourchier, at the command of Henry the Eighth himself. Froissart was as accurate an historian as any that has ever written, and his history of the transactions which took place during the reigns of Edward the Third and Richard the Second, is the best extant even at this day,

Fischer, the ill-fated Bishop of Rochester, was also distinguished in this reign for his profound learning and unaffected piety. His works are chiefly in Latin, but he published some very curious sermons and tracts in the English language, which do credit to the high character for erudition which he attained during his life. But neither his character for erudition, his exemplary life, nor the real respect and affection of the king, whose tutor he had been, could preserve him from the headstrong violence of Henry, because he refused to countenance his lawless treatment of the unhappy Catharine. Notwithstanding his extreme age, he was permitted to linger in a foul

prison, without even sufficient clothing to cover his person for a whole twelvemonth; at the expiration of which time, the Pope having sent to him a cardinal's hat as the reward of his constancy to his faith, the king, with his characteristic violence, caused this faithful old servant to be consigned to the block.

Sir Thomas More, whose steady adherence to the cause of Queen Catharine, and whose execution for the same cause rendered him the counterpart of Fischer, was one of the most profound scholars that ever enlightened England by his writings. In addition to his numerous and weighty avocations, in the successive offices of law, reader at Furnival's Inn, speaker of the commons, master of the requests, ambassador, member of the privy council, and finally, keeper of the great seal, (an honour conferred on a layman, for the first time, in the person of Sir Thomas More,) he found time to give to the world his famous 'History of Edward the Fifth, and his brother, and of Richard the Third;' and his Utopia, which passed for a real history, with some of the most eminent men of the day. To this we may add his numerous polemical writings, which possess great merit. As an historian, Sir Thomas More has uniformly enjoyed the most unqualified approbation. Notwithstanding the great obscurity thrown over the bloody and contentious wars between York and Lancaster, yet, wherever More's pen has been employed in an elucidation of the events and general transactions of that time, his revered and honourable fame sufficiently assures us that no prejudice or bias could have induced that magnanimous and impartial man to swerve from the path of truth. In the words of Hume, 'no historian, either of ancient or modern times, can possibly have more weight;' and again, 'his authority is irresistible, and sufficient to overbalance a hundred little doubts and scruples and objections.' But his unsullied virtue, his long tried fidelity, his eminent utility, his profound and varied learning were all insufficient to save him from the tyrannical vengeance of Henry the Eighth; who, under pretence that he had absolutely refused to acknowledge his supremacy, after a mere mock trial, condemned to the scaffold this admirable man, who died with an intrepidity, nay, with a cheerfulness, that marked the serenity of his soul and the purity of his principles; and with a holy resignation that has rendered the scene of his execution an object of wonder and admiration to all who consider at once his innocence and integrity, and the unprincipled severity of the ferocious Henry.

Under this reign, Leland, the father of English antiquaries, produced some works of much curiosity, but, as they do not fall

within the general scope of English literature, we shall leave him to the care of the antiquaries; merely remarking that his 'Collections' contain a very curious and quaintly written account of the lives and characters of the English writers who preceded him, mingled with many superstitious stories of prophets and their prophecies, written in the early stages of English writing.

John Harding was the author of 'The Chronicle, from the first beginning of England, unto the reign of king Edward the Fourth, when he made an end of his chronicle; and from that time is added a continuation of the story in prose, to this our time. Now first imprinted, gathered out of divers and sundry authors that have written of the affairs of England.' This narrative consists of prose and verse; and the most curious part is the metrical history of England, from its fabulous history up to the time of the fourth Henry. It is only valuable, however, as a matter of curiosity.

Edward Hall, who was not many years younger than Harding, is one of the few laborious historians, who have, by the publication of their recondite researches, furnished valuable materials for the modern historians to compile their annals. He is chiefly estimable as an author, for the account he gives of the youthful sports and diversions of Henry the Eighth, and for his precise and special history of the variations of dress in each of the several reigns whose history he has written.

Tyndale, who was publicly executed at Antwerp; Coverdale, who was imprisoned by bloody Mary together with Holgate, archbishop of York, Ridley, bishop of London, and Hooper of Gloucester; and John Rogers, the prebendary of St. Pauls; were all severally occupied in a translation of the scriptures, of which, however, nothing particular need be said; inasmuch as the translation in the reign of James the First has superseded all attempts of the sort in the English language.

The intrepid Latimer, although he perhaps gained his chief celebrity under the reign of Mary, yet, while bishop of Worcester under Henry, became distinguished for his free and forcible denunciation of the prevailing vices of those days. Although a strong Catholic to the age of thirty, he began, soon after his conversion, to assist the cause of the reformers with much zeal. On the passing of the six articles, or the bloody bill, as the Protestants justly called it, Latimer exhibited that firmness and determination which uniformly marked all his subsequent life. On that occasion, he conscientiously threw up his bishopric, and, on a subsequent information was committed to prison, where he remained until Henry's death, after

which he was restored to his liberty, without, however, being permitted to resume his episcopal functions. Latimer was burnt at the stake under the reign of bloody Mary, together with Ridley, the bishop of London, to whom he cried out, with that dauntless intrepidity and full consciousness of rectitude which had marked his whole life : ' Be of good cheer master Ridley, and play the man ; we shall this day kindle such a torch in England, as, I trust in God, shall never be extinguished.' His chief writings are sermons, which are marked by a dignity, power and simplicity that are rarely, if ever, to be noted in modern pulpit discourses. Some of these sermons were delivered, with much applause, before Henry himself ; and, notwithstanding their homely dress, will, we venture to assert, amply compensate the reader of the present day for the trouble of a serious and careful perusal. No writings of Henry's time combining language better assorted, or home thrusts more touching and expressive can be found in any of the productions of this reign ; added to which, we find, in his very sermons, the most singularly descriptive pictures of the private and peculiar manners of the times. For ourselves, we candidly confess, we never arise from the writings of the honest and heroic Latimer without an increased respect for the sincerity and talents of the man, and we think we venture little in strongly recommending to such of our readers as have them within reach, a careful perusal of the substantial though familiar sermons of Bishop Latimer.

Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was one of the chief opponents of Latimer, and, though neither possessed of the abilities nor the honesty of the latter, completely triumphed over the friends of the reformation, and, during the short but cruel reign of Mary, applied the torch to the funeral pile of many a worthier man and better christian. As his literary career is only remarkable for his controversial writings, which seem to have been dictated more by policy than any thing like true religion, it is unnecessary to dwell upon it.

Of Sir John Cheke, it is by no means undue praise to say, that he may be considered the father of the true Greek pronunciation in England, and perhaps the first Greek scholar of his own, or any other age. He was distinguished at a very early age for his great proficiency in the ancient tongues, and was placed in the chair of Greek lecturer in his own college as soon as he had completed his collegiate course. From this station, he was promoted to the Greek professorship, founded by Henry the Eighth at Cambridge, and was shortly after appointed one of the tutors of Prince Edward, who, soon after

his accession to the British throne, appointed him to various offices of high trust and dignity, and finally constituted him one of the secretaries of state and a privy counsellor. Notwithstanding the violent opposition of the Catholics, aided by all the influence of Gardiner, Cheke, with the assistance of his friend Smith, succeeded in establishing a more correct pronunciation of the Greek language, which was at that time pronounced in a manner so discordant as to destroy all the effect of the harmony of that musical language, and which, therefore, was evidently a different mode of pronunciation from that of the Greeks themselves. The opposition of the Catholics to this innovation was so great, and the contest between them and the more enlightened favourers of Cheke rose so high, as to give place to some pitched battles, in which Greek met Greek with the same animosity as of old the Trojans and Grecians opposed each other. Cheke also proposed many amendments in the philology of the Latin and English, which were unsuccessful, and, in our opinion, deservedly so. His writings are by no means interesting to the general reader; but, although he confined himself almost entirely to philological pursuits, yet we hazard nothing in pronouncing Cheke the first classical scholar that had flourished in England from the days of the conqueror.

We know of but one other writer (if we except Grafton, who was but a compiler of Chronicles from the works of others) worthy of notice prior to the reign of Elizabeth. This is Thomas Wilson, the first English writer who has attempted any regular work on rhetoric and logic. His treatise is entitled, 'The Art of Rhetoric, for the use of all such as are studious of eloquence, set forth in English.' This very interesting volume, notwithstanding the confusion and turbulence of Mary's reign, made its appearance in the very first year after her accession. When we consider the time in which this volume was produced, we cannot but be struck with admiration of the author's genius, and respect for his unbounded learning and copious research. His strictures on elocution, composition and style, are such as do honour to his taste and to the literary character of his time. Of his remarks on the necessity of a due preservation of character, Warton makes the following observation: 'Shakspeare himself has not delineated the characters of these English monarchs with more truth;' and so great was the impression made by this remarkable and spirited critical treatise, that the bigoted inquisitors of the Holy See, imagining it to be an innovation of a most daring nature, seized the author when he was on a visit at Rome, and im-

prisoned him under the pretence, and perhaps, under the belief, that he must necessarily be a bold and dangerous heretic. Wilson held some of the first offices in the kingdom during the reign of Elizabeth, having been frequently employed as an ambassador from the English queen to Mary Queen of Scots, and finally appointed dean of Durham. He died in 1581.

We have thus given an imperfect and hurried sketch of the principal English prose writers from the earliest times to the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. In our next, we shall endeavour to give some account of the poets who flourished in the time alluded to in the preceding article, together with a brief glance at the authors who rose in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 'from whom,' in the powerful language of Dr. Johnson, 'a speech might be formed, adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were extracted from *Hooker*, and the translation of the bible; the terms of natural knowledge from *Bacon*; the phrases of policy, war and navigation, from *Raleigh*; the dialect of poetry and fiction from *Spenser* and *Sidney*; and the diction of common life from *Shakspeare*; few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want of English words in which they might be expressed.'

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*Biographia Dramatica, containing Historical and Critical Memoirs, and original anecdotes of Dramatic Writers.*

In our last, we inserted a notice of the above work, which, from want of room, we were compelled to curtail to a very narrow compass. We have, since then, been enabled, through the politeness of the gentleman now editing and enlarging the work, to give some idea of its merits.

The original *Biographia Dramatica* is, we are persuaded, but little known in this country, and we think we hazard little in saying that it only requires to be known to be generally read and admired.

Dramatic composition, from the earliest ages to the present day, has been more interesting to the community at large, and has contributed more to general improvement, than perhaps any other species of literature. It surely then cannot be doubted that the work, now under consideration, is worthy of the patronage of all who wish to be possessed of a general key to dramatic literature, together with spirited biographical sketches of all dramatic authors and celebrated actors.

The work now before us was originally commenced by David Erskine Baker, and was, by him, carried down to the year 1764. It was continued thence by Isaac Reed, to 1782, and brought down to the close of 1811, with considerable additions and improvements, by Stephen Jones. Mr. Foote, of the New-York Theatre, has continued it to the present time. It commences with a very complete and interesting introductory view of the rise and progress of the British stage. It includes biographical memoirs and anecdotes not only of the British dramatic writers, but of nearly all the distinguished actors and actresses. It contains also an alphabetical account and chronological list of all the dramatic writings of those persons, accompanied with valuable and learned notes and observations on their respective merits.

The number of plays enumerated in the last edition of this work is five thousand six hundred and eighty-three, a number much greater probably than would be supposed, without actually examining the *Biographia Dramatica* itself. But any wonder at this fact will speedily give place to greater astonishment on knowing that the perseverance and industry of the gentleman preparing the new edition of this work, has enabled him to add about two thousand more to the list.

In the American edition, the reader will be presented with an historical and critical introduction to the American drama. This will, of course, be peculiarly interesting and gratifying to our countrymen generally. The progress of a nation in civilization and literary refinement may very safely be estimated from the history of the stage, which is the open volume that displays to every traveller the literary standard of the grand mass of the people. Although it cannot be presumed that our advancement in dramatic literature can be extensive, yet, unless we are much deceived, those who shall peruse the American edition of the *Biographia Dramatica* will be disappointed, in no unpleasant manner, by finding that the general estimate of our dramatic literature falls infinitely below its real value. As we are not at liberty to convey to our readers any other than such information as has been acquired in the general course of reading and conversation, we are not, therefore, at liberty to encroach upon the materials prepared, with vast labour and pains, for the new edition of this work. We may, however, merely, by way of a single example, advert to the many theatrical productions of our highly respectable fellow citizen, Danlap. If every city in the United States can exhibit a collection of dramatic writing in proportion to that which New-York has produced, it will form altogether no uninteresting feature

in our literary history. For, however trivial it may be considered in the present day, it will at least serve to show that, in the infancy of our national existence, we had a literature by no means unworthy of being classed with that of any other nation of the same age. Besides, the preservation of those dramatic annals will, at some future day, be valuable, not merely to the antiquary, but to all who desire to obtain a correct knowledge of the literature of the country from its earliest commencement. What a treasure to the learned world would not such a history of the British stage be; and how many useless, yet painfully collated, speculations of antiquarian writers might have been spared by the possession of an unbroken history of the English drama! In this consideration alone, we conceive, the literati of our country will find abundant reason to encourage this early history of our dramatic literature.

We cannot conclude, without expressing our sincere hope that the worthy and accomplished gentleman, who is engaged in the completion of this interesting work, may meet with that encouragement which his undoubted talents and classical acquirements assuredly merit.

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#### A STORY,

#### *From a Correspondent in Virginia.*

Qui vultur jecor intima pererrat,  
Et pectus trahit, intimaque fibras,  
Non est quem lepidi vocant poetæ,  
Sed cordis mala, livor atque luctus.

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

On board of one of the ships sent out by Walter Raleigh under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, to make discoveries along the North American coast, was a passenger, of a singular and melancholy aspect, who, from the first moment of departure, was regarded by all the company with eyes of doubt and suspicion. There was a settled gloom upon his countenance, mingled with an expression that seemed sinister and malignant at the same time that it was timorous; and there was a restlessness and uneasiness in his deportment and gait which it was disagreeable for one who noted him to observe. He would sometimes start, when there was neither sound nor sight nor other cause of agitation. Sometimes he was seen, as darkness was descending over the waters, to conceal himself near the ship's stern, or among ropes and sails

of cable; on which occasions he would start and turn pale, as if detected in guilty musings, or would assume a savage aspect, as if he wished to destroy the intruder on his stolen privacy. The horrors of a guilty conscience seemed evidently to possess him. It seemed as if its workings had given him an unnatural appearance of premature age. The lines of his face and the furrows of his brow were deeply impressed; and a morbid imagination might almost trace, in the dusky red characters of the latter, the thunder-scars of the fallen angels. His hair, in some places, had turned completely gray. And yet, on the whole, he seemed not to have numbered more than forty years.

He entered the vessel, under the general invitation, unknown to any of the ship's company. A rumour was soon current, that his assumed name was fictitious, and that he had done some deed which rendered him odious among mankind. His crime was variously surmised, and, among other things, it was whispered that he had been an executioner. There were in that ship many desperadoes, and many who were flying from justice at home for crimes which in any country would have made them infamous. But no man inquired into or cared for his neighbour's character, though notoriously bad. This man alone, convicted by his peculiar and disagreeable physiognomy and manner, was the mark of aversion to all his fellow voyagers. The awkward attempts which he made, during the first few days of their voyage, to form acquaintances, met with such unpromising reception, that he desisted, and became uniformly silent. The women passengers avoided his glance, or looked at him askance, with a mingled expression of curiosity and horror; and at night they stifled the cries of their children, by telling them that the Strange Man was coming. At meal-times, a solitary corner became his own by prescription, where his food was given and received in silence: and at night, he retired to a couch, from the vicinity of which the occupants of the adjacent dormitories had removed; as they said his motions, groans and cries prevented them from sleeping. The sailors regarded him with a superstitious dislike, as the Jaws of their vessel; and avoided, or coarsely repulsed him, when he drew near them at their work. He frequently overheard their comments on his situation, and their surmises as to the cause of his revolting appearance, and the disgust it excited; which were all, however various, alike disgraceful to him.

Thus, on the bosom of the ocean, and within the narrow prison of a ship, without friend or counsellor, or the power of vindicating himself, (for who can fight single-handed, with pre-

judice?) among hundreds of his fellow beings, men of like passions with himself, this wretched exile found himself the focal object of aversion, hatred and disgust. He seemed to be in the situation of a guilty ghost; more tormented in its unnatural exposure to the living world, than in its congenial belly or like some of the prodigies with which the superstitions of different ages have teemed; like one who had been bitten by a rabid wolf, or who, having had his own veins sucked by a visitant from the charnel house, had become himself possessed by the horrible appetite for blood. He was like the first born Cain, bearing an obvious but inexplicable mark, which was at once the stamp of his guilt and his protection from the death which he coveted; or like the Jew who insulted our divine Redeemer, as he passed on to his closing passion, branded with the indelible stigma, which men trembled at and fled from. But the first murderer, and the wandering Israelite had the world before them, with its solitudes and lurking places, where no human countenance could obtrude, with its expression of scorn or fear or detestation. This man was tied to his stake, with a tether whose shortness only allowed him to make idle and maddening efforts to hide himself from the many hundred eyes, that glanced distrustfully and with loathing upon him. The Hindoo who has lost his caste, can mingle with others, who, however despised by millions around them, at least form a community and fellowship of misery. But this man was alone; and the hatred for all his persecutors, which he gave them back in return for their aversion, was silently consuming his heart.

There was, however, a young man, named Rogers, among the company, whose sympathy for the desolate state of this individual overcame the repugnance, which, in common with the others, he could not help feeling. He had, once or twice, made an effort, when none observed him, to break through the sphere of repulsion with which the lonely man had become invested. But the latter, supposing his object was derision or insult, avoided his looks and retreated from his advance. Rogers, however, had marked him, when he apparently thought himself secure from notice. He had observed that he wore a shirt of coarse hair, under his upper garments, and had seen him in the attitude of prayer, telling his beads. He naturally concluded, that the source of so much anguish was some dreadful and unforgiven crime, for which he was undergoing penance.

The weather, which had long been threatening in appearance, now indicated an approaching storm; and the symptoms

increased in terror and in certainty. A tremendous gale rendered it impossible for the ship to carry any canvas ; and night came on with tenfold darkness. The commander of this vessel, now separated from the others, was in the utmost perplexity ; and the ship was alternately rolling and driving under bare poles, at the mercy of the tempest. At first a murmur, and soon a shout was heard among the crew that the strange man should be brought forth and thrown overboard.

Roused by the clamour, and the sound of his name, reiterated amidst the uproar, the unfortunate being sprung from his troubled slumbers, and rushed upon deck. He trembled in every joint and fibre ; his hair rose in distinct bristles ; and his eyes, after wandering wildly, fixed in an intense gaze, that spoke of expected evil, dreadful and inevitable. It seemed as if he had been summoned to reveal to the assembled universe, the secret that overburthened his heart, and to receive the forfeit of some unpardonable sin, among the hootings and cursings of mankind. No one approached him, who regarded his countenance by the fitful light of the lanterns ; but those immediately before him shrunk backward, under the overpowering influence of preternatural terror. Two stout seamen, however, sprang from behind, and were hurrying him rapidly towards the gangway. He was urged along so speedily, that he made no resistance until on the verge of destruction. The ship rolled downward on the side whence he was about to be precipitated ; and a ruddy flash which streamed from a lantern held near the spot, fell upon the troubled waste beyond. They were on the summit of an immeasurable mountain wave ; and the wretch looked downward and downward into infinite darkness ; while stretching high above, before him, another advancing Alp of waters was impending over the gulf, which was to be to him the abyss of eternity. He uttered one long and shrill and piercing shriek ; and clung, in the agony of his struggle, so firmly to his conductors, that they in vain endeavoured to shake him off ; but when they had pushed him from his foothold, he adhered, with the tenacity of despair, to the gripe he had taken of each of them, and was thus suspended over the yawning shades below. One was advancing with a cutlass, to sever him from his tormentors and from life, when the vessel, shifting its position, threw all three backward. His grasp relaxed ; he fell, as if exanimate, and rolled against the mast. The two men, having sprung again on their feet, were kicking him towards the opposite quarter ; when Rogers, who had been standing near, interrupted them, and arrested the body of their intended victim in its progress. The whole scene

had past in a few moments; but in that brief interval the poor Jonas of the ship had past through all the bitterness of death. Rogers now remonstrated with the seamen, but to no purpose. In vain he represented that the man had an equal right with themselves, to the precarious protection which the ship yet yielded them; that they might one day be called to account for it; and that, though they should escape from human tribunals, they must eventually, and might, perhaps, in a few moments, follow this now living being, who had never offended them, to the last common audit, to answer for their usurpation of the attribute of God.

His intercession would have been altogether ineffectual, had not the commander himself, at that moment appeared, and restored order, by directing the execution of some new manœuvre. While the attention of the men was thus diverted, Rogers dragged the insensible being down to his couch, and deposited him there in darkness and temporary safety. He opened his eyes, which fixed, for a moment, on his deliverer; then, turning on his face, he enveloped himself in his covering, and lay coiled in the farthest corner of the recess which had been allotted him to sleep in.

The storm abated, and courage and confidence returned to the crew. On the day following the night of his jeopardy, the strange being crawled from his lurking place, unobserved, until he suddenly made his appearance in his usual place, at the hour of dining. His danger on the preceding night was not generally known; but the company looked at him with a creeping sensation of superstitious awe, when they saw that his hair had turned completely white. His lower jaw seemed to have dropped. His head was bowed low over the trencher, from which, with trembling hands he took his allotted fare. Silence for some time prevailed in the cabin; and when the spell was passing away, the speakers addressed each other in an under tone, that sounded unnaturally to themselves, rebuked as it was by the fear that had fallen upon them. From a furtive glance which he threw towards him, Rogers thought that the object of so much terror recognized him as having been his preserver. He soon took an opportunity, unobserved, of beckoning to him, and the man followed him to a retired corner. Not without some emotion, Rogers requested him to meet him, at midnight, on the quarter deck. 'I will, sir,' replied the man: 'I believe I owe you my life. Would to God I had never incurred the debt. May I know the name of one, who, at any rate, meant to befriend me?' 'Rogers.'—At this word the man recoiled. His limbs seemed seized with a sud-

strous womb of the ocean; and now I see them; and I shall see them forever. The heathens, I have read, could cling to their altars; and the Jews had certain places where the avenger of blood could not pursue. But I have no sanctuary, and no city of refuge, in all the wide world of land and waters that basks in the sunlight;—and I cannot look for it in the grave.'

And here he lay down on his face, and a strong convulsion shook him like an ague fit. He regained some composure, and continued. 'Since I have been on board of this vessel, where the torments of my earthly purgatory have been condensed to an intensity greater and more unremitting than ever, the persecutions of those who follow me have been constant. Every living thing around has mocked at and shunned me; until each human countenance seems to be that of a fiend to whom the penal torture has been assigned of persecuting, and mouthing, and chattering at the guilty; but I could abide all this, if *they* were not with me. I have seen them in crowded capitals; in the Arabian deserts; and in the dungeons of the infidels; but never, though long years have past, more distinctly than now.'

'But why should I weary you with what you cannot understand, and have no interest in. You ask to know the source of my calamity. I will endeavour to tell you as briefly and intelligibly as I can. I was the son of an industrious and frugal woollen draper, in the city of London, and his only child. I was much indulged; and my father, having bound me apprentice to himself, did not chastise me when I neglected his business, but was satisfied to reprove me for my present offences. I did not acquire any vices; but I was an idle youth, and loved to see spectacles of all kinds. In particular I attended all public executions; and was very sure never to be absent when any tragic scene was to be acted on Tower Hill or at Tyburn. I loved to watch the countenances of men going to be separated instantly from the bustle of life; and felt a strange excitement at the parade and circumstances which attend the awful execution of law. I did not go with the common feelings of the multitude, who thought no more of the event after it had passed, but dispersed to other places of amusement, or to their every day business. The procession to the scaffold or the tree; the prayer and the psalm and the dying speech; the preparations for the block or the halter; the descending axe or the withdrawing cart; the hushed pause of the countless spectators; the mangling of the bodies afterwards—were all to me so many acts of a stage play, in which I took a fearful but intense delight. It became a passion, paramount above all

others; insomuch, that I sometimes envied the vile executioner, all stained as he was, and besmeared with the blood, and tearing the vitals of his often yet conscious victims; because he enjoyed a nearer prospect of the scene, from which I was kept back by the crowd and the soldiery.

‘I have seen, in the East, men who derived their sustenance from mortal poisons; and others who kept tame snakes in their bosoms, and would caress the slimy monsters, as they were wrapt in their grisly and glittering folds. I have heard, too, of cannibals, and of forlorn creatures who haunt grave yards and prey upon dead carcases. Not more unaccountable even to myself than the fancies and appetites of these extraordinary creatures was the desire that possessed me of witnessing the sufferings of human beings previous to the separation of soul and body. I have reasoned upon it since, and found no satisfactory cause; for in my nature, if I knew what it was in childhood, there was no cruelty nor malice against my fellow men. But so it was, that the contemplation of all these scenes of bloodshed and terror was my constant employment, and visions of executions, in all their terrible variety of pain and fear and agony, held their infernal sabbath in my mind, so that I neglected business and regular occupation of every kind.

‘The persecution of the heretics began, and burnings took place in every part of the country. I had never attended an exhibition of this sort, and imagined, according to the craving of my diseased curiosity, that it must surpass in terror and sublimity all I had witnessed of the closing drama of penal justice. It so happened that I had made acquaintance with one of the sheriff’s men, with whom I had held much communion on the subject always uppermost in my thoughts; and he came one morning to inform me that a minister was to be burnt the next day, and that I might, if I pleased, be close to the pile, and see every thing as it occurred. This was a golden opportunity for me; and one for which I had long and vainly sighed. I was, however, not a little damped in my eagerness, when he told me it was necessary I should light the pile myself. From this office, although a good Catholic, and esteeming, even as I still do, (but forgive me—you are a Protestant,) the consuming of heretics as an acceptable thing to God;—from this function, I say, I recoiled, as unbecoming the son of an honest man, out of whose province it was entirely to perform the part of the common hangman. My acquaintance, however, told me, that I could gain a near access to the stake on no other condition; and gave me a mask which was adapted to the upper part of my face, and which he said, would prevent any person from

recognizing me. He added, that he would call for me the next morning, and so saying, he left me.

All the rest of that day I was uneasy, irresolute, and almost beside myself, pondering between my desire to indulge a long cherished curiosity, and the repugnance I felt to execute an office considered disgraceful even when prescribed to an individual as his legal duty. Before I fell asleep, I had made up my mind to depart from home early in the morning, and to behold the spectacle from a distance among the multitude. My dreams, prophetic of all I have ever had since, were troubled, wild, and agonizing; and I awoke in a feverish state of excitement. Very soon, the populace were seen pouring from various quarters to the field where the execution was to be; and while I was yet meditating whether to evade my appointment by flight, or to refuse accompanying the sheriff's follower, he made his appearance and beckoned to me, and as if by a fatal, uncontrollable impulse, I slipped quickly out of my father's shop, and accompanied him on his way. Turning down a narrow alley, he equipped me with my mask, and hurried, or rather dragged me towards the prison. No notice was taken of me, as, by the side of my companion, I mingled among the retainers of the law. Very soon the inner gates were opened, and there came forth, among the officers, a man in black vestments, a little advanced in years. His countenance, though not discomposed, was sad; for, as I heard, he had just parted from his family. And behind the escort I saw them slowly advancing, but did not then note them particularly; for a heavy load had fallen upon my heart. I heard not distinctly what was uttered around me, and turned my face neither to the right nor the left; but was led by the arm, mechanically, by my companion; following, with the other attendants, the cart in which the victim, intended for the present sacrifice, was placed.

In this stupor I walked on the whole distance, unroused by the great following of the people, or the occasional interruptions that took place in our progress, until we arrived at the spot, where the stake and the faggots were prepared. I kept my eyes fixed, as if by enchantment, on that fatal pile, and was dragged along unresistingly, while a ring was formed around the scene of torture. With dim and dreaming vision, I saw the minister descend from the cart, and walk tranquilly and firmly, as it seemed, to the goal of his earthly pilgrimage. There were other things passing, which swam indistinctly before my sight. There was a priest with an angry countenance, holding a cross, from whom the heretic minister turned away; and a proclamation was read, of which I heard the sounds,

without perceiving the meaning of the words. Then they fastened the prisoner to the stake by iron hoops, and closed up the circle of faggots around him. At this moment I was thrust forward so suddenly by my companion, that I was urged within a few feet of the pile. I stood without motion, rather as a machine, than a thinking being, and a torch was put into my hand by a halberdier. The sheriff, who stood by, addressed me, but I understood not his words. I only comprehended from his gesture, that I was to light the pyre. A dead silence prevailed among all the assembled people, and we might have heard the whisper of an infant, or the falling of a leaf. A brief struggle passed through my frame, and hastily, by the same seemingly mechanical impulse, of which alone I appeared to be conscious, I advanced with the fatal brand. One instant I cast my eyes upwards on the victim. His countenance was serene and cheerful; and he bent his eyes upon me with a settled calmness and forgiveness, which now lives before my sight, as though it were yesterday. I thrust the torch among the light stuff and combustibles at the foot of the pile; and the flame speedily ran all around it, and mounted among the wood. I thought I felt it at the same moment encircling my own brain. I dropt the torch and returned to my companion. There was a weight upon my feet that seemed to clog them to the earth at every step, and a death-like coldness at my heart. Then, as I lifted up my eyes, I beheld, behind the surrounding guards, a melancholy train, in sable apparel. There was a mother with a little infant in her bosom. She was tall and of a dignified aspect; but her cheeks were pale; and her eyes, swollen and red, were fixed in the direction of the pile where her husband was suffering. There were two lusty and stately youths, who stood gazing sternly and sadly; but as the fire began to crackle fiercely behind me, they lifted up their voices and wept aloud. There was a maiden, just arrived at womanhood, slender and graceful, with a saintly countenance, such as I have seen in pictures of the Holy Virgin; and she clung weeping to her elder brother. There was a younger girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, like a young cherub, weeping, shrieking out for mercy for her father, and a boy, deformed, and supporting himself with a crutch, who had an obliquity in one eye, that gave to the agony of grief, expressed in his face, a strange peculiarity. And there were little children clinging around their mother's garments, all crying bitterly; the youngest, poor souls, for company, not knowing why the rest were so afflicted. Methought that, at the same instant, they all directed their eyes towards me; and ever since I have retained the individual ex-

pression of each of those wo-begone faces. I turned around, and saw the father of this family, surrounded by the ascending blaze, that burnt fiercely, but with a pale unnatural lustre, in the broad glare of day. His look was serene, and he stretched out his hands, and washed them in the consuming element.'

*(Here there is a large defect in the manuscript.)*

The vessels were in sight of the coast of Florida. A delightful perfume was wafted from the shore, and the adventurers beheld the banks, even down to the edge of the water, covered with luxuriant vines and groves of magnolia. Some boats put off from the ship in which Rogers was a passenger, for the purpose of paying a visit to this land of promise; and in one of them the unhappy man, whose history is herein-before recorded, went on shore. He was never seen more. Those who were in the same boat with him, said that he had wandered into the interior of the country, and could not be recalled in time. It is more probable that they purposely left him.

The ship under command of Sir Francis Drake, a few years afterwards, took from the Virginian coast the remnant of the colonists, who were unfortunate in their settlement. Among the survivors, Rogers returned to England, by whom the foregoing facts were narrated. And notwithstanding many traditions and legends that have been popular, the above are the only authentic particulars, in relation to the MAN WHO BURNT JOHN ROGERS.

*Hæc scripsi, invitâ Minervâ, Richmond, August 27th, 1724.*

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*La Biblioteca Americana. London. 1824.*

It has been the fashion, for several years past, with some of our shrewdest political speculators, to underrate the importance, and even to doubt the success, of the revolutionary efforts of Southern America. We have been told with oracular solemnity, that the patriots are weak, irresolute, ignorant, and prejudiced; that they are struggling for the forms of a freedom, the essentials of which they cannot comprehend; and that they are too feeble and divided to establish, or, at least, too bigoted to enjoy, and too inconstant to retain the possession of their civil and political liberties. In support of this opinion, arguments are drawn, with an air of imposing plausibility, from the protracted duration of their contest; from their endless variety of plan and diversity of effort; from the frequent

changes in the organization of their temporary governments ; and, lastly, from the anti-republican aspect of all their political experiments. These symptoms have been thought to indicate some incurable defect in the legislative principle of the South American provinces, the proximate causes of which have been made to consist in the want of political illumination ; in the exclusive spirit of the Catholic faith ; in the intricate variety of colours and the odious distinction of castes ; in the hurtful influence of the gold and silver mines, and even (for the visions of the ingenious romancer of La Brède, are still often mistaken for realities,) in the relaxing and debilitating influence of the rays of a tropical sun. The qualifications which a people should possess who aspire to be free, have been formally discussed and gravely enumerated ; and these indispensable requisites, (very much overrated, we believe,) are denied to belong to the patriots of the South. Much has been said of the necessity of serving a patient apprenticeship in the study of political philosophy ; of the difficulty of distinctly comprehending the policy, and the utter impossibility of acting in the spirit, of free and democratic institutions, until the minds of a people are prepared for initiation into all the mysteries of liberty, by a gradual development of liberal opinions. Of this preparatory discipline and elementary experience, so difficult to acquire and so dangerous to neglect, it is asserted by these political hierophants that the Spanish Americans are absolutely destitute. We are even told, and that by a writer whose talents we admire, and whose judgment we respect, that it does not appear that there exist, in any of the provinces of South America, the materials and elements of a good national character, and that, besides, there is very little reason to hope for their importation from abroad, or their formation at home.

We confess we are disposed to regard the political capabilities of our meridional brethren with a much more favourable eye. With respect to the speedy liberation of the whole South American continent from all European control, it is difficult to imagine how more than one opinion can possibly prevail. We are not in the number of those who profess an opinion that the infant liberties of the emancipated colonies may yet be crushed by a stroke from the strong arm of confederated tyranny. There is, doubtless, every reason to believe that the sovereigns of Europe contemplate, with fearful apprehension, the rapid dissemination of the doctrines of democracy ; and it is equally certain, that every effort will be made, to the full extent of practicability and safety, to arrest the progress of those glorious principles which these united tyrants have denounced

as blasphemous and damnable heresies. That there will be abundance of empty bravadoes and blustering threats; that the alarmed and irritated sovereigns of Europe will assume an attitude of assault no less ridiculous in the eyes of the philosopher than formidable in the apprehensions of the fearful; that artifice, intrigue, and corruption will be freely resorted to; that attempts will be made to intimidate, to seduce, to distract and to delay the leaders of a revolution too powerful to quell by compulsion,—all this is, no doubt, to be expected. Sovereigns, like subjects, will seek by fraud what cannot be obtained by force, and when stratagem and strength prove alike unavailing, can often, like creatures of a meaner mould, find a solace for the bitterness of disappointment in the utterance of vulgar boasts, or in the clamour of unmeaning menaces. But we cannot, for a moment, believe that any serious attempt will be made, to assemble, in avowed and deliberate hostility, the armies of the old world, with the mad and iniquitous design of subduing, by force, the opinions of the new. Not that these royal conspirators against the rights of man would be at all deterred by a sense of the baseness of their purposes, but, because, even in the height of exasperated rage, they will remember the *strength*, when they have forgotten or despised the *majesty*, of truth. Necessity, the tyrant of tyrants, will ever compel them to retain at home the cumbrous and expensive machinery of despotism. The first object of every autocrat's solicitude, is the secure possession of the slaves he has inherited, and to this the whole scheme of the conspiracy is directly and exclusively subservient. However desirous the members of the Holy Alliance may severally be to extend or perpetuate the system of arbitrary government, it is obvious that this never will be attempted, at the hazard of losing their respective individual possessions. The liberties of America are secured by the very selfishness of monarchs; for we do not believe that the best, or the worst, of them all, (it is hard to say which he would be,) was ever animated by a regard for the general interests of the whole fraternity. It is not so much the common cause of despots, as the individual security of each, which is consulted in the deliberations of the congresses, and the one is not always, or of necessity, in accord with the other. In this respect, virtuous institutions possess obvious and peculiar advantages over all combinations created for injurious purposes. In every benevolent association the interest of each individual is either actually promoted or cheerfully surrendered at every advance of the general prosperity, but no one, perhaps, can be found so disinterested-

ly wicked, as to sacrifice a serious and irrecompensable interest to the success of his associates' iniquitous designs. If, therefore, with all the vigilance, policy, and power, which the allied lords of Europe can exert, they are scarcely able to suppress the struggle of their slaves at home; it is evident that no part of the apparatus of tyranny can be diverted from its present occupation, without greatly endangering the weaker members of the league. The consequence of this would be serious interruption to that concert of action without which it would be utterly impossible to accomplish, what some have seriously believed to be the design of the Holy Alliance, a deliberate crusade against all unbelievers in the doctrine of the divine right of kings.

Accordingly we find, that even in Brazil and Peru, where the patriot cause meets with more opposition than in any other part of South America, the obstacles do not, in reality, arise from the strength or resistance of the armies of Portugal or Spain; for although the adherents of Canerac are denominated royalists, it is not to be supposed that they really obey the authority of the impotent Ferdinand. How far the emperor Don Pedro is controlled by the house of Braganza may admit of a question, notwithstanding the declared independence of the empire; but we conceive it of very little consequence whether or not his imperial majesty is indebted for the purple, to a secret understanding with Don Joas VI. In either case, his crown must rest on an uneasy brow, for the friend of the Portuguese king can scarcely expect to fulfil with success the incompatible obligations to his father and his people; and the independent emperor, deprived of European support, will learn to his cost, that a nation in the midst of republics will not patiently endure the pretensions of hereditary monarchy.

In Colombia, Mexico, Guatimala, Chili and Buenos Ayres, whatever be the constitution of the existing government, the authority of Spain is utterly, and, we trust, forever at an end. The idea of the forcible recovery of these provinces by the unassisted strength of the mother country is chimerical in the extreme, and after the positive refusals on the part of the French and English cabinets to encourage or support the pretensions of Spain, it is impossible any longer to deny the capacity of the emancipated colonies to defend and maintain their acquired independence.

But, here it is replied, there is a vast difference between a free and an independent nation. Admitting that the people of South America have nothing farther to fear from the impotent menaces of Spain, yet it remains to be seen how far they

are secure against the evils of domestic misgovernment. The indications they have given of acquaintance with the spirit of enlightened institutions, it is contended, are exceedingly ambiguous ; and the question is repeatedly asked, what have the friends of liberty to hope from a form of government which forbids, like the Mexican, the exercise of all but the Catholic religion, or invests, like the Brazilian, the chief magistrate in the imperial purple, or maintains like that of Buenos Ayres, the tranquillity of the republic by the presence of a military force.

To these imposing interrogatories, it is enough to reply, that as much was undertaken in the revolt of the colonies, it cannot be a matter of surprise that something remains to be done. In watching the progress of liberal principles in the South American provinces, we are exposed to a constant source of error, from a disposition to contemplate the great distance they are from the end of their enterprise, instead of comparing this interval with the still greater distance they have already advanced from the outset of their arduous career. In complaining of the evils of religious intolerance, of the ruinous and absurd *Alcabala*, of the enormous government monopolies, and of the weakness and instability of the new constitutions, we are accustomed to overlook entirely the complete annihilation of the mother country's authority, the abolition of the inquisition and the *mita*, the removal of the infamous restraints on education, the suppression of the more odious commercial restrictions, the melioration of the condition of the Indians, the dissemination of scientific and political knowledge, the gradual eradication of deep-rooted prejudices, and in short, the successive demolition of the numerous barriers which for so many ages have excluded the South American people from the knowledge and enjoyment of their rights. There is one reflection which has never failed to encourage us in the darkest and most disastrous reverses of the patriot cause—the redeeming and ever-operative spirit of the principle for which they are contending. The matter in dispute between Spain and her colonies, is neither a controverted boundary, nor a disputed settlement, nor an unliquidated debt, nor the enjoyment of a commercial privilege. If it were only one of these, the object of the contest might be gained, without advancing, in the least, the interests of liberty. But Southern America is contending for the glorious and sacred principle of the people's sovereignty. It is this which has been set forth in all her negotiations with Europe ; it is this which gives character and form to every constitution she has framed, and it is this which is free-

ly and fully discussed in every town and village within her extensive territory. The solemn and transcendently important truths which the study of this simple principle fruitfully develops, once learned, can never be forgotten. They will slowly but steadily incorporate themselves with all the opinions of the growing generations of the South, and will continue long after the establishment of national tranquillity, to remove by silent and almost imperceptible changes, the less liberal features in their constitutional policy.

It may be said, that the high-sounding professions of patriotic regard contained in the manifestos and messages of the civil authorities, as well as in the proclamations and addresses of the patriotic generals, are intended solely for effect, and do not imply, on the part of the rulers of the South, a sincere disposition to consult the wishes or the welfare of the provinces. But, to acquaint the people with the nature and extent of their rights, appears at best, a very clumsy and a very dangerous expedient, if only intended to advance the ambitious projects of the authors of these declarations. A monarch might as soon expect to purchase the submission of a rebellious province by the payment of an annual tribute of arms and ammunition. The recognition of the sovereignty of the people, and the virtual acknowledgment of the justice of the representative principle, will forever secure, in the hands of the electors, the power thus explicitly disclaimed by the heads of the government.

It is truly astonishing to see with what rapidity the elementary truths of national polity are developed, comprehended and applied, when once the monstrous and blasphemous absurdity of 'the monarchical principle,' is distinctly and sufficiently appreciated. Let it once be universally established, that the law is the will of the majority announced by their authorized agents to the whole of the nation, and it will be found, that the principles of government are but immediate and obvious corollaries of this simple, yet comprehensive proposition. There is scarcely a subject of the law who cannot easily understand and make use of this only legitimate test of the justice or expediency of legislative systems, and the consequence must evidently be, that, wherever this doctrine is made to regulate the conduct of a state, wherever it constitutes the evidence, the sanction, and the tenure of authority, the liberties of the people can seldom or never be endangered. Accordingly, we find, that in the republics of Mexico, La Plata and Colombia, but particularly in the latter, the governments are gradually acquiring that appearance of order and tranquillity which can

only proceed from the confidence of the citizens in the intelligence, the ability and the patriotism of the leaders of the national councils.

In Brazil, there is little reason to hope for political repose, until that shadow of an emperor, Don Pedro, be sent by his indignant subjects, like Iturbide, with a pension, to the shores of more congenial Europe, to perish, like him, if he returns. Chili, since the memorable battle of Maypo, has not only been able to preserve her own independence, but by lending her navy, under the command of Lord Cochrane, to assist the operations of San Martin, she enabled the latter, in 1821, to gain possession of Lima and Callao. Of the subsequent events in Peru, the deposition and banishment of Monteagudo, the appointment of San Martin generalissimo of the Peruvian forces, (an act of the congress, which has been variously construed,) his resignation of the honour proposed, the suspension of the sittings of the congress by Riva Agüero, the re-entry of Canterac into Lima, in 1823, the expedition of Bolivar, the denunciation of Riva Agüero, the recovery, loss and recapture of Lima and Callao, the jealousies subsisting between Cuzco and the capital, the dissensions prevailing among the patriot forces, and the actual condition of things in the country of the Incas, all highly interesting subjects, it was our intention to speak at some length; but our wishes to obtain authenticated information with respect to these curious circumstances, will induce us to defer our speculations until another and a better opportunity. In the mean time, the latest accounts from 'the Argentine Republic,' if any reliance can be placed on them, give us reason to believe that Canterac and Valdez must soon retire before the arms of the victorious Bolivar, and the accession of Olaneta to the patriot cause, must go near to determine, we think, the independence of Peru.

CHORUS,

*In the Orestes of Euripides.*

STROPHE.

Oh awful powers! whose pinions brush  
The startled air, with sounding rush!  
Your orgies how unlike the rites,  
Where wild the Corybantes move;  
The feast of tears your souls delights,  
And groans, the music that ye love!  
Black-hued Eumenides! who cleave  
The severing winds, on vengeance bent;

Till blood for blood ye shall receive,  
 Executing murder's punishment!  
 We plead with you—we pray to you,  
 For mercy to Atreides' child:  
 Oblivion of his crime we sue,  
 Oblivion of his frenzy wild.  
 Oh lost to reason's temperate sway,  
 To fever's mad'ning fires a prey!  
 Slow wanes thy life, a victim given  
 To oracles believed from heaven,  
 Breathed from the tripod's seat divine,  
 The central plain, and earth's prophetic shrine!

## ANTISTROPHÉ.

Great Jove! if mercy dwell with thee,  
 Whence comes this strife of agony?  
 This strife of blood, whose angry roar  
 Rises on frenzy's changeful gale,  
 While tears on tears their torrents pour  
 And deepening wail replies to wail.  
 Maternal blood hath stained these halls,  
 And here the stern avenger stalks;  
 Hoarse on the matricide he calls,  
 Performing his exploring walks.  
 Oh weep for power and glory fled!  
 Cherished their warning annals be!  
 Proud to the breeze the sail was spread,  
 The bark rode o'er the golden sea.  
 The storm from heaven the canvas tore;  
 The treacherous wave its freight went o'er;  
 So sunk their pride, whose kingly line  
 Sprang, legends tell, from couch divine;—  
 That race, so long revered by me,  
 Royal and rich and proud Tantalidae.

## Enter MENELAUS.

*Chorus.*—But lo! with regal port elate,  
 Approaches Sparta's conquering king;  
 By the rich trappings of his state,  
 Known from a mighty race to spring.  
 Hail to thee, victorious Lord!  
 Whose thousand galleys cut the sea,  
 And o'er insulting Asia poured  
 The hosts of Hellas! hail to thee!  
 Thy vows well pleased did heaven record  
 And crowned thy crest with victory!

There is not, perhaps, a more affecting poem, in the *Kleinere Gedichte* of Schiller, than his *Kindesmörderin*. Yet, while the *Bell Song*, *Knight Toggenburg*, *Fridolin*, *Polycrates' Ring*, and many others, have been ably and variously translated, we do not remember to have met with an English version of the *Childmurderess* of this admirable poet. As the German language is cultivated in this country, or, at least, in this

city, to a very limited extent, we have ventured to offer to our readers the following translation of this celebrated ballad, promising that some slight alterations have been made, in order to accommodate the language to the simplicity which the metre, selected for the purpose, appeared to require.

#### THE CHILD-MURDERESS.

Hark ! hark ! the bells are tolling ! I hear the muffled drum !  
The clock has struck the hour of death ! the messenger is come !  
And is it true that I must die ? Well, well, so let it be—  
I am ready—to the scaffold, man—lead on, I'll follow thee.

Come take, O world, these bitter tears, fast gushing from my eyes,  
And take a last, last parting kiss, ere wretched Anna dies !  
Thy poisons, oh how sweet they were, but see ! 'tis on my brow  
That thou wert paid, heart's poisoner ! I owe thee nothing now !

Farewell ! thou glorious star of day ! thou sun that shin'st so brave !  
I leave thy beams so warm and bright to moulder in the grave.  
Farewell ye rosy days of love, ah ! why did ye depart,  
When so sweet ye had bewildered this intoxicated heart ?

And fare ye well, ye golden dreams, how little were ye worth !  
Oh ! ye were born in heaven above, how could ye die on earth !  
Ye broke upon my slumbers, like the sun upon the night,  
But ere the morning dawned, ye fled forever from my sight.

Oh ! once ere Anna's dwelling, the faithless Henry found,  
She wore a robe of maiden white, with rosy ribbands bound ;  
And in her waving locks of gold were fairest lilies twined,  
And garlands of young roses, too, the sweetest she could find.

Now, hell's awaited victim she still wears a robe of white,  
Her locks of gold are waving still, as beautiful and bright ;  
But oh ! where wreaths of roses once, and rosy ribbands were,  
The badge of death is streaming now, in gloomy horror there !

Oh ! ye who loved as I have done, but borrowed from above .  
The hero-arm to conquer the giant strength of love—  
And ye whose hearts are yet your own, ye happy maidens all,  
Whose virgin blush is blooming still—come, weep for Anna's fall !

Oh ! where is he who vowed so oft that I should be his bride,  
Who swore so sweet he loved me more than all the world beside ?  
Oh God ! perhaps he's sitting now, some other maiden nigh,  
While I am on the scaffold for the love of him to die.

Perhaps he's gazing on her face, or playing with her hair,  
Or pressing on her warm lips, his sweetest kisses there.  
Perhaps the blushing maiden to his beating heart he strains,  
While the life-blood of his first love is gushing from her veins !

Oh, cruel, cruel Henry, though far thou art away,  
My song of death shall follow thee, until thy dying day.  
And hollow warning on thy ear, shall peal the solemn bell,  
That now from yonder chapel-tower is tolling out my knell !

When some fond maid shall breathe to thee her tenderest tale of love,  
With sighs and murmurs mingled, like the moaning of the dove;  
Then howling like the wintry wind, the fiends of hell around,  
Shall rush to dash thy cup of joy in thunder to the ground.

Ha, traitor! wilt thou leave me, wasn't thus we were to part?  
Not Anna's shame nor anguish, can nothing touch thy heart?  
What! not the child within me—this babe unborn of mine!  
Oh! that might melt a tyger's heart, but cannot soften thine.

See! see! the ship that bears him, how swift she leaves the shore!  
My streaming eyes strain after it, till I can see no more.  
Oh, he is gone forever now, and far beyond the sea,  
He'll sigh on other lips the love, that once he sighed to me.

I laid the little cherub, upon my aching breast;  
And sweetly pillowed on my heart, I rocked the babe to rest.  
Then like a morning rosebud, the pretty darling smiled,  
And with its angel innocence, my broken heart beguiled.

But oh! in every feature soon the father did I trace,  
And it wrung my heart with horrid joy to gaze upon its face.  
My baby to my bosom, in an agony I prest,  
For love, and thoughts of desperate things were struggling in my breast.

Oh! mother, where's my father? I thought I heard it say;  
As thunder loud it seemed to speak, all silent as it lay!  
And, woman, where's thy husband? my guilty heart replied,—  
I did not weep, but oh! I could have laid me down and died.

Thou'lt seek in vain thy father, wretched orphan that thou art!  
That father now is hugging other children to his heart.  
Bad men will call thee bastard, boy, and spit at thee in scorn,  
And thou wilt curse, and bitterly, the day that thou wert born.

Thy poor forsaken mother is alone in all the world,  
And the furies in her bosom all their horrid fires have hurled!  
With thirst unquenchable she burns to drink the streams of joy,  
But oh! that look it poisons them, my pretty orphan boy!

If once I miss the sight of thee, my fears I cannot tell;  
Yet when I look upon thee, boy, I feel the pangs of hell!  
Thy lips I cannot touch them, for they burn away my brain;  
Oh God! how sweet they were, thy lips I ne'er shall kiss again.

My shame shall reach thee from the grave, and thou, my darling, art  
Curs'd forever, if thou livest—here the fiends were at my heart,  
And fearful was the struggle, but the powers of darkness won,  
And I grasped it by the throat, and—the horrid deed was done!

Oh, cruel, cruel Henry, though far from thee he dies,  
The spirit of thy murdered boy shall stand before thy eyes,  
Shall fling his arms around thee, and in thy sweetest dreams,  
Shall freeze thee with his icy hands, and pierce thee with his screams!

And when thy eyes are basking in the beam of beauty's star,  
He shall fright thee with his dying look, fast speeding from afar.  
And starting up before thee, drest in blood-defiled array,  
Struck with horror, he shall chase thee, from thy paradise away!

See ! there 'twas lying at my feet, its little life had fled,  
Cold, stiff, and pale, and stained with blood, I knew that it was dead !  
I gazed upon the gore of my infant as it lay,  
And I thought that I should die, as the current ebbed away.

There came a fearful beating then, the hovel door upon,  
But fearfuller my heart beat, to think what I had done !  
I hied me then, rejoicing, to cool my burning breath  
And my hot and bursting brow, in the icy arms of death !

Thou hast used me very very hard, my cruel-hearted love ;  
Yet I forgive thee, Henry dear, and so may God above.  
Thou hast broke a heart, the fondest that ever woman gave,  
But all my foolish anger now, I bury in the grave.

Take warning, sister maidens all,—I know that they are sweet  
Man's whispered vows of faithful love, but cruelly they cheat.  
I gave him all so freely, when he swore that I was fair—  
Oh ! curses on the beauty that has brought me to despair !

What tears ! and dost thou weep too, soft-hearted strangler, thou !  
Nay, thus I would not grieve thee, bind the bandage round my brow !  
Pale hangman do not tremble so ! to stop this little breath,  
'Tis but to break a lily-stalk—now, do thy work of death !

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*Ourika. A Paris, chez L'Advocat, 1824. pp. 172.*

The popularity of this little work, during the winter of the present year, in the literary and sentimental coteries of the French capital, would have given it a title to our notice, on the ground of its being an indication of a prevailing taste in that quarter, even although it had not recommended itself by undeniable intrinsic merits. It is the production of the Dutchess de Duras, assisted, as some unbelievers in female powers pretend, by M. le Duc de Chateaubriand, a charge sufficiently confuted by the integrity of the narration, which puts all partnership invention out of the question, and by the perfect simplicity of the diction, which constitutes one of the chief charms of the story, and is the very opposite to the accumulated imagery and cumbrous decoration of that author's style. Besides, we live in a period too late to deny a woman the meed of a writer's praise. It is high time for the last of the legitimates of literature to acknowledge the intellectual independence of the physically weaker sex, and even to confess themselves conquered in some departments of the art which men seem once to have monopolized. Indeed, in all those compositions that require delicacy of perception and sentiment in their authors ; in nice discrimination of the shades of social manners ; in complete apprehension of the mutations of social feeling, and in striking de-

lineation of the peculiarities of individual character, so far as they are all exhibited within those spheres of action which admit of female inspection, women, whenever they have seized the pencil, have always shown themselves the painters truest to nature. Few of them, it is conceded, have reasoned originally and profoundly upon the higher interests of the species; fewer still have soared above our heads into the 'heaven of invention,' or advanced the conquests of the human mind, in regions of undiscovered knowledge. But many have speculated successfully upon the society around them; many, with philosophical precision, have traced effects to their causes, in manners, conduct and character; and many more have discharged the obligation under which the possession of distinguished talent places them to their race, by guiding us in our search into, by no means the least interesting or the least curious subject in morals, the operations of their own feelings; an investigation which, without their voluntary evidence men might forever have attempted unsuccessfully; for it requires but a limited experience to learn that the female heart is a labyrinth, where Ariadne herself must furnish the clue, or Theseus, with all his strength, would grope in it forever in vain.

The interest of the story before us is derived from its being, as we think, a natural development of the feelings of a girl, excluded, by her education and accomplishments, from all communion with the class of people among whom she was born, and by her complexion from becoming naturalized in any other. This separation from all above and below her, keeps her throughout her life in a peopled solitude; and the author is eminently successful in making us feel constantly, that if it is not good for man, it is still worse for woman to be alone. An untold and unhappy passion completes the climax of her wretchedness; until the emotion that circumstances have suppressed and religion has at last subdued undermine her constitution, and bring her prematurely to her grave. 'Tis a short tale and often told,' and it is surprising, how with such barrenness of incident, and so thorough a triteness of sentiment, with so slight an awakening of curiosity, and so little reliance upon catastrophe, the attention of the reader should be kept rivetted throughout, and that he should be so little displeased with himself on closing the volume that he has allowed it to be so.

The name of the heroine is Ourika. She was brought from Senegal, at the age of two years, by the governor, and presented by him to his aunt, Madame de B. This lady, who is described as possessing all the endowments of heart and head,

which could qualify her for fixing affection and influencing character, educates her as her own; furnishes her with all the means of improving her natural talents; as well as of acquiring every elegant accomplishment, and confers upon her in addition, the benefits of her own conversation, and that of the polished and intellectual society, by which she is herself surrounded. Ourika grows up in these circumstances without any suspicion that she is disqualified by her colour from the enjoyment through her life of those privileges which have been, with such merciless benevolence, accorded to her infancy and youth; and she learns, for the first time, from a conversation, which she accidentally overhears, between her protectress and a plain dealing friend, that, by the accident of her African origin, she is doomed forever to a virtual solitude. This works an entire change in her feelings, and she finds her last and her only solace in the friendship and confidence of Charles, the grandson of M. de B——. An alliance is formed between him and the beautiful Anaïs de Themines, to whom he becomes devotedly attached, and he makes Ourika the depositary of his raptures as a lover, and of his happiness as a husband, without suspecting that at every word he utters, the iron enters her soul; although she does not herself know the nature of her feelings for him, until she is made conscious of them by the severe remonstrance of the same friend of her mistress, who first opened her eyes to her actual condition. The story concludes by her seeking refuge in a convent, where she gradually pines away, and dies at peace with the world and with herself. Such is a brief outline of a story, the principal features of which, as we are informed, are drawn, not from the invention of the author, but from circumstances of actual occurrence.

We shall now present our readers with a few extracts, promising, that something of the simple charm of the language must escape in its transfusion into our own. The first relates to her early impressions.

‘Clad in the oriental costume, and seated at Madame de B——’s feet, I listened to the conversation of the most distinguished men of the time, long before I was able to comprehend it. I had nothing of the turbulence of childhood. Before I had begun to think, I was thoughtful, and by the side of Madame de B——, I was happy. For me, to be in her presence, to hear her, to obey her, and, above all, to gaze upon her, was to love her. I had not a wish beyond it. It was impossible that I should feel out of my element when in the midst of luxury, and surrounded by all that was superior in understanding and amiable in character. I had been acquainted with nothing else;

but, without being conscious of it, I imbibed a thorough disdain for every thing that differed in spirit from the sphere in which I passed my life. Good taste is to the mind what a correct ear is to sounds. While yet a child, the want of taste offended me. I perceived it before I was able to define it, and it became necessary to me from habit. I reached the age of twelve, without ever having entertained an idea of happiness apart from my actual condition. I felt no regret at being a negro, for every body complimented me on my beauty; besides, nothing discovered to me that this was a disadvantage. I saw scarcely any other children. Among them all, I had but a single friend; and the darkness of my skin did not exclude me from his affection.

A friend of Madame de B—, whose character is depicted by a few brief but decided touches, represents to her in strong terms, the misery which she is preparing for Ourika, by forming her to sentiments, tastes and habits, which are completely irreconcilable with her *caste*, and of which the inevitable effect must be to render her an exile from her species. Ourika overhears this conversation, and there is great power in the description of the revolution in her feelings which it produces.

‘The loss of the illusions, by which, till that moment, I had been surrounded, made a dreadful alteration in my life! Some visions are like the light of day; when they are dissipated, every thing disappears. In the chaos of new ideas which beset me, I could not discover a trace of the thoughts which had formerly filled my mind; and an abyss, with all its terrors, was before me. The contempt by which I began to feel myself pursued; the society from which I was to be banished; the man, who was to be hired to consent that his children should be blacks! all these ideas conjured themselves up before me in succession, like phantoms, and fastened themselves upon me like furies; but above all, the abandonment of my condition; the conviction that I was alone, alone for the remainder of my days. They were Madame De B—’s very words, and I repeated them to myself again and again, alone, alone, for ever! On the evening before this fatal day, what was it to me that I was alone? I did not know it; I could not feel it; I had need of all that I loved, I and never dreamed that not one whom I loved had need of me. But now, my eyes were opened, and wretchedness had already filled my soul with distrust. Every body was surprised at the alteration in me. I was interrogated. I answered, that I was ill, and was believed. Madame de B. sent for Bartheez, who examined me with care, felt my pulse, and said coldly that nothing was the matter with

me. Madame de B—'s alarm subsided, and she endeavoured to change the current of my thoughts and to entertain me. I hardly dare to confess how utterly ungrateful I was for these attentions from my benefactress. My soul was as if shut up within itself. The obligations that are delightful to receive, are such as the heart feels able to repay; but mine was filled with feelings too bitter to be allowed to flow abroad. Endless combinations of the same ideas occupied every instant of my time; and they appeared and reappeared under myriads of different forms. My imagination invested them with the darkest hues, and I frequently passed whole nights in weeping. I exhausted my pity upon myself; my face was horrible to me; I did not dare to approach a mirror; when my eyes fell accidentally upon my tawny hands, they seemed to me those of an ape. I exaggerated to myself my own ugliness, and my colour appeared to me the mark of my reprobation. It was that which separated me from every creature of my species, which sentenced me to be alone—alone forever! 'Some man, for money, might perhaps consent that his children should be blacks!' Every drop of blood in my veins boiled with indignation at the thought. At one moment, I conceived the purpose of requesting Madame de B— to send me back to my own country; but there again I should have been companionless. Who would have listened to me? who could have understood me? Alas! I could claim kindred with none! From the whole human race I was a perfect outcast!

We pass over an extremely ingenious exhibition of the interest which Ourika takes in the discussions prevalent during the revolutionary period, and of the hopes which she secretly nourishes of finding some position for herself among the monstrous violations of social order, to which the crisis of the times gave a temporary sanction, and translate another passage of which the spirit is similar to that of the last.

'The birth of a son supplied all that was wanting to make the happiness of Charles complete. He hastened to inform me of it, and in his expression of the transport of his joy, I recognized some accents of his former confidence. What a pang did they inflict upon me! It was the voice of a friend who was a friend no longer, and with it, came thronging the recollections of the past, at which my wound began to bleed afresh.'

'Charles's infant was as beautiful as Anais. Nobody could look upon the picture of this youthful mother and her son, without tender interest. I alone, by the strangeness of my

destiny, was doomed to behold it with bitterness. My heart devoured this image of a happiness which it was never to experience, and envy, like the vulture, began to gnaw my vitals. What harm had I done to those whose misplaced benevolence had led me into this land of exile? Why had I not been allowed to fulfil my destiny? True, I might have become the wretched slave of some wealthy planter. I might have been toiling for another's gain, under the rays of a scorching sun; but I should have had my humble cabin to take refuge in, when the labours of the day were over. I should have had a companion of my life, and children of the same complexion with myself, who might call me mother! Their little lips would have rested, without disgust, upon my own; they would have leaned their heads upon my bosom, and would have slumbered sweetly in my arms! Why am I doomed never to enjoy the affections for which alone my heart was created! O God! take me from this world; my life is a load which I feel that I can no longer bear.

The last extract which the limits of this article will allow us to make is Ourika's description of her feelings on being charged by the friend of Madame de B—— with nourishing a guilty passion for her son.

‘With these words she left me. I remained fixed to the spot. What had she revealed to me! What a dreadful light had she flashed over the abyss of my sorrows! Great God! it was like the light that gleamed once through the depths of hell, and made its tormented tenants long for the return of darkness. What! was I the slave of a criminal passion? Was it that which had so long been preying upon my heart? Was this desire of holding some place in the chain of existence, this craving for the affections of nature, this wretchedness, this desolation, nothing more than the disappointment of an unlawful love! Is it then impossible to love another, more than one's own life, with innocence? When the mother rushed into the jaws of the lion to save her son, by what sentiment is she animated? When the members of the same family determine to die together, and offer up their prayers to heaven before they mount the scaffold, is the love which unites them, a guilty passion? Does not simple humanity bring every day before our eyes some instance of sublime self devotion? Why then may I not thus love Charles, the companion of my childhood, the protector of my youth? And yet, a mysterious voice exclaims from the very depths of my soul, that the charge is just, that I am guilty. Great God! must remorse too be added to the woes that have already desolated my heart? must

Ourika be acquainted with every form of misery, must she drain every cup of bitterness? What, are my tears to be tortured into proofs of guilt? Am I to be forbidden to think of him? Shall I no longer dare even to suffer?

It is no small credit to the judgment of a people whom we have been in the habit of considering addicted to highly-seasoned dishes in literature, that a work so unpretending in its style, and so simple in its character, should be extensively popular among them. The age of ballads seems to have gone by, and we have no longer the opportunity which they were once said, however truly, to have afforded, of applying them as a means of ascertaining a prevalent taste. But works of the class to which this belongs, furnish a higher and a safer rule; and we have incomparably more respect for the minds that are capable of being interested in such a production as this of *Madam De Duras*, than for those which require the excitement of one of the *Vicomte D'Arincourt's* 'infernal machines,' filled with brimstone, blasphemy, horrors and mineralogy.

*Prospectus raisonné of a Course of Lectures on the Principles of Commerce, by O. A. Santangelo. New-York. 1824.\**

The commerce of the United States with the ports of France, Spain, Italy, and more particularly South America, has become of late years so extensive, that a knowledge of the language and commercial laws and usages of those countries, can no longer be dispensed with. The advantage of an intimate acquaintance with the agricultural, manufactural and commercial resources of the countries with which a merchant is desirous of establishing an intercourse and correspondence, is too obvious for us to enlarge upon. Every one who is at all acquainted with the nature of commercial transactions, knows how successfully the importer will frequently avail himself of his superior means of information, with respect to the quality, quantity, and price, of foreign manufactures or productions. The merchant is also, by this means, secured as much as possible against the hazard of injudicious speculations, and commerce is founded, as it should be, on a knowledge of the demand in one country, and the means of supply in another.

Again—without a general acquaintance with the commercial usages and regulations of the country with which we trade, it is scarcely necessary to say, our commerce would be perpetually subjected, not only to vexatious delays and interruptions, but to serious and often irremediable losses. Instances of this sort are too familiar to enumerate. Every body knows that large fortunes have been sometimes destroyed by an ignorance of the commercial regulations of the port to which a cargo has been consigned, or an inability in the agent to prosecute, with promptness and address, the rights of his employer.

Beside this, a thorough acquaintance with the commercial language of

\*This course is to be continued on the 11th of this month, at No. 157 Broad-

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the ports with which we correspond, often proves of incalculable benefit. To resort to the doubtful and dangerous assistance of interpreters, is a miserable substitute for the knowledge of a language; and cases are perpetually occurring, as we have frequently had occasion to witness, in which the opportunity of an excellent adventure has been lost from the inconvenience and delay, (to say nothing of errors of interpretation and breaches of confidence) arising from the necessity of resorting to translators.

These truths are so self evident, that, we are well aware, many of our readers will wonder that we do not assume them as axioms; but if we look at the practice of some of our large importing houses, we will see these almost indispensable requisites in a commercial education, unaccountably neglected, and the novice becomes the adept only by the dangerous road of uninstructed or ill-directed experiment. The loss of time, the waste of talent, and the sacrifice of fortune, which result from the want of a preparatory stock of practical principles and substantial information, it is melancholy to contemplate; and we have frequently wondered that no attempt has ever been made in this city, upon a large and liberal system, to communicate to our youthful adventurers in commercial speculations, a knowledge of such of the general principles of commerce as may be easiest for them to reduce to practice, when in business.

We perceive, from a perusal of Mr. Santangelo's Prospectus, to which we refer such of our readers as are interested in the success of his design, that we shall soon have no longer any reason to complain of the want of opportunity to acquire an acquaintance with all that various information so essentially important to those who expect to be engaged in any of the numerous departments of external commerce.

The talents and acquirements of this accomplished foreigner, to whom we hope soon to be indebted for the excellent course of lectures on the language and the principles of commerce, which he has undertaken to deliver, are perfectly well known to all who are interested in his plan. It would of course be presumptuous and superfluous for us to vouch for his fitness to do all and much more than he undertakes to perform. Compelled by the preposterous tyranny of the potentates of Europe to leave a country whose rights he defended to the last, in the double capacity of officer and author, he has recently selected America as the place of his permanent residence. His intimate acquaintance with the politics and policy of all the south of Europe, arising from a long residence in various parts of Italy and Spain, is abundantly evinced by the evidence of his own periodical and other publications. With a knowledge of the commercial laws of Europe, which his professional pursuits rendered altogether indispensable, possessing, in an eminent degree, an eloquent command and exact pronunciation of the Italian, French and Spanish languages, in all the varieties of commercial technicality, and uniting to these rare qualifications, the still rarer attributes which distinguish the historian, the statesman and the philosopher, it would be as useless to attest the capacity of the author of this able prospectus as it is unnecessary to wish for his success. We cannot here conclude, without remarking, that it is some consolation, though a selfish one, among the melancholy reflections to which a contemplation of the monarchical system of Europe gives rise, that while many of her worthiest citizens are obliged to leave her shores, to escape from the severities of despotism, America is likely to acquire, at least in part, what Europe thus absurdly drives away. While she is thus labouring to alienate or banish the friends of enlightened institutions, it is plainly ~~our best~~ interest to encourage, by a hospitable policy, the immigration of those whose unwillingness to live under an arbitrary government, is the fullest and most honorable testimony of their ability to discharge the duties which belong to the citizens of a free and representative republic.

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